

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE OF

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

VOLUME CXI



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge

1913

27135

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Printed at The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass., U. S. A.

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1913

THE DANGERS OF WAR IN EUROPE

BY GUGLIELMO FERRERO

I

IF one among the many liberal statesmen and thinkers who, during the first half of the nineteenth century, suffered and struggled for the destruction of the absolutism which ruled the old world, were to-day permitted to revisit the earth, what a surprise would be in store for him!

A permanent peace was the precious gift promised to the nations by those writers and philosophers who, during the century just past, strove to shift authority from the Court to the Parliament, from the King to the People, and whose aim it was to subject government to supervision by a free press, and by a strong and enlightened public opinion. It was a cardinal point of their philosophy that the wars which desolated Europe during the second half of the seventeenth century were brought about by ambitious rulers, jealous courtiers, and intriguing ministers, the more inclined to waste the blood and treasure of the people, since the latter could not protest, much less struggle. Therefore, when the day should come that the people, fitted for self-government, should assume the right to oversee, criticise, and advise the government, it was argued that they would no longer intrust their most vital in-

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terests to an absolute monarch and an aristocracy trained to the use of arms, nor would they allow kings and courts to squander their blood and treasure to satisfy royal caprices and a senseless thirst for glory. War, then, would become more and more rare; for a spirit of aggression and conquest is not characteristic of free peoples. They would consent to it only in order to defend themselves against those nations, still under the bondage of tyrants, which were led against their will into offensive warfare. Liberty, parliamentary institutions, and peace, these would be the fruits of a single tree which all Europe would garner at the same time.

It is now about fifty years since all the European states, Russia excepted, came of age and acquired the right to express their will and criticise the policy of their governments. For better or worse, representative institutions, in one form or another, have taken root in nearly all the countries of Europe, and carry forward their work, even if slowly. Peace, therefore, according to the prophecies of the doctrinaire liberals of 1848, should reign throughout Europe by the will and authority of the people and in despite of bellicose governments and rulers, ceaselessly in search of adventure, both by virtue of ancient tradition, and on

account of their education and their inheritance.

Such was the expectation. What of the realization? On every hand we see governments and kings struggling against their people and against public opinion. It is the people who are fired with a desire for war, while their governments, together with their sovereigns, devoted to the preservation of peace, resist as long as they can the pressure of public opinion, even at the risk of losing that popularity for which they so eagerly strive.

Last year, Italy gave the world a singular example of this phenomenon. It is no secret that the government and the King were very reluctant to undertake the conquest of Tripoli. The difficulty of finding a decent pretext for declaring war on Turkey; the expense and manifold dangers of such an expedition; the solicitude not to disturb the economic and political equilibrium of internal affairs, attained after so much labor; the great uncertainty as to the value of the territory to be conquered, justly gave the government pause. It is even said in Rome that the King defined Tripoli as 'the dry leaf of Africa.' I am unable to testify to this, for rumors are always rife in regard to important matters and it is impossible to verify them. Certain it is, however, that even if the phrase attributed to the King is one that he never uttered or even dreamed of, the words remain an eloquent proof of the existence, in high circles, of hesitation and misgiving in the face of the responsibility of such an enterprise. And, indeed, the Italian government would have been unworthy of ruling the destinies of a great nation if it had not hesitated before the dangers and uncertainties of an undertaking whose outcome was problematical. Regardless of its own desire, however, the government was forced to overcome

its hesitation and yield unwillingly to the pressure brought to bear upon it by the people.

Those who were in Italy during the summer of 1911 witnessed the following extraordinary phenomenon. Within the space of a few weeks, in the midst of European peace, a quiet, thrifty, industrious people, accustomed to the comforts, conveniences, and safeguards of modern civilization, a people whose country had been spared the horrors of war for forty-five years, and for whom, therefore, war was as the memory of some distant historical event, some revolution, or famine, — this people suddenly burst forth into such a blaze of militant excitement that the government was reduced to choosing between the alternatives of satisfying it and of succumbing to it. The war in Tripoli was made by the people and those newspapers which were the people's organs, and so great was their combined eagerness that the conservative and monarchical papers even went so far as to upbraid the King because of his supposed hesitation and reluctance, and openly reminded him that nowadays the sovereign is but the servant of the people, and that when the people demand war he must satisfy them; or, if he lack courage, why then he may abdicate!

The Italio-Turkish War in Tripoli has brought about a great Balkan war. Bulgaria, Servia, Greece, and Montenegro are engaged in a concerted attack upon Turkey. Their armies are realizing a victorious campaign. At the moment of writing the European powers are in a state of great uneasiness. If the rulers of the four states alone were the arbiters of the situation Europe might rest easy. The governments understand perfectly that the Balkan war, just now, may let loose such a storm as to be a great present danger, whatever its ultimate result, to those

smaller states not always on the best terms with one another. But in Serbia, Greece, Bulgaria, even in Montenegro, it is not governments alone, but parliaments and newspapers, which express the will of the people. It is the people who demand war. While the government hesitated, they accused it of cowardice, and restively awaited the order for mobilization. From the outset their impatience was so great, and so publicly expressed, that the governments dared not oppose it, openly relying solely upon a temporizing policy. Throughout Europe it was no secret that these would have to give in sooner or later.

The most typical case of present-day conditions is, perhaps, that of the German Emperor. When William II ascended the throne, Europe expected nothing less than to see a new Barbarossa burst into the arena of European politics. Strange legends were current about him: some said he had sworn never to drink a glass of champagne until Champagne should be annexed to the German Empire; others, that his one ambition was to cover his name with glory, and that his warlike aspirations were boundless. This was common talk, and the newspapers of the day printed it. Twenty-four years later the Emperor could boast, as he did not long ago to a French friend of mine, alluding to the Morocco incident and the crisis of 1905, 'History will recognize that Europe owes her peace to me.' And history will, doubtless, recognize this pacific disposition of his in the future more than his people do now. For the past few years the German Emperor has not been so popular as he was during the first ten years of his reign. The reasons would be too many to give here, but one is his constant and determined pacific policy. He has invariably tried to reconcile himself with France rather than to seek

occasion for another war. On this account a portion of his people accuse him of loving peace overmuch and therefore of following a weak and vacillating policy, letting slip opportunities which might never present themselves again.

So in Germany, the sovereign, Hohenzollern though he be, loves peace more than his people, whose criticism of him is that he will not squander their blood and treasure, but wishes, at all costs, to save the one and the other.

II

Such, more or less accurately, is the situation in all the European states; a paradoxical situation, unforeseen, and full of danger. The international balance of power, which it must ever be remembered is, in Europe, the result of weary centuries of effort and struggle, may at any moment be threatened by one of those 'heat-waves' which pass over nations, and which, even if they do not bring about a general war, oblige governments to increase military expenditure to a ruinous extent. What are the causes of this condition of affairs, and how can it be explained?

The inexperience of a generation which has never seen a war, and the innate, inherited tendencies of the populace, are certainly among the causes which underlie this condition. In the nineteenth century, Europe expected too much from the progress of democracy and the natural proclivities of the masses. As the masses have gradually acquired consciousness of themselves, and gained a certain influence in the state, it appears clearly that they are more conservative, more faithful to tradition, more tenacious of ancient ways of thought, more like the generations which preceded them, than the poets and philosophers and reformers of the nineteenth century gave them

credit for being. Revolutionary ideas, novel sentiments which are to change the character of a civilization, spread more easily in those small aristocracies which are endowed with broad culture and accustomed to the world and society, than they do among a populace confined within a narrow circle of experiences, and fearful of doing what its grandfathers and great-grandfathers never did. Now in the history of the world war is as old as man himself; and peace, a lasting peace, as the normal condition of the life of a people, is the painful and recent acquisition of our modern civilization. War, therefore, exercises a morbid fascination on the imagination of the masses, especially when they have not had to undergo its hardships, and have no conception of the fearful suffering it entails.

In fact, we now see in Europe, that the Christian and humanitarian education of centuries has not succeeded in eradicating from the masses their warlike propensities, while a prolonged season of peace, with the omnipresence of newspapers, and the superficial instruction of the elementary schools, easily deceives the popular imagination by representing war under a romantic aspect, as a kind of national sport, creating at once entertainment and glory. One should see with how much eagerness, interest, and excitement the peasants and artisans and poorest villagers of Italy read the papers which describe episodes of the Tripoli war. What the newspapers relate to their readers, day by day, is not a hurried summary of events, but a thrilling popular romance or legend. Conventional it may be, lurid in color, rough in outline; but never mind: the imagination of the people must now, each day, work itself up to a high pitch of excitement, and cares for neither contradictions nor improbabilities in the tales it feeds on. It takes delight in this

false image of war, and thus keeps up its patriotic and warlike fervor. This state of mind is, of course, keener and deeper in Italy just now, than among other European states, because Italy is fighting;¹ but among them all are to be found the germs of this elemental and romantic love of war.

What is now happening in Europe proves that a long period of peace may produce in nations a spirit of imprudence and levity which renders them careless about playing with the dangers of war. A long peace, the inexperience of the masses, a literature which falsely exalts the heroic in war, and exaggerates its influence among the populace, are insufficient in themselves to explain the warlike impulses of public opinion in the eyes of the world, but they afford a partial explanation of the phenomenon. These movements are too dangerous, and give rise to too many complications among the different governments, for us to believe that they are merely the result of a deranged public opinion.

Observing at close quarters the policy of European governments, it is easy to see that this warlike spirit would not be so strong and deep in the masses were it not pertinaciously fostered by the newspapers, and by the political parties they represent, by the wealthy classes, and by the nobility, who have so much influence in Europe, even where, as in France, they have lost political power, or in Italy, where they are losing it. In all the countries of Europe it is the upper classes, or a portion of the upper classes (and in this portion I include the moneyed classes, the aristocracy, and that part of the professional class which comes most in contact with the nobility) who strive in every way to excite the belligerent

¹ Signor Ferrero wrote this essay shortly before the treaty of peace between Italy and Turkey. — THE EDITORS.

spirit of the artisans, and of the populace, even at the cost of bringing about a terrible war, and of forcing the people into a hostile attitude toward the government and its ruler.

The reason why a portion of the upper classes have adopted this dangerous and violent policy, — descending even to the lowest methods of propaganda, — the reason why this policy succeeds and finds numerous and enthusiastic supporters among the wealthy and the cultured, among business men, manufacturers, men of letters, and University professors, who all help to excite and inflame the masses, is a deep-seated one. It must be sought in the great political and social upheaval produced in European society by the spread of democratic and socialistic ideas among the working classes, their rapidly increasing ambitions and demands; and by the spirit of independence and criticism which, developing rapidly, has separated the masses from the influence and patronage of the classes, organizing the populace into parties, and impelling them to a policy different from the rich man's policy, and often opposed to it. This phenomenon is so vital and important that it needs to be analyzed even if only in a cursory fashion.

In Europe the political influence and social prestige of birth and wealth, while still great, are rapidly diminishing. The fruits of the French Revolution are still ripening. Everywhere the classes opposed to the aristocracy — tradespeople, artisans, and peasants — are organizing and taking an interest in public affairs. They are learning to read the papers, and to make use of their political rights. They are beginning to demand explanations, to discuss and criticise those various forms of authority which formerly they blindly obeyed — that of the capital which employs them in the factories and the

fields, that of the priest who speaks to them in the name of God, and that of the government which, in the name of the king, makes the laws which are their guaranties of law and order.

Naturally, none of these ancient forms of authority can any longer maintain their former position and privileges. The practices of religious and monarchical forms are those which are most deeply affected by this change in the masses. In eighteenth-century Europe an atheistic aristocracy ruled over a pious and bigoted people; now, on the contrary, the upper classes have become religious and mystical; while the people, especially in the cities, neglect the churches and break away from that religion which for so many centuries educated them to respect the aristocracy. Royalty itself imposes little respect, and no awe, upon the multitude. Even in Germany the Emperor is constantly and bitterly criticised by political parties, both in the newspapers and in public meetings. He is especially blamed for still keeping up the appearance of a real monarch whose will is law, and who wishes to have the full power of a genuine authority felt throughout the state. The kings of Belgium and of Italy have succeeded in escaping from the adverse criticism of their people, but how? By standing aside, by the great simplicity and modesty of their habits of life, by the utmost approachability, and by mildness in the exercise of their authority, trying thus to render acceptable a popular monarchy, homely and simple, from which etiquette is banished, and which does not disdain to put itself on a level with its people.

The old-fashioned monarchy, based on divine right, is trying to become democratic; and with it the government, the press, and a large portion of the cultured world. The common effort of

all these factors is to level themselves down in order to satisfy the aspirations, prejudices, and desires of the people. This is a wholly natural tendency because, in proportion as the lower classes and the populace crowd into cities and acquire education and organization, they become the predominant political force. This is the inevitable result of political liberty, of the spread of education and universal or quasi-universal suffrage. The journals cater to the public which supports them, for, since the middle and lower classes are more numerous than the upper, they form a more important *clientèle*. It is therefore not surprising if in all countries the greater part of the press should become the organ of the numerically large class which supports it, rather than of the rich and cultivated, but numerically small aristocracies.

In proportion as suffrage is extended, and the number of electors increases, elective institutions have to modify their tactics, and necessarily end by favoring the greatest numbers. All over Europe the upper classes have consented to the extension of the franchise, in the hope that, through their own preponderant influence, they may coerce the increased number of voters. But, sooner or later, their calculations have everywhere proved to be wrong. Under various names parties are forming, or have already been formed, which, by stirring up the passions of the masses, or by rousing their greed, or by means of some promised advantage, have succeeded in separating some portion of the artisan or laboring classes from the patronage of the wealthy. Thus by their own sheer strength of numbers, these parties have striven to acquire influence with the government.

Thus the press, parliamentary institutions, and public opinion, which, until within the last fifty years, were

almost wholly under the controlling influence of the aristocracy, are now rapidly slipping from its control. Nor does public service, whether in the higher ranks or the lower, escape a similar fate. Until within the last fifty years the chief offices of state, civil or military, were held with few exceptions by men in the higher walks of life. This is no longer the case. On the one hand, with the growing number of officials, the aristocracy is unable any longer to fill the increased number of positions; on the other hand, with the increase of wealth in the middle class, its facilities for study, and its ambition to rise, there is a rapid increase in the number of persons who attempt successfully to attain the highest places. All over Europe, even in the most aristocratic states, the official world is made up from the two opposing ranks; a method which is often a source of weakness to the government because each party brings into the combination widely differing ideas and a spirit of rivalry and jealousy.

So, even in Europe, the people are waking, and democracy is making rapid strides, to the detriment of the privileged classes which for so many centuries ruled almost unchecked. But these classes are not going to allow themselves to be ousted without a struggle. Too weak to defend themselves openly, they are trying to preserve their influence by arousing in the masses a patriotic and warlike spirit. Patriotic enthusiasm, the fighting spirit, hatred of a national enemy, on these the aristocracy have been obliged to fall back. Their old allies have begun to fail them. Religion has been weakened, the monarchy has become popularized, and the governments lack the strength to oppose the political action of the majority. In order to separate at least a portion of the middle class and populace from the growing influence of demo-

cratic and socialistic ideas, the privileged classes have fallen back upon a new line of defense.

At this point of my argument the reader may justly observe that if the trouble I have described is indeed the deep-seated cause of such a serious condition of things, the aristocracy, by their policy, would deserve to be stripped of their privileges at the hands of the lower and middle classes. Under such circumstances, the reader's sole regret would be that their feathers should be slowly plucked. By a mean and egotistical spirit that, for selfish reasons, seeks to check a social evolution which, though it impaired their power, would yet be generally beneficial, are not aristocrats exposing Europe and its civilization to the risks of a fearful calamity? Has not the middle class — which for so many centuries was content to serve and worship small and powerful oligarchies — contributed through its organization, its education, and its aspirations after power, to the moral betterment of the world? Has not its rise to power aided in the suppression of abuses, excesses, and impositions so frequent in the days when the world was ruled by absolute, all-powerful governments, subject to no check or control? Does not democracy — the pride of our civilization — consist essentially in the awakening of the political conscience? Is not our civilization grander and richer than the ages which preceded it, just because each man feels himself to be a tiny but active atom in the great body politic? This is a natural train of thought. But he who so judges this serious condition cannot have understood it, and runs the risk of giving a superficial opinion of its meaning.

That the belligerent policy of the European aristocracy is partially influenced by a selfish dread of losing popularity and power, there can be no doubt.

But if this policy were simply the result of selfishness it would not be very dangerous. Its greatest strength and greatest danger lie in the fact that it has succeeded in convincing and carrying with it those very classes of the lower and middle order against whose interests and ambitions it was directed. Now, one cannot presume too much either on the blindness or the intelligence of men, nor can one believe that one party is so able and adroit as to hoodwink another and induce it to act wholly against its own interests. One part of the community cannot move the whole. A minority cannot move the majority of a great nation, if side by side with its own interests it cannot also do battle for interests which are higher and more universal. This is precisely what is happening in Europe, and unless this difficult point is understood, it is impossible to understand the present situation.

Let me make my remarks quite clear. The first effect or result which marks the accession to power of a new party is invariably a relaxation of discipline. Whoever acquires power, whether an individual, or a class, or a party, wishes to enjoy it, and the first and most immediate method of enjoying it is to abuse it. This abuse may take the form of lax application of the laws generally, or it may express itself through a disregard of the severer ones. Only as a result of long practice, and of experience of the dangers resulting from an abuse of power, does a governing class or party gradually learn that it must willingly, and without attempt at evasion, undergo severe self-discipline; that it must be the first to set an example of obedience to the laws which it creates.

As institutions, politics, and customs have become progressively more democratic, the consequent relaxation of discipline has become, during the

last fifteen years, the most conspicuous social phenomenon in Europe. Everywhere the same spectacle is exhibited. In political parties, in great public and private undertakings, in manufacturing, in the church and religious sects, even in families, the feeling for passive obedience and silent respect is vanishing. Everybody, down to the humblest citizen, must discuss, criticise, advise, argue, refute, and give his own opinion. Everywhere authority is more and more involved in a network of customs, laws, rules, and precedents limiting the power of the government over the governed.

Now, this critical and democratic attitude of mind must not be considered as an evil in itself. All over the world, extreme conservatives, who look upon order and disorder, discipline and the lack of it, as contrary and incompatible conditions, are inclined so to regard it. In this they are wrong. Rightly speaking, in the evolution of a state from order and discipline to disorder and anarchy, such as would render life intolerable and progress impossible, the transitions are all gradual. Each one of the stages may seem dangerous to those who compare it to the most strictly ordered of the stages which preceded it; but if fairly judged, the condition of things is, on the contrary, quite tolerable in itself, and admits of reasonable adjustment. Its possible disadvantages are accompanied by many indirect advantages.

All forms of liberal government give rise to a certain disorder which is compensated for by increased initiative, energy, and dignity in the individuals who live under it, and by the keener, deeper sense of personal responsibility which it generates among men.

Therefore if Europe, like the United States, were to live in one great confederation, fearing no serious danger from without, it might, like America,

quietly consider the inevitable drawbacks of a free government and the difficulties involved in the gradual transfer of power from the upper to the lower classes. In Europe, democratic disorder is far from being so great as of itself to threaten a social calamity, and moreover, with us as well as in America, the increased liberty of every class begets an increase of energy and initiative. But Europe is like a great camp wherein seven great powers and a certain number of smaller ones live side by side, armed to the teeth, and yet at the same time in dread of war. Furthermore, in every state, the sad, universal, constant, almost tragic subject of consideration for serious and thoughtful men is this: May not this undisciplined, critical spirit which is spreading among the people, even though it may legitimately liberate the energies of a nation, diminish its military strength, whether for offense or defense? May not these democratic ideas weaken a nation in the face of its rivals? Of course, history tells us of nations, racked by internal convulsions, throwing themselves with overwhelming force upon enemies beyond their border and coming off victorious. Rightly or wrongly, however, the general opinion of thinking men in Europe is that the military miracles of the French Revolution are an exception rather than a rule, and appear only under conditions of extreme danger. Usually, when a people, torn by anarchy, rushes into war, it either abuses its victories, or is itself destroyed. In a word, a people may face the trial of war with greater assurance in direct proportion as the masses are content to follow the ruling class without criticism or murmur of discontent. Doubtless, if this lawless, critical spirit of liberty were spread equally throughout all countries it would not cause much anxiety,

because the effect would be everywhere identical. But how is it possible to ascertain whether this be so?

Nowadays, the European states are scrutinizing one another anxiously; but lawlessness is not, like merchandise for export or import, susceptible of exact appraisal, and its study may be carried on far more easily in one's own country than in a distant, foreign land. In face of the impossibility of calculating, with any approach to accuracy, whether this evil is as great at home as it is abroad, the desire grows in every nation to check its progress as much as possible. Moreover, since a patriotic and warlike spirit is a certain though dangerous specific against lawlessness, there is an ever-increasing number of people in all classes, even in the middle class, whose ambition is checked by such a spirit, — who work zealously to stimulate it in the masses, under the firm conviction that by so doing they are benefiting their country and increasing its greatness and its power.

This belligerent state of mind now agitating Europe is the last phase of that great struggle which began with the French Revolution, between conservatives and liberals, between the principle of authority and the idea of liberty, between the state and democracy. What the outcome will be is hard to say. If the time should come when organized armies should be no more, but when whole peoples armed with fearful instruments of destruc-

tion should hurl themselves upon one another — the very thought of it would be appalling to us. Yet no less serious does the possibility appear to the eyes of many Europeans. They are fearful lest the democratic and socialist movement of the middle and lower classes will continue to progress swiftly; and lest, as the democratic movement spreads, there spread with it the conviction that the discipline of obedience to constituted authority is everywhere growing weaker. Europe is not America. Every European state has its own traditions of culture, and its own political and military duties, which it could not live up to if its constitution were to become as democratic as that of the United States.

Standing between the alternatives of war on the one hand, and of lawlessness on the other, the European nations are all equally bewildered, in doubt which way to turn, while the approaching crisis is all the more serious because thinking men are giving up politics for business. This neglect of public duties by the class which once bore the entire responsibility is one of the most regrettable results of industrial development and universal wealth. I trust the day may never come when Europe will be forced to realize that it would have been better for her if she were less rich but more wise, if she were endowed with less machinery and capital, but with more powerful, more stable, and more enlightened governments.

BEFORE THE CANAL IS OPENED

BY ARTHUR RUHL

NEXT year, if all goes well, the Panama Canal will be opened. The dream of four centuries will be realized, the greatest engineering task of our time accomplished, and the Pacific and Atlantic made one.

You can see now the great ships moving through, — flags flying and bands playing, — where yesterday the lonely traveler hurried across the treacherous jungle with a shiver, and looked behind him for the enemy lurking in every shadow. You can almost hear the rumble and hum of that mighty spirit — our tremendous and baffling modern spirit — which, with all its superficial hardness and irreverence, works miracles of practical humanity that the old days never knew or dreamed of.

The gate will open between two happy oceans, new friendliness with our South American neighbors will begin to stir, new streams of north and south trade to flow. But — there will be one discord in the harmony of the cosmic lute. The nation nearest to the Canal, the one, indeed, through whose land it was built, will not join in the common song.

There are more poets in Colombia, perhaps, than in all South America put together, but none of them will sing of the steam-shovels or of the triumphs of modern engineers. The journalists of Bogotá write better Spanish, perhaps, than do those of Santiago or Buenos Aires, but they will speak of us only as the 'Hannibal at our Gates,' or the 'Yanki Huns and Vandals.' Colombia is nearer to us in actual miles than

any other South American country. In her cities are people as cultured and charming as any in Latin America. She has coffee, sugar, cocoa, rubber, woods, cattle, minerals, and vast undeveloped resources that need our machinery and capital and creative energy. Naturally, we should be the best of friends.

Yet the Canal, far from bringing Colombia nearer, has only pushed her farther away. She is more remote than she was fifty years ago, when a progressive Colombian turned instinctively to the United States for examples of the humanity, tolerance, and progress he would have his countrymen emulate; more remote than she was when Santiago fell, in our war with Spain, and the people of Bogotá came crowding about the American legation to cheer our minister and our flag.

It is a long way from the Isthmus up to Bogotá, and the thrill of achievement there dies out before it has crossed the intervening jungles and mountains. The Colombians do not feel it at all. They know that the Isthmus is still on their coat-of-arms, but that the Isthmus itself is gone. They still, so it seems to them, have the treaty of 1846, according to which the United States guaranteed Colombia's sovereignty over the Isthmus, and agreed that this promise should be 'religiously observed.' They have lost their sovereignty and the most valuable thing, potentially, that they owned, and they hate those responsible, as only a proud and helpless people can

hate those by whom they believe they have been robbed.

This is a fact which Americans must face as they consider the possibilities which the Canal will bring. Whatever the original rights and wrongs of the question, this is a matter of present expediency which stands squarely in front of us now. The taking of the Isthmus is just as live an issue to-day in Colombia as it was nine years ago, when the famous 'fifty-mile order' was issued which prevented Colombia from putting down an uprising in her own territory, and made possible the recognition of the independence of Panama. Scarcely a day—certainly not a week—passes in Bogotá, in which it is not made the subject of more or less virulent editorials and the motive for misunderstanding and misrepresenting everything American.

And if it is a live issue for Colombians, it is no less so for every American who is trying to grow coffee or to raise cattle or to work a mine in Colombia, or who would like to venture his energy and capital and skill in the country's development. This is a plain statement of fact, the common knowledge of all who have taken the trouble—as the writer has—to go down to Colombia and find out what Colombians and Americans living in, or interested in, Colombia think.

Of course history cannot be turned back. No sensible person thinks of giving up the Canal Zone. It is as much ours now, for all practical purposes, as if it had originally been a county of Massachusetts. The real issue is, what, if anything, is going to be done to remedy the intolerable condition which now exists between the theoretically friendly people of the United States and Colombia—a condition which affects our relations not only with Colombia, but with all Latin America?

From examination of this question,

two influences, which have made up many people's minds for them, had better be eliminated at once. It is not fair to assume that Colombia was right merely because Mr. Roosevelt—in such utterances, for instance, as 'I took the Isthmus and let Congress debate'—seemed, to many, wrong. Nor is it fair to assume that our moral debt to Colombia—if such existed—has been somehow wiped out by the brilliance of our mechanical achievement at Panama.

At the time that Colombia lost her province of Panama, people said—just as ninety-nine out of a hundred Americans will say to-day—that it was a 'pretty raw deal.' They said this good-humoredly, with a smiling shake of the head, implying their admiration for the man who 'did things,' and their guess that, after all, this one was somehow justified. The rawness of the deal was so generally admitted, indeed, that everything—short of granting Colombia's request that the matter be submitted to The Hague—was done to neutralize it. Secretary of State Hay, in his letter to the Colombian minister, refusing this request, said that our government recognized 'that Colombia has, as she affirms, suffered an appreciable loss,'—this included not only the Isthmus itself, but her income of \$250,000 a year from the Panama Railroad and the reversionary rights in the railroad, which was to become her property in 1967,—'and this government has no desire to increase or accentuate her misfortunes, but is willing to do everything in her power to ameliorate her lot.'

Mr. Root, the next Secretary of State, was sent on his splendid pilgrimage of conciliation all the way round South America. When this embassy of good-will really seemed to have accomplished something, and our brilliant successes on the Isthmus were

an added cause for treating Colombia with the consideration due a weaker neighbor, through whose misfortune we had benefited, Mr. Roosevelt, speaking before the students of the University of California, made the astounding declaration that he had ignored precedent and simply taken the Isthmus. 'If I had followed traditional conservative methods,' he was quoted as saying, 'I would have submitted a dignified state paper of probably two hundred pages to Congress, and the debate on it would have been going on yet. But I took the Canal Zone and let Congress debate: and while the debate goes on the Canal does also.'

The effect of such a declaration, carrying all the force of the words of a chief executive and crystalizing instantly the vague distrust of the United States felt throughout the South American republics, need not be explained. To the inevitable protests which this speech brought out, Mr. Roosevelt replied that the taking of the Isthmus was 'as free from scandal as the public acts of Washington or Lincoln'; that 'every action taken was carried out in accordance with the highest, finest, and nicest standards of public and governmental ethics'; and that 'any man who at any stage has opposed or condemned the action taken in acquiring the right to dig the Canal has really been the opponent of any and every effort that could ever have been made to dig the Canal.'

If there is any one thing true about the taking of the Isthmus, it is that it was an act of expediency about which serious Americans may legitimately differ. There were other ways in which the privilege of building a canal might have been acquired without virtually breaking a treaty and committing an act of war. Apart from the cruel discourtesy to a helpless neighbor, the assertion that those who disagreed with

any detail of our government's action in the matter, were opposed to the Canal itself, caused many otherwise cool-headed people simply to throw up their hands and assume the worst. While such assumptions are human, and not unnatural in those who fail to recall Mr. Roosevelt's way of seeing all colors as either black or white, they are scarcely sound. If a lady is trying to commit a hold-up — and it is Colonel Roosevelt's contention that Colombia was trying to hold up the United States — her moral guilt is not changed by the fact that she is lame and suffering from anæmia, and that her victim, after knocking her down and taking away her most valuable possession, concludes by enthusiastically jumping up and down on her neck.

As a matter of fact, as every one knows, our government was tried and exasperated beyond ordinary endurance. The shilly-shallying and inefficiency, to put it mildly, with which the negotiations were dragged along by Colombia would have weakened the patience of Job, let alone that of an impetuous altruist like our former President. Civilization, so to speak, was waiting; a work that would benefit the whole world was at stake. As grabs go, this was very mild, indeed; few treaty violations were ever so justified.

If it is unsound to assume, because of irrelevant prejudice, that Colombia is right, it is equally unsound to assume that the brilliance of our work on the Isthmus necessarily proves her wrong. You see that wonderful achievement, the keen, dependable men, pushing their work with as loyal a devotion as if they were soldiers carrying the flag into the enemy's fire, until the least important Jamaica negro on the job has an air of personal pride and enthusiasm in the work. You see the jungle softened and made human until little stations along the railroad seem like pieces

of Ohio or California. You catch the thrill of battle in the very air, and the thing sweeps you off your feet.

After all, what are the croaks of a few backward Colombians in the face of a thing like this? *They* never would have built the Canal. The Isthmus was worth nothing to them. Why waste time in sentimentality? The end justifies the means. The idea seems to be — and it is a new idea for Americans — that a moral wrong is righted provided the Gatun locks are built high enough; that sanitation can wipe out an unpaid debt; that if our honor has fallen, the famous steam-shovels of Bucyrus, Ohio, can shovel it up again.

This idea may be an accepted and, indeed, respectable one in many parts of the world. It has not, hitherto, been the American idea. I believe that very few Americans who know anything of their Latin American neighbors, or know what happened on the Isthmus, accept it at all. The difficulty here, as so often in the case of our relations with South Americans, is that people do not know.

There is no need of going back here over the long and complicated story. Both sides have been set forth with sufficient warmth, and more or less inaccuracy, in several magazines, and most of it can be found more fully told — and without the prejudice — in easily accessible Senate documents and records of foreign relations. Briefly, we wanted to build the Canal and to build it through the Isthmus. The Spooner law directed the President to take the Nicaragua route, if satisfactory arrangements could not be made with Colombia in 'a reasonable time.' And while it is not necessary to accept Colombia's notion that the Spooner law was a mere political expedient to drive her to a bargain, it was generally known at the time that the President vastly preferred the Panama route.

Colombia, naturally, wanted the Canal built, too. She had wanted it for years and, long before the French undertook it, unsuccessfully tried to get us to build it. The Hay-Herran Treaty, apparently embodying her own suggestions of what the treaty should be, was drawn up and submitted to both governments. Our Senate ratified it, the Colombian Senate rejected it. That this was injudicious — however it may have been within Colombia's legal rights — is generally admitted. Colombians themselves admit it; indeed, too late to do any good, they gladly would have passed it.

Mr. Roosevelt asserts that Colombia was trying to hold us up, and with characteristic informality describes the presidents of that country as a 'succession of banditti'; a comment, by the way, which the Colombians — unaccustomed to employing, in public semi-official references about other nations, the colloquialisms used by stump-speakers toward their opponents in the heat of political campaigns — accepted literally, and with complete seriousness. From this it was but a brief step to the popular assumption that an American president had called all Colombians bandits; so that now, in Bogotá, a charming young lady, pouring tea for her guests in her own drawing-room, will be pointed out to you with the ironical comment, 'One of our banditti!'

The Colombians, on their side, say that the treaty called for an alienation of territory which was unconstitutional, and that they could not pass the treaty without first amending their constitution.

That the fairly evident determination of the United States — with its fabulous riches — to have the Isthmus at any price, may well have dazzled some of the Colombian statesmen, no one acquainted with the occasional weaknesses of our own boards of alder-

men, and even legislatures, would venture to deny, whatever may have been the facts. On the other hand, the difficulties in the way of a prompt ratification of the treaty were much more than are realized by those unfamiliar with Colombian geography and politics, and the peculiar embarrassments of that time.

Colombia was staggering up from a civil war which had cost her nearly a hundred thousand lives, — in a condition of weakness and unrest from which she is just now beginning to get on her feet. The whole country was like an irritable, neurotic invalid. It was the most difficult thing in the world for any government to take such a vital step as that of surrendering the sovereignty of the Isthmus — and that is what perpetual control practically amounted to — without furnishing enough political capital to the opposition to start serious trouble.

Bogotá — which, so far as the government is concerned, is Colombia — is one of the remotest capitals in the world. It takes from ten days to a month for letters to get from the coast to the capital. News from the outside world comes only in the briefest round-about cables, or in foreign newspapers a month old. That quick, journalistically intelligent public opinion which forms over night in a country like ours, is impossible there. It is a city of poets and politicians and wordy theorists; at once slow-moving and punctilious, and, because of the country's isolation and weakness, sensitive and proud.

To acquire so valuable a possession as the Isthmus at such a time was a task calling for great patience, the nicest consideration, and understanding sympathy. If an ordinary drummer wants to sell a steam-pump to a Spanish-American, he knows that he must proceed with a certain courtesy and formality, which would be unnecessary

at home. With what more than tact, whatever the incidental irritations, ought not a power like ours to have proceeded toward a helpless Latin neighbor with whom we were on terms of complete peace, whose sovereignty on the Isthmus we had guaranteed by a treaty 'to be religiously observed,' when we desired to acquire the most valuable thing she owned, and still to continue her friend.

What actually happened, of course everybody knows. Even before the Colombian Senate met to consider the treaty, Colombia was curtly warned that no amendments would be permitted. Three days after the treaty had been rejected the 'revolution' broke out in Panama. There had been many of these squabbles before, for the coast cities have always thought themselves ill-used by the central government, and while several other revolts would have given more ground for recognizing Panama's independence, the landing of a few marines had sufficed to keep the railroad running without serious interruption.

Whether the squelching of this trouble would have been the few minutes' work that Colombians believe, there is no definite means of knowing, inasmuch as the Colombian troops were not allowed to act. One day before the uprising, indeed, when nothing had occurred outwardly to change the friendly relations between Colombia and the United States, President Roosevelt had issued his 'fifty-mile order' prohibiting the landing of the Colombian troops, not only on the Canal Zone, but within fifty miles of Panama. The troops already within this zone were not allowed to proceed to Panama, and on November 6, less than two days after the rebels issued their proclamation of independence, the President recognized the new republic. A French citizen interested in the canal com-

pany was promptly received as Minister from Panama, and the money that was to have been paid to Colombia went to the revolutionists. And at the same time Colombia lost her annual income of \$250,000 from the Panama Railroad and her reversionary rights in it, for it was to go to her outright in 1967.

In view of the frank 'I took the Isthmus,' it is unnecessary to indulge in academic theorizing over these astonishing events. And there is, indeed, much to be said by those who willingly grant that they constituted an act of war. It was by an act of war that we acquired Texas, for instance. This gave us practical ownership of the Zone, and it is undoubtedly more convenient to own a man's land than to rent it, however advantageous the terms. Measured by the ethical standards accepted by powerful nations in the fight for trade and territory, rather than by those in use in civilized private life, or by what we like to think is the American spirit of justice and fair play, the *coup d'état* was a brilliant success.

Even from the point of view of expediency, however, it left something to be desired. We were able to start the Canal a little sooner than we could have done otherwise, and practically to own the Zone outright. But we made enemies of a people who had hitherto been our friends, and we aroused a distrust throughout Latin America. In Colombia itself, — the country nearest to us and the Canal, — few Americans would think now of investing their time or money. The American who ran the street railroad in Bogotá was forced by a boycott to sell out and leave the country. On the Magdalena River boats and in Bogotá, a few weeks since, I met Americans who had come to examine the country's possibilities, — cattle-raising (to which the opening of the Canal ought to give a great

boom), coffee, mining, and so on. They did not see how they could go ahead at present. The country has endless possibilities, its riches have scarcely been scratched, but no American, without unusual influence behind him, would care to risk investment until at least some sort of *entente cordiale* is arrived at.

Nor is it any less practical a matter for the American already on the ground. Suppose he owns a coffee plantation and his workmen get into trouble — as sometimes happens in these remote, sparsely-settled neighborhoods — with the workmen of a neighboring *finca*. One side knocks somebody down, somebody pulls a gun, before you know it there is a fine little row. In one such case I knew of, the squabble developed until the peons of one plantation regularly invaded the other and so frightened the workmen there that they left *en masse*. They had been brought down from the interior at considerable expense, and double wages had to be paid to fill their places. What chance has this American, or any American, in any of the hundred squabbles or contested issues that may arise, of getting justice?

These are practical matters, — things that make trouble for ministers and consuls, scare-head stories for newspapers, and now and then, in extreme cases, give cruisers their sailing orders. They, in themselves, are sufficient cause for our doing something to remedy the present intolerable situation, — with the Treaty of 1846, guaranteeing Colombia's sovereignty in the Isthmus, still in force, so far as Colombia is concerned, while as a matter of concrete fact Panama is now a separate republic and the Canal Zone is ours.

It is the less concrete — what those who ignore Latin-American civilization will doubtless call the merely senti-

mental arguments — that seem to me strongest and most moving.

The present situation, no doubt, inconveniences a few American citizens. The real bitterness of the thing lies in the contrast between what might and ought to be the relations between this great, free, hopeful, kindly nation of ours and its struggling neighbor to the south, and what those relations are. We might be an inspiration and a help to Colombia; the different civilizations, temperaments, and ideals, no less than the different material resources, ought to meet and supplement one another; but how shabby and shameful is the true state of affairs!

Colombia is not, in some ways, a very pleasant place for Americans to visit to-day. With whatever personal courtesy the individual is received — and it is the same which he will meet all over South America — it is not an agreeable awakening to find America regarded, in the aggregate, much as the Finns or Persians regard Russia.

America seems very far away, in that venerable mountain capital, buried behind hundreds of miles of Andean walls and tropical rivers, from the sea and the northern world. Every one, as the saying goes, is a poet or a politician in Bogotá. There is plenty of time to read and write, to nourish and refine a grievance. Into that atmosphere of repose, of old-fashioned culture and courtesy, the warmth and kindness and beauty of our American life scarcely penetrate. Vaguely, threateningly, out of the distance, comes the dull roar of millions of machines, shrieking express-trains, avid, swarming, irreverent crowds, the hoarse breath of the 'Giant of the North,' as they call us, — a figure which suddenly took shape in the phrase, 'I took the Isthmus,' and was heard all up and down the Latin world.

You pick up your evening paper and

learn that 'the Americans, who have no ideal except that of the dollar, cannot understand how a poor people could be so foolish as not to sell their sovereignty for ten million dollars. For, of course, the Yankee nation, worshipping material success, ignorant of honor,' and so on. Or there is a dispatch from Colon that the Americans are going to buy that city and add it to the Zone. Panama does not want to sell, but the United States insists on buying, and, of course, there's an end of it. How convenient it would be if everybody could act in this way, if we all had money! A man goes to a widow for instance, and says, 'I want to buy your house.' The widow answers that she does not wish to sell her house, that she has lived in it for many years and is very fond of it. That, of course, makes no difference to the millionaire. 'Sell me your house or I'll take it!' says he, and 'I took the Isthmus!' is quoted again.

Many of these papers are irresponsible wasps, which would sting their own kind as relentlessly, did we not offer an easier target. The free press in Latin America has a venomousness of which we know little at home — yet it undoubtedly reflects a bitterness and a conviction of injustice shared by every man, woman, and child, so to speak, in Colombia, who can think at all.

The precise form which any friendly agreement should take is a matter to be decided by statesmen, not by reporters. I am merely stating here a situation with which the average American does not concern himself, for the simple reason that generally he is not aware of it. Undoubtedly many Colombians have exaggerated notions of the indemnity which might be paid. To them the splendid 'States' look somewhat as the Twentieth Century Limited might look to a lame man on foot. A little steam clipped from that whizzing meteor, a

few score millions more or less, would make all the difference in the world to Colombia, and would never be missed.

They are like one of their countrymen, an old government clerk, who came to one of our consuls. He had heard of the millions Rockefeller was giving away, and had written a long, ceremonious letter asking that a few thousands be set aside for him. 'Is the letter properly written?' he asked. 'Yes,' replied our consul, 'but I'm afraid you will never get the money.' He explained that such sums were supervised by a committee of steely-hearted analysts, who scrutinized each application through a microscope, and probably would n't be moved by the casual request of a perfectly healthy, and somewhat indolent, old gentleman of Colombia. The old clerk listened carefully, emitted a slow, sad '*Si?*' and shuffled away, tearing his letter into longitudinal strips.

Or, again, if an indemnity were paid

for such concrete losses as that of the Panama Railroad, it would probably be desirable to appoint a non-partisan commission, and perhaps to specify the purpose for which the money was to be spent, — a railroad from Bogotá down to the Pacific, for instance, — in order that the country itself, and not merely its politicians, might be benefited. The boundary between Colombia and Panama is yet to be settled satisfactorily, — *another business of such a treaty*, — and the manner of conducting the whole negotiation from one side is almost as important as the matter of it. Certainly here is a case in which we 'can afford to be generous' — whether we are following mere expediency or a notion, perhaps archaic, of *noblesse oblige*. Nothing might come of our attempt, but we could at least show our South American neighbors and the world, that neither time nor the grim necessities of modern life have changed the American spirit of justice and fair play.

SYNDICALISM AND ITS PHILOSOPHY

BY ERNEST DIMNET

I

The French *Syndicat*, corresponding as every one knows to the Trade-Union, is an association resting on coöperative interests. Nothing is more familiar, and the legal details varying with the countries matter little. One is not generally so clear about the meaning of the word Syndicalism. Some people take it to denote an industrial organization, others fear that it may

mean a rehandling of society, others regard it as a synonym of revolution, or of a dark international conspiracy, every now and then revealing its existence in occurrences of an outrageous character.

The most enlightening introduction to a question is invariably its historical perspective, and the philosophy of Syndicalism is so elemental that it needs little else than its environment to appear perfectly perspicuous. That

French Syndicalism should be chosen for such an *exposé*, rather than any other parallel manifestation, ought not to be thought surprising; physicians have a charming way of speaking of a disease fully answering the classical descriptions as a 'finely characterized disease,' *une belle maladie*, and French Syndicalism, whether one studies it with sympathy or the reverse, is the most complete in development and, if I may so say, the most perfect in tone.

II

The history of Syndicalism in France is nothing else than the transformation of a political into a social question. It is remarkable that the Revolution of 1789, which had its origin in a literature as antagonistic to economic as to political inequality, had no immediate effects on the situation of the working-classes.

The Third Estate which, in Sieyès's famous speech, had so far been nothing, and should be everything, might well harp constantly on the rights, grievances, power, and so forth, of the people; it was not the people. It consisted, as the French parliaments still consist, of leisured or professional men whom little else than social distinctions separated from the aristocracy. Those men were full, indeed, of Rousseau's ideas on the bettering of the inferior orders, but this bettering ought to be in their own hands, not in those of the people; and the net result of the Revolution — as it appeared after the tremendous interlude of the Empire — was a constitution and a parliamentary system very similar to those of England, but a complete ignoring of the millions whom nobody had yet had the genius to call — in a phrase charged with significance and possibilities — the Fourth Estate. During the years from 1815 to 1845 the working-classes

were as completely ignored in France as under Louis XIV; not being electors they were *nil*.

The Revolution of 1848 coming after, or simultaneously with, the works of the great Socialists, Saint-Simon, Fourier, Proud'hon, Leroux, and having had for its immediate cause an agitation in the world of labor, with the characteristic motto, 'Every man entitled to work,' ought to have changed this state of affairs. In reality it did not. Blanqui, who was the brother of an economist and might have known better, reaped no other fruit from his revolutionary efforts than the formation of a political party, *le parti populaire*, which the Second Empire was soon to crush, and which only reappeared after fifteen years in the mild, and once more purely political, form of a Republican party. The workman was not taken into account as a working man, but as a voting man. His importance lay in his capacity to support bourgeois deputies possessed of democratic ideas.

The Second Empire was a time of extraordinary prosperity. French commerce and industry increased during those eighteen years in an amazing proportion; the wages rose accordingly, and as the influence of France abroad was also greater than it had been since 1815, one may say that there was general happiness in the country. Yet, with the development of industrialism, soon appeared the inconveniences inherent in it: the feeling — infinitely less sharp in agricultural communities — that the master stands apart from the men; the bondage in which the machine holds the workman, making it compulsory for him to answer all its motions by corresponding action; the captivity for a certain number of hours in the cheerless precincts of a factory. And the atmosphere peculiar to industrial *milieus* began to make itself felt.

The legislation had not kept up with the speedy development of the mechanical industries. It ignored strikes; and when the first and very rare attempts at striking were made, the authorities found themselves unprepared to deal with them. The consequence was that they enforced the contract binding the men to their employer and made work compulsory. It was not until the very last years of the Second Empire that the right to strike was recognized legally. In the mean time, the workmen had not only developed their class feeling, but they had founded secret societies called *Sociétés de Résistance*, — half syndicates, half ramifications of the *Internationale*, — which were their first effort toward self-organization. Shortly after, Karl Marx, inquiring into the moral conditions created by the modern economic development, pointed out in clear language the vital distinction between the class and the party, and stated definitely that the class-fight was the only object that the workmen could propose to themselves.

Yet many years elapsed before the proletariat, as it began to be called, became sufficiently conscious to think of managing its own affairs. It seems incredible that in a country where the Labor vote was already so considerable it was not until 1884 — fourteen years after the foundation of the Republic — that the Syndicates were made legal, and not until 1901 that a law on Associations — that most urgent of instruments in a republic — was passed. The country was absorbed in mere politics, mostly of an anti-clerical character, which I have not the space to review, but which the reader ought to bear in mind as the background of French history between the years 1877 and 1905. Electioneering rhetoric of the cheapest description was sufficient to keep the workmen away from their

own interests during the greatest part of that interval, and when they did begin in earnest to look after themselves they were so used to politicians that they could not help seeking their assistance to do their thinking for them. This period of the history of labor is called by the Syndicalists of to-day the democratic era.

III

What the Syndicalists mean by the Democracy is nothing else than the action of the Socialist deputies in the French Chamber. It may be as well to say at once that — surprising as it seems at first — they never use the word without a shade of contempt. It was about 1885 that M. Jules Guesde first shocked the country with a popular exposé of the Marxist doctrine, and the avowed intention to change the basis of society by substituting coöperation for capitalism, and the freedom of associations for authority. Some ten years afterward a young deputy, M. Jean Jaurès, who, in a preceding chamber, had been a moderate Republican, was returned on a glaringly Socialistic ticket, and became the centre of a then very small Socialist group in Parliament. His talent as an orator, his power of assimilating the most intricate matters, his remarkable tactics as a parliamentary leader, are well-known and need not be enlarged upon. His success in his new position was immediate. Endowed with prodigious activity and energy, he went all over the country, and addressed large audiences in all the industrial cities of France, with such success that in the Chamber elected in 1902, he and his friends simply became the regulators of the government's action.

During the Combes ministry, the prime minister made everything subservient to the Socialistic opinion and

the Socialist vote, and it can safely be said that during those three years M. Jaurès actually governed France. He was anti-clerical, and the confiscation of church property along with the separation of church and state were accomplished; he was an anti-militarist, and the War and Navy budgets were most unwisely lightened with the complicity of those two extraordinary ministers, General André and M. Pelletan; peace and war were in his hands,—a great deal more than in those of the Foreign Minister,—and as his followers as well as his theories made it imperative for him to be the champion of peace, peaceful the government was until the apparition of the Kaiser off the coast of Morocco on a threatening man-of-war obliged them to make their choice between the risk of standing for French dignity at all costs and the shame of giving up the Foreign Minister, M. Delcassé. The influence of M. Jaurès, as well as the gravity of the situation, decided the matter at once: M. Delcassé was thrown overboard.

Meanwhile, three of M. Jaurès's political friends, MM. Millerand, Briand, and Viviani, had acquired so much influence in the Chamber, and the Socialist group who backed them was regarded as so formidable, that the gentlemen mentioned were able, one after the other, to seek and take office in various cabinets; and although they were anathematized by some of their friends for so doing, their progress was none the less the Socialist progress.

How is it that this triumph of the Socialist deputies was looked upon as no triumph at all by the Socialist workmen? How is it that the very name Socialist was gradually dropped by them, left exclusively to M. Jaurès and his group, and replaced by the term Syndicalist?

If the reader will look once more

over the Socialist achievements as I have just described them, he will notice that they were of a purely political character. From being an unimportant individual, M. Jaurès had risen to the position of a leader, without whom the hypnotized government dared not breathe; from being nothing else than very intelligent Socialists, MM. Millerand, Viviani, and Briand had become State Ministers, had moved into palaces, and had seemed to think it all very natural. In the mean time their notions had undergone a change; they understood what government means, and they advocated the loyalty and order without which no government can be.

What good did it all do to the proletarians who had elected them? M. Jaurès promised, year after year, to draw up 'extensive legislative texts, which would prepare the legal transformation of the capitalist into a socialist commonwealth'; but that epic in articles and clauses never was forthcoming, and the most urgent measures—for instance, the Association law, the Income Tax law, the Weekly Rest law, the Old-Age Pension law, and the rest, which were in operation in a backward monarchy like Prussia,—could not be passed by the parliament in which M. Jaurès had for years been cock-of-the-walk.

IV

This state of things could not but be a great disenchantment for the workmen; the more so as there was a great enchantment for them in different quarters. The Syndicates, since the law which had made them legal in 1884, had grown and multiplied. They had promptly ceased—without waiting for any legal permission—to live in isolation. The Syndicates of the same industry in the whole country

were bound in federations, some of which — *la Fédération du Livre*, for instance, and the Mining Federation — already vied with the most prosperous English unions. In the industrial districts, the local Syndicates met in Bourses du Travail, which served at the same time as information offices, popular universities, mutual or coöperative societies, and the like, and were of daily use to the workmen. There were yearly congresses, to which foreign syndicalists were soon invited, and which the least effort transformed into international congresses.

All this had been accomplished by plain workmen who had seen their work spread under their hands, and had not been afraid of their growing responsibilities. The comparison between their success and the barrenness of their deputies' action was sure to impose itself sooner or later on their minds, and to result in the split I have spoken of. At the same time, familiar intercourse with sister organizations abroad, just in the years when the Dreyfus Affair had weakened patriotism to an incredible degree, could not fail to lower the barriers which tradition had raised between the workmen of different languages, and make more impassable those between the workmen and the bourgeois and themselves; the class feeling which had long been latent found itself suddenly perfect in an almost perfect class-organization. A class philosophy and a class literature were on the eve of being born, in fact, only needed expression; but before finding expression they found a living embodiment in the General Labor Confederation.

This famous Confédération Générale du Travail — generally called for brevity's sake the C. G. T. — was founded about 1900 by a young man of thirty who was to die shortly afterwards, Fernand Pelloutier. Judging from the

admiration of such a man as M. Sorel, Pelloutier, whom we only know by one little volume, *L'Histoire des Bourses du Travail*, must have been a genius. At all events this obscure clerk seems to have been the first to arrive at the full conception of a radical severance of the workmen from the rest of society, and of a revolutionary organism whose spirit and working fascinate by their simplicity.

The C. G. T. is nothing else than a federation of the federations and of the Bourses du Travail. Its seat is at the Paris Bourse du Travail, a large building just off the Place de la République. It has no legal recognition, and most jurists even contend that its existence is absolutely illegal and that it is an abuse to tolerate it in a national building. Its expenses are borne by the various federations, and do not exceed fifty thousand francs — ten thousand dollars — a year. Its members are the secretaries of the federations, one of whom is called General Secretary of the C. G. T. It possesses a weekly paper, *La Voix du Peuple*, in close connection with which is evidently the daily *La Bataille Syndicaliste*.

As to its doctrines, they are found not only in these papers but in a more scientific organ, *Le Mouvement Socialiste*, — to which I shall have to advert further on, — in a number of pamphlets written mostly by the various secretaries, Griffuelhes, Pouget, Pierro Niel, and others, in the accounts of the yearly congresses, and, night after night, in the addresses delivered in the syndicates, popular universities, and so forth. What these doctrines — the doctrines of Pelloutier — amount to is not difficult to say: they are the plain, undisguised, and almost invariably sober, preaching of the class-fight.

The separate existence of the workmen as a class of pariahs, which underlay the concepts of the preceding gen-

eration of French Socialists, and which Marx had once or twice formulated in his books, is dwelt upon as the one great fact on which the workmen's attention should be fixed. The proletariat has its existence apart in every country, and consequently constitutes on the globe a separate class, not only completely independent of the others, but even free from the traditional restraints embodied in patriotism. On one side are 'the masters, that is, the robbers: on the other are the slaves, the despoiled.' What is, in fact, Capital? How is it formed? Is it not by constantly and methodically taking from labor? Syndicalism is only the recognition by the workmen of this extraordinary state of things, on the one hand; and on the other, recognition of the fact that their common spoliation is enough to give them unity.

This, as I said above, was implied in the works of the great Socialists, Proud'hon, for instance. But while the Socialists placed their hopes of seeing all wrongs righted in the enactment of severe laws tending more and more to equalize privileges and duties, the Syndicalists distrust the law and its supporters quite as much as they do capital, and wage the same war against them.

The notion of the state is all very well theoretically, but in reality what is the state? Nothing else than the ruling parties, that is to say, politicians. Wherever there are politicians there is confusion instead of clarity, and the confusion is greater in a democracy like the French Republic than in any other form of government. In a strict monarchy of the German or Russian type the distinction of the classes is obvious, whereas in a democracy the fictitious and perfectly farcical equality of men — considered as citizens and not as economic values — obscures it hopelessly.

Parliamentarianism rests on compromises: the Socialist candidate makes the same promises to his bourgeois electors that the bourgeois candidate makes to his Socialist constituents. Experience shows also that the political masters act on exactly the same principles as industrial masters, and ought to be treated in the same way. 'I think it very useful,' says M. Sorel, 'to lick the orators of democracy and the representatives of government.' The so-called social laws on which M. Jaurès and his friends plume themselves so much are mostly frauds. What are the *Conseils du Travail* if not a stratagem to put the representatives of the workmen under the thumb of those of the capitalists? What are the prospective regulations of strikes if not a roundabout way to get rid of strikes? What good will accrue to the people from the law concerning Old-Age Pensions? The pittance which the workman secures for his old days by contributing all his life to the fund is only a portion of his own money; the rest remains in the treasury of the state to support all sorts of institutions, — an army among the number, — which are simply directed against him.

The Syndicalists are violently opposed not only to wars but to the existence of an army. The army in their opinion is the living demonstration of the paradox of a civilization in which those who have every advantage do nothing, and those who bear all the burdens get no reward. An army is useful only in two cases: in time of peace when there is a strike, and then the proletarians in uniform are employed against the proletarians in plain clothes; in time of war, when a few financiers think it necessary to have their interests protected by force, and then again thousands of men are destroyed for a cause not their own, and even opposed to it. Whatever the

workmen do in support of the state is invariably found ultimately to turn against them.

What then should they do? Resolutely look upon the classes above them as enemies and treat them accordingly. Open warfare being out of the question so long as only about three hundred thousand men are connected with the C. G. T., they must be content for the present with what is feasible. Their first duty is to increase their numbers and strengthen their organization, that is to say, help in bringing over as many as they can to the Syndicates. There is no phrase that the leading Syndicalists repeat so often and in such an earnest tone as, 'Do the humble and humdrum syndicate work.' In fact, the day on which the whole world of labor shall be enlisted and disciplined in syndicates will also be that of its absolute supremacy: overpowering numerical superiority is insufficient so long as organization is wanting; but the moment some sort of unity is given to numbers, resistance on the part of the minority becomes impossible.

Syndicates of an aggressive character are not the only form of organization advocated by the C. G. T. The workmen are dupes not only when they work for the bourgeois, but also when they consume and pay for the goods manufactured by the capitalists. All the money they spend foolishly in this way ought to be devoted to the establishment of coöperative societies which must become in time formidable rivals of their bourgeois competitors. For the market is, after all, one thing with the proletariat, and it is only because so many poor club together that there are a few rich.

Syndicalists feel convinced that in the long run — no time can be named, as everything depends on the rapidity of the grouping process, and its speed may accelerate in a catastrophic man-

ner — the coöperative movement will suffice to reverse the present economic conditions and bring about the gradual and almost invisible disappearance of capitalism; but their warlike spirit is not content with that. Capitalism ought not only to be undermined, it ought also to be stormed. The great hope, the great vision, which haunts and delights them is that of the final storming, which they call the Great Strike. When all the world of labor has become syndicalist, when there are no fools left to fight against their own interest, one fine evening — *le grand soir* — a universal strike shall be decreed. Next day there will be no bakers to make bread, no butchers to kill meat, no colliers to dig up coals, no railwaymen to take bourgeois about. In a few days of this awful stagnation, capitalism will realize that gold in itself is nothing while labor is everything, and the machines¹ will be either made over to, or quietly appropriated by, the workmen.

This is the dream. The Syndicalists think it should be made possible, and openly teach the ways and means. The Great Strike must be prepared for by numberless local strikes weakening capital and strengthening the proletariat. The C. G. T. is a school for striking, with professional strike-organizers called delegates by the Syndicalists and *gréviculteurs* by the newspapers. The delegate starts strikes where there is no syndicate, as the workmen are infallibly compelled to unite during strikes, and seldom resume work before making their accidental union enduring in the shape of a syndicate. Where there are unions, strikes are made more formidable by coalitions and by the pecuniary assistance which the C. G. T. obtains from the federations. Striking may take vari-

¹ In the Syndicalist terminology all the instruments of production are called machines.

ous shapes, which the Syndicalist publications detail carefully. Boycotting the industries which refuse to admit syndicate workmen is one variety of strike; *sabotage* is another: it means the repeated injury to tools and machines, or the deliberate hindrance of work. This was practiced on a large scale during the railway agitation in 1910, and it was thanks to it that the hairdressers' men could dictate terms to apparently unconquerable masters. In short, the theory and practice of strikes seems to have been brought to perfection by the C. G. T.

As to its effects, you can see them in issue after issue of the *Voix du Peuple*. About thirty per cent of the strikes seem successful, and they never result in possible damage for the workmen. In September, 1911, a large manufacturer in the north of France stopped work at an hour's notice, on the mere polite injunction of a C. G. T. delegate. Fighting would have been impossible. Such facts will evidently become more and more numerous as the syndical organization spreads more widely. The syndicalist machinery is perfect, and it requires only initiative enough to put it in operation everywhere.

v

This then, is the history of the past and present of Syndicalism. Before trying to foresee its future, we should say a word about the philosophers who have made it the object of their meditations.

The best known are Lagardelle, Berth, and, above all, Georges Sorel, whose productions have appeared chiefly in the very intellectual review called *Le Mouvement Socialiste*.

It was inevitable that the contributions of such thinkers — eminently honest, and one of them powerful — should influence the most intelligent

Syndicalists, but the common characteristic of these philosophers is that while they take unbounded interest in the organization of labor, they firmly believe in the necessity for it to stand apart and unsophisticated, and would gladly be forever unknown to the very men they are constantly studying. It would take a great deal more space than I have to do them justice and disentangle a somewhat artificial element from their fundamental ideas, but I can indicate a few essential points.

To begin with — and it is one of their aspects I regret the most not to be able to deal with adequately — they are wonderfully solid in appearance and tone, but they have not always been so, and Sorel especially has passed through a number of intellectual phases. One was not born in France with impunity in the days when Renan and Berthelot were at their height. The characteristic of that period was a very unphilosophical belief in science and an accompanying mistrust of metaphysics, resulting in a dangerously narrow art of thinking, and a complete lack of anything like an art of living. All the intellects which grew in that atmosphere and were not hopelessly stunted by it have had to struggle toward a broader, more human logic than that in which they had been educated, and above all, toward a moral doctrine that would steady them through life. This took them years.

Georges Sorel and his friends are often called Bergsonians, and, in fact, the former has made a careful study of Bergson's books and has many points in common with him; but I imagine that he would have reached his chief positions without him and owes him little more than an occasional confusing terminology. He spent practically all his time until he was fifty doing technical work in a factory, get-

ting used to the realities of economics, and, as he became thus practical and positive, cleansing his mind from the thick dust of fallacies it had accumulated since boyhood. Like everybody else he was full of ideas from outside, of theories built on inadequate historical analyses, especially of the tremendous overgrowth of ideology which the Revolution produced.

He gradually came to mistrust and reconsider all his notions; he went back to history, chiefly in the footsteps of Renan, and learned the influence of pure ideas in the great historical movements, — the transformation of the ancient world through Christianity, for instance, — while he became more and more convinced of the preëminence of materialistic influences in the development of economics. He noticed that all the modern French systems of politics and social philosophy were built on the notion of progress as conceived by D'Alembert and the other Encyclopædists: he tested their apparent clarity, found it wanting, and later gave the results of his inquiry in a most suggestive little book, *Les Illusions du Progrès*. All his reading and thinking brought him to the conclusion that the logic of social philosophers and politicians was moonshine, misleading inferences with a semblance of solidity which it took ages to expose, and which in the mean time stood in the way of an accurate view of realities. Generalizations were all dangerous; living facts alone were fruitful, and one could never be long enough face to face with them.

The reader must see at once the relationship between these views and the Bergsonian intuition, that is, the effort to understand reality, not by standing apart from it, but by lending one's self to its flow.

About the time when Sorel reached these conclusions he met Fernand

Pelloutier. I have never seen anybody who laid sufficient stress on the influence which this meeting must have had on Sorel. Here was Pelloutier, a young man of twenty-eight, who had never lived apart from the world of labor, had been a stranger to politics, to systems and theories of any kind, yet had been sufficiently intelligent — in the simple and beautiful meaning of this word — to connect the forces of the workmen with the living organism of Syndicalism and could see — rather than deduce — the far-reaching consequences of its existence: its opposition to present society; its goal, the Great Strike; its method, striking and striking again with the heroism of perseverance; and its final success, the substitution of coöperation for capital. The mind of Pelloutier was in itself a demonstration of the superiority of intuition over systems and deductions.

Another conclusion forced itself. As Pelloutier was above philosophers, the world of labor was above the schools of politicians. Jaurès and his friends were mere logicians, clinging like leeches to a reality which had its life apart from them; they played nowadays the part which the Encyclopædists had played before the Revolution, and their influence was as baleful. This is the intellectual origin of Sorel's sympathy with the Syndicalist movement.

This sympathy has another aspect, corresponding to the moral development of the philosopher. As I said above, Sorel was bred in the determinism of Renan, Taine, and Berthelot, that is to say, in a distinctly negative system of ethics. His own nature was sufficiently noble to keep him above the materialism which comes too often in its train. But he was not far advanced in life before he saw the terrible effects on society of a doctrine making man the only judge of his own actions.

The generation of M. Sorel — the men who are now sixty — has been the prey of all that awaits moral, even more than intellectual, uncertainty. The indifference to motives, the ignorance of a rule of life, the good-humored condoning of deliberate indulgence, the skepticism even of the naturally good, making them almost ashamed to be good, the complicity of millions of readers with a host of immoral writers, the careless admission of national decadence consequent on depopulation and enervation, have all been rife until a very recent period, and have all been produced by philosophical doubt succeeding religious conviction.

The only remedy must be some sort of intellectual basis, an idea strong enough not to be undermined by the low modern infiltrations. M. Sorel himself needed no personal prop; he was naturally above compromises. In default of a philosophy he had character. His poet was Corneille; his heroes were the Catholic saints, or even the Jansenists, with their purity and obstinacy; his Socialist was Proud'hon, because Proud'hon built society on love, but the love of one woman; but neither Proud'hon nor the Catholic doctrine of sacrifice, nor the idealism of Corneille, was likely to appeal to the modern man and transform his materialism. Socialism — the Socialism of Jaurès which he was to treat later on with such contempt — for a time attracted him, but it was because of its apparent interest in the humble and persecuted and its corresponding apparent self-denial. The moment he found that the Dreyfusist movement was in reality a conspiracy of greed and ambition, and that the Socialist doctrine rested ultimately on what he calls a 'belly philosophy,' he withdrew.

Here again his acquaintance with Pelloutier was an illumination. The

young clerk had nothing but scorn for politics and the politicians, he never gave a thought to the possibility of his rising above his sphere and becoming a bourgeois deputy; his life was consumed in an obscure work of organization which precluded brilliant speeches, the empty but pleasant activity of electioneering, the long periods of rest after partial success.

Pelloutier knew that he was working for an ideal which he would never see realized. Not only was he consumptive and doomed to speedy death, but the object he had been the first to conceive was beyond the span of even the longest life; no man of his generation, or even of the next, would see the Great Evening and the Great Strike. All they could hope was to see the Syndicalists' net gradually spread in their hands, and the great Syndicalist weapon — strike — become more familiar to the workmen.

But this daily routine was fruitful in positive results, and these results were not merely the success of a propaganda. Pelloutier and Sorel saw that by persuading the workmen to band together with a view to a final and decisive, if far-away, action, they called forth the noblest energies latent in the people, and long extinguished among the bourgeoisie. Poor laborers gladly gave of their own for the support of the Syndicates, or joined in strikes which apparently had no immediate interest for them, out of mere love for their class, and supported by the hope — perhaps the mirage — of its final victory. M. Sorel has often likened this state of mind to that of the early Christians when their great hope was the Advent of Christ and the Establishment of his Kingdom. But as the primitive church had lost by becoming protected instead of persecuted, Sorel realized that, if ever the syndicates grew rich and powerful they would probably become in-

fectured with the faults of power and wealth — selfishness and indolence — and lose their original virtue. A long series of articles in *Le Mouvement Socialiste*, reprinted since under the title of *Réflexions sur la Violence*, was a defense of the warlike virtues called forth by the pregnant idea of the Great Strike. Since the days of 1790 when the French armies marched, full of the revolutionary ideal, no mass of men had appeared possessed of such a noble spirit as the Syndicalists.

This spirit, in Sorel's opinion, was evidently what mattered the most. In the same book he confessed openly that he did not believe in the possibility of the Great Strike, and looked upon it as a myth. He treated at great length of the nature and influence of myths: they were half ideas, half images, and as such partook of the power of both the reason and the imagination, and imposed themselves on the minds of even the simplest; but after a time their purely imaginative aspect lost its brilliance and they were gradually forgotten. So the very basis of Syndicalism was in one respect only a fascinating illusion.

The frankness of this analysis showed obviously that Sorel was more interested in Syndicalism than he expected the Syndicalists to become interested in him. In other words, he was less a man of action than a philosopher curious of the motives of action, and he no more believed in Syndicalism than in Christianity: both doctrines attracted him by the purity of their spirit, by the heroism they entailed, not at all by their future. After all, he was little more than a sort of Nietzschean seeking the rarity of an aristocratic attitude where it was likely to be found.

When the present writer first made a careful inquiry into the philosophy of Sorel,¹ he wondered why such tenden-

¹ Vide *The Forum*, November, 1909.

cies did not turn him toward a political doctrine widely different from Syndicalism in object, but strikingly similar in spirit. The school known as the Neo-Royalists had their myth, which was the restoration of the pre-revolutionary Monarchy; they stood for violence, and lost no occasion to say that they would seize the first opportunity to make a *coup d'état*; their intellectual training was practical, historical, and positivist like his own; finally they had in common with him a speculative attachment to Christianity which, however, left their chief leaders in religious unbelief. There was in them all there was in the Syndicalists, and less chance of losing sight of their aim. Everything must appeal to him in those quarters. These previsions have been confirmed. M. Sorel may not be more of a Royalist than he was a Syndicalist, but his sympathies have gone that way, and his name is frequently mentioned in the Neo-Royalist publications, as it used to be, and even still is, every now and then, in the Syndicalist periodicals. Meanwhile, he superintends the publication of a series for the defense of higher culture, in which both his former and his recent tendencies are easily reconciled.

VI

Little space remains for the last part of this exposition, in which we ought not to prophesy, or even to state the probable destinies of Syndicalism, but merely to describe its chances as they appear from the relation between its present conditions and the evolution of the public spirit in France.

In 1908, when the postal strike led men to realize the formidable power of association, the C. G. T., or at any rate, the more revolutionary elements in the C. G. T., seemed to be at their highest. Nobody who followed that

brief drama will ever forget how not only the government, — which till then had been uniformly weak, — but even the Parliament, — so far respected, — fell at once into insignificance. The distinction between the Democracy and the proletariat, on which Sorel lays so much stress, was made tangible at a meeting of the strikers at which the well-known M. Buisson, and a few other Socialist deputies, had thought they would be welcomed as usual. They were simply hooted off the platform, and the meeting was conducted, as well as the strike itself, by a few delegates of the C. G. T., among whom was the famous Pataud. It appeared clearly, not only that the government was defenseless against one single syndicate, but that the Socialist members of the Chamber, who had been so far a sort of very useful buffer between the workmen and their political masters, had been definitely thrown back among the bourgeoisie. Pataud and his friends, workmen as they were, negotiated with the government on equal terms, and would have dictated to them if M. Clemenceau, who was then prime minister, had not cleverly put them off, or, as they said, taken them in.

The experience produced a tremendous sensation, to be compared only to the shock received two or three years earlier on the dismissal of M. Delcassé from the Cabinet, and the revelation of the havoc made in the Army and Navy by M. Pelletan and General André. The country realized the weakness of parliamentarianism, and knew that it had been leaning for years on a woefully broken reed. The Chamber itself lost at once all of the superb pride which thirty years' absolute power in a country republican only in appearance had given it, and declared itself content with legislating instead of governing.

Meanwhile the members of the government which had never been trained to govern were bethinking themselves, and M. Briand gave the result of their meditations in a celebrated address at Lisieux. Modern nations, he said, had to confront the new fact of association. Association was the feature of the day, and could not be disregarded. The Syndicates, in very few years, had prospered so that nobody could ignore them, and the best policy was to give them their share. What the share was, he pointed out in general terms, but sufficiently clearly for anybody to understand that he was ready to give them the right to legal possession, and the right to say something in the debates concerning their professional interests. All this meant the beginning, or at any rate the dawn, of the decentralization for which the best intellects had prayed so many years, but it might mean also the preliminaries of surrender to the C. G. T.

Many people believed this. Day after day the conservative papers pointed out that the strong, united, intelligent government which had been so long desired, actually existed in France, but sat at the Bourse du Travail and not at the Elysée. A combination of the railwaymen, the postal clerks, and the electricians would suffice to switch authority from one place to the other. No revolution could be easier. The Syndicalists believed it, too. Their decision turned quickly into arrogance, and Pataud stopped the electricity in Paris three or four times in one winter, just as the Negro band-master stopped the music 'for to show his authority.' It is only when one studies the history of Syndicalism in detail that the difference between the intimidating sobriety of the theories, — as set forth not only by Sorel or Lagardelle, but even by Griffuelhes, — and the raw violence of inferior Syndical-

ists, appears. *La Bataille Syndicaliste* is as near mere anarchy as *Les Réflexions sur la Violence* is near true philosophy.

For some time after the Lisieux speech the Syndicalists affected to treat the overtures of M. Briand as the treachery of a turn-coat, and they vaunted their anti-patriotism more openly than ever. But the ringleaders who harped on this high string were no more the whole of Syndicalism than Syndicalism is the whole of the labor world. A warning came to them first from Germany, where the C. G. T. was excluded from the international congresses on account of its anti-patriotic attitude. Then some powerful syndicates, which so far had kept away from the C. G. T. (the Book Syndicate and the Miners' Unions among the number), joined it, but being experienced and rich, infused wisdom into it. Then it appeared that if materialism can occasionally nerve itself for a violent action its natural bent is much more toward a diminution of effort, and that Briand had seen the disposition of the Syndicates pretty accurately when he had come toward them with an olive-branch at Lisieux. In most workmen the wish to become a bourgeois lives more or less dormant. The truth of this appeared glaringly in the conversion of no less a person than Pataud, who, after finding some resistance among his brethren and some on the part of the police, gave up agitating, first for lecturing, and finally for a most unromantic situation in the champagne trade. In short, what with excessive violence on the part of some Syndicalists, and a return to balance on the part of some others, the C. G. T. does not appear to-day nearly so formidable in its unity, or so full of belief in the Great Strike, as it was four years ago.

As these transformations took place among Syndicalists, another was notice-

able in the public spirit of the French nation at large. The danger from the strikes and the danger from Germany combined to awaken people to the necessity of a stronger national attitude. Energy in the resistance both to agitators like Pataud and to browbeaters abroad, after seeming long impossible, suddenly became the order of the day. Anti-militarism, which had been rampant in the last ten years, positively vanished. Its manifestations are now confined to the lowest anarchist organs. In the summer of 1911, when a war with Germany was regarded as almost inevitable, the prospect was viewed without any reluctance, even in industrial districts where a few years ago it would have caused furious protests.

This decision could not exist without an accompanying change in the current principles. It would take a volume to describe the rapid modification, but it is a fact that the return to a saner view of authority, of the subordination of the individual to collective interests, of the necessity of self-sacrifice, etcetera, has been so marked as to nullify the logic of Socialist materialism, strong as it might still appear to crude intellects. The France of to-day is completely different from the disorganized country which saw the Dreyfusist disruption, and apparently never minded; and the change is the more striking from being especially noticeable among the rising generation. An hour's conversation with any intelligent young man belonging to the classes in which skepticism and dilettantism used to be strongest, leaves no doubt that a new public spirit has made its reappearance in a new and bracing atmosphere.

In these conditions, the element of disorder inseparable from the motion of the C. G. T. is not likely to find favor, even with the average workman. The fact that all the bandits who, for

several weeks, scoured the environs of Paris, waylaying motorists, plundering banks and massacring police were either members of the C. G. T., — one of them even a delegate, — or were found in possession of Syndicalist literature, acted as a revelation. The violent agitators whom Sorel admired so much seem bound to be thrown back into the mere anarchical *milieus*, while the bulk of Syndicalists will turn more and more toward Reformism. Meanwhile, strong governments, gaining where the now despised Chamber loses, will probably find themselves in a position to pass effective legislation about the Syndicates. The dangers to society arising from the existence of mortmain are universally known, and no outcry will follow their removal. It will seem incredible to people born and brought up in a period less troubled than ours that corporations professedly professional ever boasted openly about treating the rest of the world as enemies, and actually prepared war against it.

In conclusion, we may say that all that Sorel detested — which is all that M. Briand hoped for when he delivered his Lisieux address — is likely to happen. Nothing can break the impulse which the Syndicalist movement has now taken, and nobody with a sense of fairness can be sorry for it. There will be more and more syndicates, and it is inevitable that their development will in time largely modify the economic and — to a certain extent — the present political conditions. But

the Syndicates, growing in an atmosphere very different from that in which they were born, will also be different. They will forget the mythical and at present violent aspect of their creed; they will strive after immediate improvement; they will be peace-loving and matter-of-fact.

Sorel says that if it is so, they will only create a variety of the very uninteresting bourgeois whom he hates: materialistic, self-indulgent, and cowardly. But this conclusion is not at all certain. The transformation in the public spirit which I mentioned above may be deep enough to restore idealism in spite of peace. The logic of such movements in Catholic countries invariably points to religious renovation. And what would be Catholicism galvanized once more into a social force in a society based on authority on the one hand and on a coöperation organization on the other? The answer may be startling, but I think it is inevitable.

Catholicism plus coöperative institutions — that is, after all, an idealist spirit united to the most effective means of social and material improvement — amounts to a repetition of the mediæval experiment coming round in undoubtedly favorable conditions. Will this be? Nobody knows; but I would not leave the reader with a pessimistic conclusion when a totally different one appears more likely. In France, at least, the crisis in the growth of Syndicalism is over, and the materialism which made it formidable is speedily losing its venom.

THE AMULET

BY MARY ANTIN

I

WHEN Yankel was left a widower, his pious relatives felt that the Lord had stretched out his hand to remove an obstacle from the path of a godly man. This reflection cast no reproach on the memory of Yankel's wife. No one spoke of Peshe Frede except with respect and pity. She had been a good wife — as good as God willed to have her. During the six years of her married life she had never given her husband any cause of complaint save one, and that was a matter for sorrow rather than complaint. Peshe Frede had no children, and what are prosperity and harmony and mutual devotion to a childless pair, in a community where parenthood is the great career? Their life was like a stage set for a play, but the characters never came on.

Yankel was away a great deal, looking after his lumber business, and whenever he came home he found his house in order, his favorite dishes steaming in the oven, and Peshe Frede, trim and smiling, ready to preside over his comfort. But there was a stillness in the orderly rooms that loving words failed to dispel, and Yankel had to exercise all the arts of kindness to wipe the guilty look out of Peshe Frede's eyes.

No doubt it was harder on her, who had to stay at home with folded hands; and yet the mothers of Polotzk, while commiserating her barren lot, said she was greatly to be envied, because her husband kept her in honor

and kindness and made light of their common disappointment. When she died, and the period of mourning was spent, Yankel's friends began to look forward to his second marriage, certain that God would reward him at last for his uncomplaining patience.

A year passed after his second marriage, and Sorke, the nineteen-year-old bride, began to droop under the weight of the accumulated silence of her orderly house. A second year passed without hope; a third year ran its empty course. Yankel was thankful to remember that even in his secret soul he had never thought of divorcing Peshe Frede at the end of ten years, as by the Jewish law he would have had a right to do. It was he who was doomed, and not the wife. He lavished on Sorke even greater tenderness than he had spent on Peshe Frede, for now he had to atone for, as well as comfort, the empty heart.

Late on one afternoon in October, Sorke was sitting by the window, her head bent over one of those embroidery-frames that had become the symbol of her unwelcome leisure. When it was too dark to work, she wound the thread around her needle and folded her hands in her lap. There was nothing to see on the street; still Sorke remained in her place, a vanishing image against the twilight gloom. Why should she move? There was nothing waiting to be done. Chronic inertia had produced in her a weird power of remaining motionless. Even

her thoughts were paralyzed. The stillness was like a wall around her. The irregular sounds that came from the kitchen brought no suggestion of current activity; they were the sounds that had filled her ears from the beginning of time.

Suddenly she jumped up, with a startled cry. From the empty gloom outside a face had sprung, a dark, bearded, laughing face, close beside her window. She ran to the door. Her husband sprang up the steps to meet her.

'Yankel!' she cried, in a voice half way between surprise and reproach.

'Sorele!¹ I startled you. How are you, little wife?'

'I did n't expect you till the end of the week. How are you, Yankel?'

'Fine! and mighty glad to get home, after two weeks of knocking about the dirty villages.'

'Two weeks and three days,' Sorke soberly corrected. 'You went away on a Monday morning, and this is Wednesday.'

Yankel laughed.

'I forgot that you count the days. Well, you like to be surprised? But why are you sitting in the dark? Here; let's light the lamp. Let me see if my little wife is all there.'

There was something pathetic in the interest with which Sorke watched her husband's trifling activity. She seemed glad to be caught up in the current of his energy. And Yankel, who had learned by experience the signs of a lonely woman's moods, put his tender hands on her shoulders and studied her upturned face in the lamp-light.

Sorke's eyes had that look of unconscious beseeching that had haunted him all the years of his married life: the look of one who has found no answer to the questions of life. Peshe

¹ Diminutive of Sorke.

Frede had looked at him that way, and now Sorke — Sorke, whose eyes were so merry three years ago.

'You have been lonely, Sorele. What have you been doing? Tell me everything while we have tea.'

Sorke was glad to be relieved of her husband's scrutiny. She did not wish to make him sad on his return. She called to the housemaid to prepare the samovar, and herself set out the glasses on a tray.

Yankel watched her quiet movements through the open door of their bedroom, while he removed his heavy boots and washed the grime of travel from his face and hands. It seemed to him she was paler than usual, and he divined that the bits of neighborhood gossip she repeated in answer to his questions had no real interest for her.

'It's good to be at home,' he said, in his hearty manner, as he stretched his legs under the table opposite Sorke. 'Are you sure you did n't expect me? It seems to me you're all dressed up.'

Sorke looked down on her gown, which was indeed one she seldom wore.

'I had nothing to do, so I dressed up. Do you remember this dress?'

'Is n't it a new one?'

She smiled.

'Ask a man about clothes! This is the dress I wore when we visited your Aunt Rachel, the Passover before we were married.'

'What! three years ago? How did you keep it so new? You are a very careful little woman.'

'It is n't that. I have so many dresses that I can't wear them out.' She lifted her head with a movement strange to her, a sort of subdued impatience. 'Yankel, what's the use of having so many dresses?'

He stared at her. 'I swear by my beard and earlocks that I'm the only husband in Polotzk who ever heard

such a speech from his wife. Too many dresses! Well, well! what next?’

But Sorke would not meet his tone of raillery. He had surprised her in the depths of her melancholy, and her trouble cried out to be recognized. Loneliness and brooding had unsettled her nerves. Yankel’s cheerful, almost boisterous, manner jarred her into something like rebellion.

‘Too many dresses, yes, and too many things of all sorts. We have so much of everything, and what’s it all for? I can never get to the bottom of the linen chest — some of the things have never been used. The parlor is fixed up like a furniture store — there is n’t a scratch or stain on anything. And look at my clothes! I’ve given away enough for a poor bride’s trousseau; I never wear out anything. What’s the use of so many things? I wish we were poor. At least I’d have something to do, then.’

Her tone was almost vehement. Her color had risen; the beseeching look in her eyes was burned away by a gleam of protest.

Yankel watched her in mute surprise. He understood the inner meaning of her frivolous complaint, perhaps better than she did herself, but he had become so accustomed to her gentle patience that he did not at once know how to meet her sudden outburst.

Sorke waited a moment for him to speak, then went on, in a quieter manner, —

‘Really, Yankel, I think people are happier when they are n’t so well off. I’d rather do patching and darning than this everlasting fancy-work.’ She cast a look of distaste at the embroidery-frame in the corner. ‘I want something *real* to do. I don’t think you know how many hours there are in the day, you’re so busy with your affairs and seeing people and traveling. If I were n’t ashamed, I’d like to take les-

sons on the clavier, or something like that, to fill up the time.’

‘Why don’t you?’

Sorke looked her surprise.

‘A married woman take lessons? Everybody would point at me. I’m supposed to be busy with housekeeping. Busy?’ She smiled sadly. ‘I stay in bed till I’m lame from lying; I go to market, I stop wherever two women have their heads together, I eat my dinner, I dress myself as for a holiday; and it’s only noon! Sometimes I turn the house upside down, — closets and drawers and everything, — just to have something to do.’ She clasped her hands pleadingly. ‘Yankel! I’ve asked you a dozen times, I ask you again: send away the maid, and let me do the housework. I’ll be happy as a queen with my arms in the dough-tub!’

She ended with a little smile, but Yankel continued to look gravely at her.

‘You might try it for a while,’ he said at length, ‘but it would n’t content you long.’

Sorke suppressed a sigh. Her husband’s words showed her that he knew her innermost thoughts, still she made another feeble effort to disguise them.

‘I’d like it,’ she said, in her normal tone; but she could not meet his earnest gaze.

Yankel got up and took a few steps across the room. With his hands in his pockets, he leaned against a tall chest opposite the table, and looked so long at Sorke that she felt oppressed by his scrutiny.

Her cry for something to do had gone to his heart like a subtle accusation. This was his second fruitless marriage. What atonement had he made this woman for her empty existence? No wonder she cried out at last at the gilded dross with which he had tried to beguile her.

'Sorele, I have tried to be good to you.'

It was all he found to say in self-ex-cuse, but there was a world of sadness in his tone. Sorke's heart was struck with compunction. She went over to him with penitent haste.

'Yankel,' she said, earnestly, pleadingly, 'don't look at me like that. You *have* been good to me — always, always. There is n't another husband like you in Polotzk. Why, all the women envy me! You must n't mind my foolish words. Don't you know that a spoiled wife always has some complaint? Oh, Yankel! I deserve to be cudgeled for my silly talk.'

She drew close to him, with one hand on his cheek. Tears of remorse were in her eyes. Yankel put his hand over hers, but did not speak.

'What are you thinking, Yankel? Won't you forgive me?'

'I'm thinking that I'm a very selfish man.'

'*You* selfish!' Sorke laughed. 'Your worst enemy would n't say that.'

He freed himself from her touch, and spoke from a little distance.

'Sorke, I ought to set you free to take another husband.'

'*Yankel!*'

Gesture and tone expressed her horror. Yankel put out a hand to her at once.

'I did n't mean to shock you, Sorele. I can never make up to you for — for what you miss. Eight years I lived with Peshe Frede, may she rest in peace! and since *our* marriage three years have passed. Sorele, you are young and fresh as a maiden. Why should you be doomed along with me?'

Sorke dropped to her knees, her full dress billowing up about her.

'Yankel, I beg you, unless you mean to divorce me, never say these things to me again.'

He raised her and held her close.

'You must n't kneel. I'll never think of divorce unless you ask for it.' There came a look into his eyes that made Sorke hold her breath. 'Sorele, my wife, I love you.'

At that word, so foreign to the ears of orthodox Polotzk, Sorke hid her face. That he should find the word and she understand it, was a double miracle. For among the pious Jews of their time romantic love was unknown, being constantly anticipated by the marriage-broker. What Sorke knew of love and love-making she had learned from vague rumors emanating from venturesome circles where forbidden books were read. In her confusion under her husband's ardor, there was more than a trace of shame.

'Sorele, Sorele,' repeated Yankel, 'I love you.'

The wife of three years allowed herself to be embraced, with a sense of yielding to forbidden things. A strange thrill shot through her body, leaving her faint and dazed.

'Oh, Yankel!' she whispered, burying her face on his arm, 'I feel so — so strange. You are — you make me feel queer.'

'Do I? Do I?'

He held her away from him and looked at her steadily, breathing through dilated nostrils. Her long lashes swept her flaming cheeks. She wavered toward him, but he would not meet her movement. At last, with a little gasp of emotion, she threw her arms around his neck. In the void left by her maternal failure, the exotic flower of love had sprung up, that heathen love for which there was no name in the vocabulary of the orthodox.

'Are you happy, Sorele?'

His breath was warm on her neck. She nestled closer, but did not speak.

'Are you?' he persisted.

'I don't know why I'm happy all of a sudden.'

She spoke unwillingly, with a sort of childish pout. He raised her head and compelled her look.

'You are so beautiful, Sorele. If you did n't wear a wig, you'd be like a bride just before the wedding. Take it off. You have pretty hair.'

His fingers began to fumble with the hairpins. She caught them playfully.

'Don't, Yankel. Don't look like that, and don't say such queer things. What makes you?'

'I don't know, myself. Have I ever seen you before? You look new to me.'

She laughed like a child. Suddenly he pressed her closer to him, and kissed her again and again. The skull-cap fell from his thick brown curls. He looked like a youth of twenty.

'My wife, my wife!' he murmured; and Sorke ceased to struggle.

They were facing each other through a trembling mist of passion, the man and wife who had blundered on the tricks of love neglected by the customs of their race; and lo! it was only a more cunning disguise for the ultimate purpose which the conventions of their world had scarcely masked.

'If God would only grant us a child now!' whispered Sorke, summing up in one word both her old and her new ideas of bliss.

II

A month or so later they were again sitting close together in the lamplight, Yankel having just returned from a short trip. As soon as the door was shut on the inquisitive housemaid, they had drawn up their chairs to the fire, with that new instinct of mutual approach which was the sign of their belated love. But Yankel was not bent on love-making this evening. With an elation that seemed unwarranted by the prosaic facts he was reciting, he was giving Sorke a minute

account of his return journey, and she, divining from his manner that he was leading up to some important revelation, listened with growing curiosity.

'So there we were, six versts from the railroad station, the wagon in the ditch on top of the miserable horse, and the stupid peasant boy with just sense enough left to scratch his head. There was no hope now of catching my train; we could n't raise the horse without help. After a while my dolt got his wits together and bethought himself of a little inn, kept by Jews, on a branch road half a verst from where we were spilled. It was the toughest half-mile I ever walked. The mud was up to my calves in places, and sticky as glue. The inn was a rotten shanty, but there were two men on the place, and I sent them out to help Stephanka raise the horse and wagon. I ordered something to eat while I waited, but, as I was washing my hands, I saw a queer creature, neither man nor beast, climb down from the stove ledge, steal up to the table, and snatch the loaf that was laid out for me. The inn-keeper, a dried-up old woman with a wry face, caught the creature, beat him, and took the bread from him. She explained that he was an idiot from birth, her only living child, although she had had eight sound, healthy children.'

Sorke shuddered slightly.

'Poor woman!' she murmured.

'It's no wonder she looks like a witch,' Yankel resumed, 'with such a history. It turned me just to look at that monster. He was almost naked, — dressed in a single tattered shirt, — hairy all over like a beast, with wild eyes; and he smelt like a filthy animal.'

'Och, what a horrid creature! Could he talk?'

'No more than the beasts. He whined and jabbered when the inn-

keeper beat him, and suddenly he wrenched himself out of her clutch, and as she tried to grab him again, she caught hold of something he wore on a string around his neck, the string broke, and the thing was left in her hand. At that the woman seemed terribly upset, and wailed and wrung her hands. "It's a sign," she moaned, "a bad sign. Something is going to happen." I asked her what it was she had torn off the idiot's neck, and she said it was an amulet he had worn since he was a baby.'

Yankel interrupted himself to ask a question.

'Do you believe in amulets, Sorke?'

'Believe in amulets? Of course I do. All sorts of troubles are cured by amulets, and they bring good luck, everybody knows. But they're getting rare now; the rebbes don't do such wonders as they used to. The people are too sinful.'

Sorke spoke with the simplicity of the believer. She came of a family of devout Hasidim, who believed in miracles as they believed in the Law of Moses.

'It may be,' said Yankel, in answer to her remark. 'This amulet, now — where do you think it came from?'

Sorke shrugged her shoulders.

'Do I know? Tell me all about it.'

'Well, the innkeeper's sister gave it to the idiot boy when she was dying. She took it from her own neck and gave it to him. She thought it might cure him — make him human.'

'Where did *she* get it?'

'She had it from the Rebbe of Kadino.'

Sorke jumped in her place.

'From the Rebbe of Kadino!' she exclaimed, in a reverent undertone. 'An amulet from the Rebbe of Kadino! Oh, Yankel, if I could only touch it! What did she have it for? Did the innkeeper say?'

'It did n't cure the idiot, you see; the innkeeper said he was never any different.'

'But the Rebbe gave it for something different, I suppose. His amulets *never* failed. If he were living now, I'd have gone to him long ago.'

Yankel bent close to her.

'What for, Sorele? what for?'

She flushed, and her eyes fell.

'For a cure for barrenness,' she replied in a low voice. 'He helped many women.'

Yankel stealthily put his hand into his pocket and drew out a small dark object, which he gently placed on Sorke's lap.

Her hands unclasped themselves, but remained poised over her lap. She looked up with a white face.

'The amulet!' she whispered.

Her husband nodded.

'It was given her for barrenness. She had been married six years without bearing. She made a pilgrimage to Kadino, got this amulet from the Rebbe, and within the year she had a child.'

They looked at each other in a silence heavy with awe. Through the little dark object lying on Sorke's lap their prayers were to be answered at last. The parasite superstition which had overgrown the noble tree of the faith of the Ghetto yielded a drop of honey along with its poisonous sap. Yankel and Sorke, sharing between them the token of the sainted Rebbe, tasted a form of ecstasy that only the credulous can know.

Presently Sorke began to murmur, taking up the amulet with reverent fingers, pressing it to her bosom, to her lips.

'Oh, God, dear God! why are You so good to me? A little child — I shall have a little child! What pious deeds must I do in return for this? I will feed the hungry, I will tend the sick, I will

give alms, I will fast and pray. God has answered my petitions.'

And Yankel spoke as tensely as she.

'I did so want a child, Sorke. I had got used to wanting — I thought I was resigned. But lately, since — because you are so dear to me, I wanted it more than ever. No matter where I go, I see your face, and still I miss something that belongs to you. I can't explain it; I'm ashamed of it sometimes — a man to be always thinking of what cannot be! But now, if God wills — What a happiness, Sorele!'

All that might come with the ripening months they would owe to the blessed talisman!

III

A month passed, two, three, four months. They smiled at each other in undiminished hope. Sorke wore the amulet round her neck day and night, except when she made her ritual ablutions. The thing they longed for would surely come to pass. What if they had to wait another month, and another? It was so much more time in which to make their lives pure and holy. They had always been counted among the pious; now they redoubled their acts of devotion and charity. And always they knew that the thing they longed for would come to pass.

And so it did. One day, returning from an absence of eight weeks, Yankel was greeted at the gate by a speechless, tremulous Sorke, who blushed the news to him before they had got indoors. Shimke, the money-lender, who lived in the next house on the right, reported in the market-place that she saw through a crack in the fence how Yankel snatched up the blushing wife and carried her like a baby into the house.

'No wonder,' said the mothers of Polotzk, when Sorke's news was out,

'no wonder the man went out of his head at the tidings, after waiting so long. Sorke, she will be as one new-born. The poor young thing was worn almost to a shadow, what with pining and fasting and running about from one wise woman to another. There is n't a remedy she had n't tried. She was always thinking of the other one, they say — Peshe Frede, peace be to her soul! — who went childless to her grave. Well, God took pity on her, and it does one good to think of her joy.'

The months that followed were the happiest in Sorke's life. Her husband surrounded her with all the comforts that his means could command, and the matrons of the neighborhood watched over her and taught her all their maternal secrets. Yankel engaged a little Gentile girl especially to wait on her, 'as if she were a queen,' the women said; and as Sorke's time drew near, he was unwilling to leave her side, sometimes letting his business suffer rather than spend a night away from home.

'He's afraid the Messiah will be born in his absence,' the neighbors laughed, taking note of Yankel's anxiety; but the hearts of the fathers were with him, remembering the time when they had awaited each his own first-born; and the prayers of the women were with his wife, as they recalled the first fears and shocks and raptures of motherhood.

One day, finding himself within a few versts of the neglected inn where he had come across the magical amulet, Yankel was moved to go and report the happy effect of the charm. His heart was running over with gratitude to God and benevolence to all the world. He suddenly felt that he had not rewarded the woman sufficiently for the priceless gift of the amulet. He had paid her ten rubles — a fortune in

her eyes; but what was ten rubles in return for his blissful expectations?

The old woman was knitting by the window when Yankel's wagon turned into the yard. Before he had set a foot on the ground, she burst through the door, and ran to meet him with gestures of excitement.

'Oh, Master Jew, Master Jew!' she cried, grasping his arm with her two bony hands. 'You have come — thank God you have come! Every day since you were here I've sat by the window watching for you. I did n't know your name, or where you came from, so I could n't send you a message. I hoped I would see that peasant boy again who upset you in the ditch, but he did n't come this way — nobody ever comes this way — it's a castaway corner — nothing but an accident brought you in the first place. You were lost in the big world, and I could n't find you.'

Yankel listened to her with amazement. The words came whistling out of her toothless mouth like the wind through a keyhole. Her drawn cheeks were stained purple with excitement.

'What's the matter?' he said, gently disengaging his arm. 'What did you want with me, that you sat at the window, waiting so?'

'The amulet — what have you done with the amulet?'

Yankel thought she repented of her bargain.

'You sold it to me for ten rubles. If that was n't enough, I'll give you more. That's what I came for to-day.'

'No, no, I don't want more money,' the woman protested. 'See, I have n't changed the other bill yet.' She put her hand into her bosom and pulled out a rag tied up into a knot. 'Here it is — I was afraid to touch it. What have you done with the amulet?'

Her mysterious insistence began to annoy him.

'It was mine,' he said, with a touch of impatience, 'and I did what I wanted with it. You told me it would cure barrenness. I gave it to my wife to wear. We had been married over three years without a child.'

'And now?'

The woman's voice was thick with suspense.

'It was with my wife as with your sister. Thank God, she expects a child. But what ails you, woman?'

The innkeeper had turned ashy pale. She clapped her bony hands together and turned her eyes to heaven.

'God's will be done,' she whispered. 'It's too late now. May the Lord save her from all evil.'

Watching her, Yankel felt his heart contract with apprehension. He grasped her by the arm, and spoke sternly, almost fiercely.

'Listen, woman! If you have anything to tell me, out with it. What is it you're moaning about?'

The innkeeper collected herself.

'The warning, Master Jew — I forgot to tell you the warning. It was so long ago — my sister's first child is himself a father now. I forgot about the warning, and you went away and I saw you no more until now.'

Yankel set his teeth and waited for her to work round to the point.

'The Rebbe said that if it was twins, one of them would die,' the woman said, chanting the words like a text of Scripture; 'if it was a boy, all would go well; if it was a girl, the mother might not live to nurse her.'

Yankel turned white under his beard.

'Lord of all!' he cried; 'I gave it to my Sorke to wear.'

At sight of his terror, the woman turned comforter.

'You must have faith, Master Jew,' she said. 'What! have you no faith at all? It may be a boy, and then all will be well. My sister — may she rest in

peace! — was not afraid to put it on, because she trusted in God.'

'Did she know?'

'Sure she did. Am I not telling you that the Rebbe gave her this warning with the amulet? She trusted in God, and He rewarded her. A boy she had — may all Jewish mothers have the like. Everything is in God's hands.'

But Yankel could not shake off the horror that had seized him. 'If it is a girl, the mother may not live to nurse her.' The words repeated themselves in his ear. He climbed back into the wagon and ordered his man to drive to the railroad station as fast as he could. There was a train in an hour. He could be in Polotzk before midnight. He could see Sorke — he could assure himself that she was as well as when he had left her.

The innkeeper stood in the road and watched him drive off.

'Don't blame me, Master Jew,' she called after him. 'I've sat by the window every day watching for you. And you must trust in God. It will be a boy — a boy — a boy!'

Twenty rods or so below the inn, a wild creature broke through the thicket by the roadside and ran grinning and gibbering across the road, right under the horse's nose. It was the idiot who had worn the amulet before Sorke. Yankel shuddered and ordered his man to drive faster. The country was peopled with hobgoblins. On every side he saw evil omens.

IV

He did not tell Sorke of his visit to the inn. He kept his fears to himself, and his heart grew heavier as the days went by. He redoubled his attentions to his wife, — watched over her by day, and prayed over her by night. In his inexperience, he saw signs of approaching doom in her growing inactivity

and lassitude, which were, indeed, due chiefly to the fact that his attentions left her no opportunity for exertion. She smiled at him from her easy chair, chattered gaily of neighborhood events, or fell into sweet abstraction, her hands serenely folded in her lap.

One evening, as she sat on the edge of her bed plaiting her soft black hair for the night, she watched him arrange her pillows as solicitously as a nurse might have done.

'Yankel,' she said, suddenly, 'what would you do if you woke up some morning and did n't find me here? You spend all your time taking care of me. What would you do without me?'

He turned pale at her playful words. His voice was hoarse when he spoke.

'Sorele, don't talk like that! Why do you have such fancies? I shall always have you — God grant it. I could n't live without you, Sorele; it's a sin to say so, but I could n't.' He sat down beside her and took her hand. 'My wife, you are dearer to me than anything else I have, or anything I ever could have.'

Sorke was somewhat awed by his earnestness, but her playfulness was not all spent.

'You've forgotten something you're going to have,' she said, archly, blushing slightly at her thoughts. 'You would n't give *that* for other things — not even for me, perhaps.'

'Sorele, you are more to me than the child I hope to have.'

She gazed at him with a sort of reverent wonder, then she sighed.

'I don't know why God is so good to me. I feel as if something must happen to us; we are too happy.'

Once more superstitious terror clutched at Yankel's heart. He had asked too much of God; he might be called upon to part with a portion of his riches, that he might learn humil-

ity. He had had more to be thankful for than most men: a happy boyhood, with loving parents and good teachers; a prosperous manhood, and a dignified place in the community. Twice a pious, well-dowered maid was given him to wife. Why was he not content? Why had he asked for what God chose to withhold? In his love for Sorke it had been given him to taste of a bliss he had never dreamed of — whose existence in the world he had not even suspected. It was as if for him alone, of all the men he knew, this exquisite essence of happiness had been distilled out of the common elements of life. And he had asked for more! He had gone meddling with charms for the purpose of thwarting God's will. What if the Almighty, in his divine displeasure, should chastise him through the thing he valued most of all?

'Sorele, Sorele!' pleaded Yankel, pressing her hands to his heart, 'I beg of you not to say these things — do not think them even. Pray with me that God will spare you, no matter what else He takes from me. You would be happy with me, would n't you, even if there were no child?'

'Why, yes, Yankel, I think I would. Once I used to be very lonely — I wanted children, like other women — but after — lately — Oh, but we'll always be happy! All of us: you and I and the baby!'

V

The neighborhood was apprised that Sorke's hour had come, when, early one morning in the autumn, Yankel was seen dashing out of his gateway in a state of dishevelment, making straight for the quarter where Itke, the midwife, lived. Half an hour later he was seen returning, this time in a droshka, standing up all the way, urging the *isvostchik* to drive faster. The

familiar face of the midwife bobbed in the seat behind him.

The news was flashed from house to house. The women neglected their morning tasks, and found excuses to go visiting from one end of the street to the other, exchanging opinions and prophecies as to Sorke's chances.

'It's a little soon,' it was said in one circle. 'Sorke had n't reckoned to be delivered for another week or so.'

'It was a sudden call, as I live,' said Shimke of the watchful eye. 'Yankel ran out with his sleeves rolled up and soapsuds in his beard, — did n't have time to finish washing, — and he was pale as a cloth. And did you see the droshka flinging around the corner? Yankel must have tipped the driver well. Bobe Itke was so shaken that she could n't finish buttoning her bodice. I guess Yankel pulled her out of bed. God be with her in her need!' Shimke finished, piously though ambiguously.

'God be with her!' echoed the gossips; and one or two applied a corner of their kerchiefs to their eyes.

Before noon there was every sign that Sorke's case was going badly. Anusha, the little maid, was seen running on many errands, and to shouted inquiries she answered only '*Bog znayet!*' (God knows!) It was observed that certain vessels, seldom needed by the sprightly mothers of Polotzk, were borrowed from a distant quarter. And then, most ominous of all signs, the well-known carriage of Dr. Isserson, the best physician in Polotzk, drew up before Yankel's gate, and remained there for hours. Itke, the experienced midwife, who had ushered two generations of babies into Polotzk, despised the doctors with their fussy, elaborate ways, and never called them in except in desperate cases. No wonder that pious old Zelde, who commanded a view of the street from her little win-

dow, noticing the arrival of Dr. Isserson, dropped her knitting, snatched up her shawl, and hobbled off to the synagogue to pray.

To the synagogue repaired also Yankel, driven thither by Itke, who scolded him for being in the way. It was bad enough to have one man around, she complained, with an unfriendly look at the doctor's back; men were no good except to pray.

And Yankel prayed, and collected ten men to recite the Psalms with him, and people passing outside the synagogue heard his voice above the rest; and the wailing, pleading tones of it melted every Jewish heart.

One by one the men he had summoned left the synagogue and returned to their vulgar affairs, but Yankel did not notice their going. Wrapped in his praying shawl, he leaned his arms on a lectern by the window and let his soul float away from him. He was a fair scholar, but never before had he opened a sacred book with such overmastering longing to understand. He longed to lose his fears, to give up his will. He cried to the God of Israel, not to secure to him that which he prized, but to fill him with the faith that would make his portion acceptable to him.

'Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee.'

Yankel's voice gathered volume as he chanted, till the Hebrew syllables echoed in every corner of the empty

synagogue. The long shadows trooped in, obscuring the polished benches, the carved pulpit in the centre, the faint frescoes on the wall. A last sunbeam slanted down from a little window in the women's gallery, drew a prismatic flash from the crystal chandelier, glinted on the golden fringe of the curtains before the ark, and expired in the smothering shadows.

'I will abide in Thy tabernacle forever; I will trust in the covert of Thy wings.'

Yankel's voice had lost the tremor of passion. His brow was smooth under the shadow of the praying shawl. He closed his eyes and was silent, only his body swayed gently with the melody of the psalm.

The printed page was blurred when he came to himself with a shock, to find a small boy plucking him by the arm.

'Reb' Yankel, there's a Gentile girl outside wants to speak to you.'

Through the gloom of the empty synagogue he took six long strides to the door. Across the yard he flew, the praying shawl swelling like a sail around him, his boots clicking on the paving stones. A small figure was standing in the street, barefoot, silent, gray as the dusk. It was Sorke's little maid, and her kerchief was pulled far over her face.

'Anusha!'

Terror and pleading were in his voice.

'Master, O master! it's a little boy, and the mistress will be well.'

A PLEA FOR THE RECOGNITION OF THE CHINESE REPUBLIC

BY CHING CHUN WANG

THE Chinese millions have given the world the greatest revolution of modern times in the most civilized manner known to history. We have emancipated ourselves from the imperial yoke, not by brute force, but by sheer reasoning and unparalleled toleration. Within the amazingly short period of four months, and without shedding over one hundredth part of the blood that has been shed in other similar revolutions, we have transformed our immense country from an empire of four thousand years' standing into a modern democracy. After having set this new standard of sanity in revolutions, we have organized ourselves into the newest Republic, following up-to-date patterns. Now we come forward with hands and hearts open to join the sisterhood of nations, and all we ask is that the world will permit us to join its company. We are born into the world as a nation, and we wish to be registered as a part of the world. We ask for recognition of our Republic because it is an accomplished fact. Neither our modesty nor our sense of self-respect will ever allow us to make another request if any party can show us that the Chinese Republic is not a fact.

The recognition of a new nation by the family of nations should more or less resemble the announcement or registration of a newly born child. If the baby is actually born with the functions of a human being, it is the duty of the family and the court, if

that court is worth having, to acknowledge the fact. So it should be with the recognition of a new government.

If it is born and *bona fide* in existence, it is incumbent upon the civilized nations to acknowledge and admit its birth. Of course, the family of nations, as the family of some barbarous tribes, can ignore or even nullify the birth of a newly born; but I feel that we have got beyond that stage of barbarity. The law of nations, as in the case of the law of the state, has reached or should reach such a state of perfection that a being should not only have the right to exist after it is born, but also the right to be born when it is *bona fide* conceived. We are thankful that the United States has taken the initiative from the beginning of our Revolution in preventing foreign powers from interfering, thus enabling us to be properly conceived and born; but since we are born we must now ask for recognition.

Of course there are certain usages to be fulfilled in order to be recognized. But China has fulfilled these requirements long ago. So many undeniable evidences exist, and so many indisputable arguments have already been produced, in respect to international law, that it will be time wasted to emphasize this point here. Suffice it to say, that facts and the concurrence of best opinion testify that China deserves recognition. Indeed, the Chinese people, as well as many others, would be most happy to know

in what respect China has not fulfilled the requirements to deserve recognition. The only reason we have heard up to this time is that given by England and Russia, namely, that China must make a new treaty to give practical independence to Tibet and Mongolia before she can expect recognition from these two countries. Now let us ask, how could the making of a new treaty, or the granting of independence to Tibet and Mongolia, better qualify China as a nation? It seems a pity that such a retrogressive step should be taken, and that the recognition of a new government should be made an excuse for fraudulent bargaining.

China to-day is a nation, and the Chinese Republic is a fact. If any nation or individual thinks that China is not a nation and the Chinese Republic is not a fact, it is their duty to give us the evidence. Or, if they do not think that the republican form of government is good enough for recognition, then they must point out that they have something better in mind. As one of the most potent factors to prevent a nation from recognizing a new government is the fear of offending, or the desire to help, the old government, prolonged delay of recognition of the Chinese Republic may mean that the Powers hope, or fear, that the dissolved Manchu Dynasty, with all its corruption, will reappear. But we must see that there is no more dynasty left. Even the Prince Regent and the Dowager Empress have forsaken it. The Emperor himself has retired into private life with satisfaction. In short, the monarchy is dead — absolutely dead. Then they may say that the dead may be raised from the grave, as in the story of Jesus of old; but they must also remember that those who were raised by Jesus were good, and not such obnoxious and decomposed bones as the Manchu Dynasty.

Another reason given in some quarters for withholding recognition of the Chinese Republic, is that the government of the Republic is called 'provisional.' It is really amusing to see how people, or even statesmen, sometimes balk at some single word, which has little or no substantial meaning, sacrificing thereby results of universal benefit. The word 'provisional' was adopted in Nanking really without much consideration. If anything, it was due to the modesty of our leaders, who thought that, during the period of transition from imperialism to democracy, to call the government 'provisional' might be more becoming, if not more expedient. To illustrate further that the word 'provisional' has no substantial significance, we may recall that, during this current year, this word has become so popular that it is indiscriminately prefixed to pretty nearly everything. Thus, people say 'provisional' theatre, 'provisional' restaurant, and even 'provisional' enjoyment. What should be considered is the fact, and not the name. A government, although called 'provisional,' may be fully deserving of recognition, while another government may be called substantial, solid, or whatever else you like, and yet far less deserve the characterization. It certainly seems rather unfortunate that on account of the modesty of our leaders in adopting the word 'provisional' the deserved recognition should be withheld.

As a Chicago paper said, 'For nearly nine months the republican government of China has been uncontested. There is not even a "pretender" to the throne. There is peace and order, broadly speaking, throughout China.' We ask for recognition, because the other nations have hammered at our doors and constantly come in contact with us. We would not object to going on without recognition if the other Powers really wish to

sever all relations with us. In so far as our diplomatic and consular officers in foreign countries, as well as those officers of foreign nations accredited to us, are now conducting our international affairs much the same as before, and also in so far as the nations have to transact business, and are doing it now with us, just as if we were recognized, we see no reason why the Powers, especially the United States, which often boasts of being the mother and champion of republicanism, should refrain from simply declaring and acknowledging what is a fact. Indeed, after having known how these Powers endeavored to induce us to admit them, and how eager they apparently were in forcing China to open her doors, we find it hard to understand why the same Powers should remain so indifferent, and even turn a deaf ear to our plea to join their company, when we have at last broken loose from the obstacles which they hated, and opened up not only our doors but our hearts as well.

Moreover, an early recognition will help us a good deal to calm the over-charged suspension of mind, and thus enable the people to forget the Revolution and to settle down to business. Like the cheering from the football bleachers or the applause in the gallery, there is perhaps nothing substantial in the recognition, but it is the only thing that makes a team put in its last ounce of grit and the actor double his spirit. After seeing what China has done, we feel that she deserves at least some such mild sign of appreciation.

An early recognition will also help China in her relations with other nations. The recognition itself may not mean much, but at this critical moment, when China has the re-making of herself in hand, and when not every nation is too glad to see China become strong and peaceful, every little help means a good deal. Indeed, a little

help shown us to-day means a thousand times the value of the same help if it is shown us in a year to come. We need help and encouragement. We need help now.

Then the delay of public recognition always casts a baleful influence upon the minds of all concerned, and hence invariably hinders the progress of a new nation. Therefore, by delaying recognition, you are not only refraining from helping us, but you are doing a positive injury to our cause. History tells us that the refusal of recognition has contributed its share in bringing about the failure of former revolutions, and has obstructed progress in China herself. Such delay has since been lamented. In speaking of the refusal of the Powers to recognize the Tai-ping Rebellion, which bears no comparison to our Revolution of last year, Dr. W. A. P. Martin, one of the best American authorities on China, said several years ago, 'Looking back at this distance of time, with the light of all subsequent history upon the events, we are still inclined to ask whether a different policy might not have been better. . . . Had the foreign Powers promptly recognized the Tai-ping chief on the outbreak of the second war, might it not have shortened a chapter of horrors that dragged on for fifteen more years, ending in many other revolts and causing the loss of fifty millions of human lives. . . . More than once, when the insurgents were on the verge of success, the prejudice of short-sighted diplomats decided against them, and an opportunity was lost such as does not occur once in a thousand years.'

We hope that the nations are not so prejudiced as to think that our Revolution is even worse than the Tai-ping Rebellion, and we also hope that the regrettable short-sightedness of the diplomats may not obtain in our

case, so that posterity may not have to lament our loss of the present opportunity, as we lament the lost opportunity of our forefathers of sixty years ago.

Then again, to give the deserved recognition will be of mutual benefit by preventing many mutual embarrassments. The recent International Congress of Commerce at Boston, and the Panama Exposition, are two instances. In both cases the American people interested, and, so far as we can see, the American government also, were anxious to have China participate. In return, China was glad also to come. But in the absence of that official recognition, both parties had to go at the matter in the most round-about way conceivable, so as to make people believe that the one in inviting the other, and the other in accepting the invitation, were, at the same time, having nothing to do with each other.

The round-about red-tape in playing this make-believe is as amusing as it is troublesome. Therefore, as a citizen of a republic, the writer feels we had better stop this make-believe and settle down to business. We sympathize with all nations concerned in their international difficulties, but we also trust that their difficulties will soon be overcome.

During the past seven months China has rushed through her great drama with appalling speed and audacity. She has run the hardest Marathon known in history. After reaching her goal, breathless, she nervously but confidently looks to the world for the recognition due to every such runner. She stretches out her hands to America first, because she prefers to have her best friend be the first in giving her this deserved encouragement. Now, will America understand the truth? Will America listen to her plea?

O SLEEP

BY GRACE FALLOW NORTON

TAKE me upon thy breast,
 O river of rest.
 Draw me down to thy side,
 Slow-moving tide.
 Carry out beyond reach
 Of song or of speech
 This body and soul forespent.
 To thy still continent,
 Where silence hath his home,
 Where I would come,
 Bear me now in thy deep
 Bosom, Sleep,
 O Sleep.

LAWYER AND PHYSICIAN : A CONTRAST

BY G. M. STRATTON

I

EVERY lawyer when young should be apprenticed to some good physician, and should return to him regularly through life. Then we might hope that from the neighboring profession of healing there might enter into him a spirit never to be wholly quenched by all the deadening influences of his work.

No fact could well be more surprising or offer a more delicate psychological problem than this, that, within two professions touching life upon matters of equal importance, professions of ancient dignity and learning, and inviting to their service men of equal and rare ability, there should in the same community be so different a spirit.

Medicine stands in this strange contrast to law, that while the public is clamoring for the lawyers to advance, the lawyers themselves as a class offer the chief resistance; the medical profession constantly outstrips and leads the public imagination in devices to check disease. Although much at the start was due to laymen, the campaign against tuberculosis, against infant mortality, against malarial and typhoid fevers, is largely captained and manned by doctors, who have the hearty support of the profession as a whole. The public does not have to drive and drag them from their satisfaction with methods which even to the laity are clearly antiquated and perverse. The doctors, unlike the lawyers, have rather to contend with public efforts to hold them back. Powerful lobbies and mass-

meetings have been known to oppose the doctors' most reasonable efforts to refuse the license to the vicious and untrained. And many a powerful newspaper, despite well-known medical ethics, publishes advertisements upon whose face are all the signs of a debasing and often criminal quackery. Yet the impulse of the profession, as a whole, is sufficiently strong to insure a remarkable progress in the face, not only of its own inner enemies, but of this indifference and opposition from without. Of two Rip Van Winkles awakening to-day, the physician would find his old methods as rust-eaten and useless as his instruments; the lawyer, after a few hours with new statutes, would feel at home in any of our courts.

In comparing the lawyers with the physicians one should not lose sight of the vices in medicine, — its tendency to sects, its quackery, its blunders in diagnosis and in treatment, the readiness of some physicians to become accessory to forms of sexual evil, its disgracefully inadequate 'colleges' in many parts of our country. Nor should we lose sight of the prevalent personal honor of lawyers, — which is fully as great, in all likelihood, as that of physicians, — and the inestimable service rendered the public, not only in the lawyers' direct professional work, but also when, as individuals, they labor outside the strict lines of their profession. As legislators and high executive officials, federal and state, the lawyers almost alone govern us, and we pros-

per. To men of the type of Baldwin, Root, Hughes, and Taft, our society is in deepest debt. Yet the lawyers as a body, in the strict work of their profession, — and it is of the pervading spirit only that I speak, — face opposite to the men of medicine. As judges, counsel, advocates, they are of the backward look. Their inertia here becomes almost our despair.

The parallel in medicine to the legal spirit lies in the distant past before that movement which, led by men like Harvey, Sydenham, and Locke, called modern medicine into life; at a time when the medical profession had finality of tone, looking back to Galen as to the completion of its work. In the ways of the lawyer one fancies one sees the Middle Ages present in the flesh. In Europe the past is most evident in the Church and the office of the Ruler. With us, these seem swept and garnished, while in our courts is ancient dust and formalism. One finds here — not in some hole and corner of the profession, but in its high and open places — a willingness to look at words rather than at substance. It may be the exception, but it is no rare exception, here to have great issues hang upon a turn of phrasing, where the meaning admits no doubt. A, who has proved that B has defrauded him of money, is nevertheless refused redress because a supreme court is not sure but that 'his money,' of which A complains that he has been defrauded, may mean the money of B. An action for murder comes to naught because the complaint fails to state that John Smith slain was a human being.¹

Such solemn examining of *p*'s to see whether one of them may not be written *q*; of every *i* lest one may lack

¹ This is taken from an actual judgment, not very long ago, by the California Supreme Court. See 137 California, 590. — THE AUTHOR.

its dot, — all this seems to the layman little better than deciding affairs of state by the look of entrails or by the behavior within the sacred hen-coop. The Court of Appeals of New York nullifying legislative acts directed to the relief of workingmen, — nullifying them because, it was held, they violated the constitutional guarantee regarding 'due process of law,' — reveals a power to think across empty spaces, which would have been hailed as modern and envied in those mediæval schools where stout realities were affirmed or denied because of their supposed relation to distant ideas like 'quiddities' and 'intentions.'

Formalism thus run mad would be an anomaly in any part of our modern occident. It is trebly strange in the most western of all peoples, in a nation careless of method, having an eye to results. Our medical profession would rush the cup of cold water to the sufferer by help of telephone and taxicab. Our legal profession would get it to him in the right way if it takes all summer. The difference in the temper of the two bodies is at once so strange and so important practically, that we must no longer delay our search for its source and origin.

II

There is a kinship, which few can have failed to notice, between the Lawyer and the Priest. While the priest has at times been physician, — as with the Egyptian, the Hindu, and the mediæval European, as well as with the savage, — yet the connection is more intimate and stubborn between jurist and ecclesiastic. Civil and canon law, closely joined at one time in Europe, have often been quite confused, as in ancient Palestine. At the dinner where Jesus denounced the Pharisees because they tithed mint and cummin

and forgot judgment and the love of God, a lawyer present declared, amazed, that this attack on the Pharisees touched his, the great legal profession. Jesus accepted his challenge, in stinging words that some of the laity to-day would like to see carved on buildings where lawyers congregate: 'Woe unto you lawyers also! for ye lade men with burdens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your fingers.' And then he described legal and ecclesiastical conservatism so that none need think it peculiar to any land or age. The lawyers, Jesus said, were always ready to stone the prophet, stone him who proclaimed the dawn of a new day; but when ancient dust had claimed the man, the profession would erect to him a costly monument; the lawyers had no intercourse with living truth, they kept from men the key of knowledge.

The lawyer knows that statutes change, that the law is something which legislatures can amend; yet the body of the law stands there immovable, in part — where, as with us, the Common Law prevails — a mere mass of precedent which he is to accept, expound, and apply. The professional mind in the presence of such a task works not unlike that of the priest who would apply and expound and defend against misconstruction a body of revealed truth. And especially is the mind in the two professions tempted to a like observance of all minutiae of procedure. As the ritualist resents innovation in his ceremonial, resents the estimate of his rites by mere reason and utility, so the lawyer shows toward his legal rites an attachment which brings wonder and solemnity to laymen. Habituated to these rites, as he is, they have become to him inseparable from the end for which they exist. He ministers in the Temple of Justice, and ancient piety long deadened into custom keeps

him from seeing that to his divinity the new moons and offerings are an abomination until there comes into them again some regard to the widow and the fatherless.

For all the difference in their work, the jurist and the ecclesiastic are thus schooled in like modes of thought. When Huxley went forth in the name of Darwin to smite the embattled bishops, the fray was not so different, however it may have differed in magnitude and in genius of leadership, from that which now, as at all times, society must wage against its lawyers. There is in both cases an effort to modernize, to force living thought into the body; an effort met by immense inertia, not to speak of active resistance.

The conservatism of the lawyer comes thus in part from the contagion of the law. For the law represents the stability, the habit, of our social life, as against creative, reformatory energy. So we must not deny the value of his trait. His is the virtue — and the vice — that lies in habit. Here, as with each of us personally, habit is indispensable, even though it call forth no enthusiasm. Though it does not drive us forward, and too often binds, yet we should not advance without it, for the gain once made would slip away.

III

A further cause for the lawyers' temper is found in those influences almost inseparable from every *establishment*.

We have no established religion; we have no established school of medicine. We have, however, an established Law Court, with its vast body of ministrants. In a country until recently jealous of governmental action, and where all possible things were left to private initiative, we have wisely refrained from intrusting to personal enterprise the organization and support

of courts. Thus we have in the case of law an establishment; and, further, an establishment without rival.

The Church of England, the Lutheran Church in Prussia, must brook competitors. The organization maintained by government is constantly measured and spurred on by the work and spirit of dissenters. The nonconformist, eager and critical, is a gadfly that will not let the stately body sleep. Even the school system, which is the only other establishment in the United States, — unless we were to include manufacture, which, under our tariff laws, is, too, in a measure established, — the public school sees its own handiwork and economy set by the side of private enterprise. The public high schools must compare their outcome with that of the great private academies; the universities of California, Wisconsin, Michigan must justify themselves before rivals like Harvard, Chicago, Stanford. But Law lacks all such spur of rivalry. We cannot choose whether we shall bring our complaint before a government court or before some college of judges erected by a Carnegie or a Rockefeller, with its corps of assistants to obtain evidence and support the verdict. We thus lack opportunity to demonstrate how much better the work might be done. The establishment, consequently, subjected only to wordy criticism, drones on its ancient way. It suffers the fate of any organism that is never called to energetic struggle. This in addition to all the pride and deadening satisfaction which is the inner foe of every establishment.

IV

Yet we must also look to some cause which we do not share with others. For our American legal profession, in its attachment to form at the cost of substance, outdoes the British, being

more conservative, less pliable. Our criminal trials are notoriously more cumbrous. And while, as Judge Baldwin tells us, the prosecution of a criminal is more certain to occur with us than with the English, because undertaken at the public expense, yet this gleam cheers faintly since we know how far less often we convict; and even when there is conviction, how prevalent is the abuse of appeal. The selection of our juries is viewed with wonder from across the water. The English judge is a more active director of the trial, checking the advocate, brushing aside obstructions, driving at the truth. We began to reform our procedure earlier than did the English, but the effort soon spent its force.

This heightened archaism of our legal system arises in a large measure from early dread. Fearing the official oppressor, we have doggedly maintained and even strengthened all that ancient mechanism of law which seemed to promise a defense of the individual against governmental power. Thus we have fortified the court in order to check the other powers of government. But we have put our hand upon the judge by having him, in most of our states, chosen by popular vote. And when elected he often listens, as one bereft of wit and power, to the devices of the other officials, the advocates, of his court; he acts in constant fear of the error into which the court's own officials are trying to entrap him; his decisions are subject to almost endless review by other courts. And the jury, as a further check, and as representative of the plain and unofficial people, has been elevated and its selection refined to technical infinity.

Thus the popular dread of the strong official arm — until, of late years, we have come to know the full strength of the private and corporate arm — is responsible for some of the very

anachronisms of which we complain. The inbred conservatism of the lawyer has with us been reinforced by the doubts and cautions of our people themselves.

V

To these inducements toward conservatism should be added still another. Almost all our lawyers pass through the school of *advocacy*. And advocacy in its present form is as though planned to take from the jurist whatever rounded view he may have had of his larger social duty, his responsibility to the man who is not his client. In theory the attorney is an officer of the court: his first duty is to the court and to society. In practice he is, in most cases, hired by an individual to serve that individual's need. Too often he thus becomes in effect a mercenary, ready to fight on either side, careless of all larger issues. He becomes habituated to shifting from himself the higher forms of obligation. Better that he win an unjust victory, many a lawyer has told me, than that he should not maintain to the utmost the side he has espoused. Not he, but the system and those who frame the system and the laws, are accountable for the outcome. His work is that of a wheel in a mechanism; to win cases when he can, and to leave to others so to check his effort that he shall not win unless the weight of law be with him.

Great men like Lincoln, and many men less great, cannot so view their work; they cannot feel themselves released from their responsibility. But the rank and file of the profession lose themselves in the ancient sophism. They repeat to themselves the high theory of advocacy and of its power for justice — a theory based utterly on fiction, and incapable of working justly unless the opposing advocates were always of equal talent. The plain lawyer,

shutting his mind to the larger consequences of his acts, loses vision, and the profession becomes mechanical, dehumanized. The man of law who says, 'My concern is not with justice, it is with the winning of cases,' has more temptation and excuse, but his position is otherwise not unlike that of a physician who should say, 'My duty ends with the man who pays the fee. If a neighbor would not suffer from the infectious substance which I remove, let him and his own hired doctor look to that.'

Advocacy sharpens intellect at the expense of character. It is almost the worst of schools. It trains to ingenuity and concealment. Hourly the man is engaged in a work whose success depends to some extent upon a warped judgment; upon seeing both sides in some degree, but in confining his convictions, if possible, to the one side. If he can bring himself to believe in the partial, the strength of his appeal then has the strength of ten. Advocacy calls from the buried depths of the mind the unsympathetic, the contentious, powers — for which the public interest has some place, but a place daily lessening. There is thus a certain inducement to relax the social bond, to view the particular rather than the general good. And consequently devotion to the common interest, which is so important for advance, here meets a serious check. Paid advocacy thus joins with those other inducements which I have named to account for the lawyers' and the law's delay.

VI

The readier response, the leadership, which the medical profession shows, is not merely apparent and due to the lagging of the lawyers. There are special conditions favorable to free movement.

And first of these is the dependence

of medicine upon natural science, from whose advance some motion must inevitably be caught. The knowledge of the bodily life and of its disturbances has been steadily increasing since the revival of learning. Discoveries like that of Harvey have been encouraged and supplemented by instrumental invention. The microscope, the stethoscope, the clinical thermometer, the centrifuge, the radiograph, have each given an added impetus to medical studies, and have helped to bind medicine closer to science by making the judgment of the physician surer and more exact; while the various products of germ-culture, coming as they have with many chemical discoveries, have put into the hands of the physician means like those which surgery has found in its great discoveries of anæsthesia and of the methods of antiseptis and asepsis. The men of medicine have thus come to look daily for some new light; there has grown in them a habit of expectancy and of putting to instant use the fresh offerings of science and of technical invention. They have, during the later centuries, and especially during the later decades, been so frequently given the effective means of advance, that advance has become the second nature of the profession. The alliance of medicine with natural science is thus close and inevitable. And to the scientific progress of the age we must attribute much of the alertness that is so signally present among the doctors.

A second cause of the physicians' spirit of progress, in contrast with the conservatism of the bar, is that the immediate end and object of medicine is not in conflict with other great social ends. The doctor does not need to heal one man at the cost of health to another. The lawyer, in extending the boundary of one man's right, too often must contract another's. His is a work

of adjusting claims in conflict. Whatever he does affects the interests of other men and is scrutinized and resisted by them. The individual lawyer is not free to put into operation some entirely new principle whose value he may perceive; he is not free to experiment effectively, as is the scientist and the physician. The counselor must fit his judgment into the usages of his society. The advocate is met and checked by the opposing advocate and by the judge. And the judge's judgment, in turn, must be approved by other judges. Not until he sits upon the supreme bench may the judge be freely inventive and independent, and even then he has his fellow judges; and he has reached this eminence only after a schooling and a drill that should forever quiet all love of the fresh and creative.

The doctor, too, works within a system; he, too, must consult and is held in check at many points by public and professional habits of thought. But he is, after all, infinitely freer to prescribe and to operate, infinitely freer to attempt some promising uncertainty, to accept and apply some daring scientific assurance. His work is relatively personal, and admits of his flashing forth that spark of creative genius which is in each human being. The lawyer's work is social and collective and methodically organized, and cannot be remodeled by every eager mind. The very eagerness of the mind is thus damped and discouraged, and finally forever killed.

The work of the medical profession thus offers a graver responsibility because offering more freedom to the individual practitioner; while with the lawyer individual responsibility — although present in many ways, in that a betrayal or a mistaken judgment may bring ruin to others — is limited by the very limits of his freedom; he must

merely apply principles in whose making or discovery he can, as he keeps to his immediate work, have but the slightest part.

Medicine, traditionally less honorable than law, and less closely knit into social and governmental institutions, thus is far freer of limb.

VII

If my account is right, the responsibility for this inconvenient contrast rests with the laity as well as with the profession. Each side must be brought to see wherein it can help to make the work more responsive to refreshed ideas. Yet the leadership in such a movement must come from the profession itself. For the lawyers alone can fully understand their system, purge it, amputate if need be. The laity can only hold up to them a glass, tell them how sick and sluggish their system is, how much they need the physician. In this way the laity can at least aim to disturb their complacency, to make them constantly aware of the great distance between their accomplishment and what society maintains them for and rightly expects. The legal profession knows, yet it needs daily to be told, that it is not here for its own sake nor merely for the law. As the physician is to keep his eye fixed upon health and not upon some mere system of medicine, so the lawyer, looking beyond law, must recognize in himself a minister of justice, to live and grow with the growth of that great ideal.

The principle of justice is not like a Platonic idea, eternally changeless; it is a living energy in the mind, expressing itself in changing form, as does the idea of beauty. The lawyer, too attentive to mere law, — a chalky deposit of this living force, — catches the fixity,

the definiteness, and loses sight of the vitality of justice. He should know its formal utterance in the past; but he should be ready day by day to bring it to a more perfect expression.

Sir Thomas More, while giving physicians high honor in his Utopia, would admit no lawyers. We need not go so far. A kindly and penetrating autocrat in our country would merely abolish their graver abuses. He would watch the doctors at their work, notice in their ways something more urbane, more spiritualized than is found among the men of law. To his imagination the law court and the hospital would reveal a common purpose — to care for disorder, to hear and answer complaint. But how different is the manner of the surgeons with their attendant nurses intent upon their operation, from that of the lawyers and their clerks at their task of removing from the human system some festering wrong! The expense of time, the burdening preliminaries, the gathering dust and smoke, the variety of finesse, perhaps even of outrageous imputation or open insult — one wonders how a great profession can tolerate such methods for a day. They smack of varnished pugilism rather than of an intelligent desire to apply to human misery the spiritual, indeed divine, idea of justice. There in the surgery, the white-gowned doctors and the nurses, dealing with a problem distinctly physical, seem to represent and symbolize the refinement, the intelligence, the silent mastery, the perfect coöperation, which lies at the heart of all that is truly civilized.

Our autocrat, noticing this, would compel his lawyers secretly to watch the group; and those in whom, after long watching, no spirit of emulation was awakened he would take from the law and set to other tasks.

VAN CLEVE AND HIS FRIENDS

BY MARY S. WATTS

SYNOPSIS OF DECEMBER INSTALLMENT

Joshua Van Cleve, who was a successful businessman in Ohio during the middle decades of the last century, died about 1870, leaving his widow and family a handsome fortune. In less than twenty years, however, they contrived to squander almost all of it in divers foolish ways; so that when his grandson, Van Cleve Kendrick, who had been growing up in the meanwhile, reached the age of eighteen, he found that he himself would have to be the main support of the family, namely: his grandmother, his aunt, Mrs. Lucas, and her daughter Evelyn, and his uncle, Major Stanton Van Cleve. The boy went to work accordingly, and after various experiences, finally got a position with the National Loan & Savings Bank in Cincinnati. This city was also the home of Van Cleve's closest friend, Bob Gilbert. Bob, in contrast to Van Cleve, had had a rather unfortunate career at college, during the two or three years previous to this, falling into bad company and being at length obliged to return home without finishing the course. He went to work in a broker's office, with one of his college acquaintances, a young man named Philip Cortwright; and it was at about this point that the story opened.

CHAPTER IV

THE MAN OF THE HOUSE

MR. GEBHARDT of the National Loan and Savings Bank had first come into contact with the Van Cleve family on the occasion of one of their numerous transfers of property, or some other of those varied financial operations in which they were almost constantly engaged before young Kendrick put his unwelcome hand to the helm. As the banker was a busy man, daily attending to a great many affairs and seeing a great many people, it was rather odd

that he should still retain, in common with everybody else who had ever met them, a distinct, even vivid, recollection of every member of the family; but so he did, and he had no difficulty in 'placing' Van Cleve when the latter came hunting for a job. The young man, who made this move, as he had made every other that directly concerned himself, without informing his people, much less consulting them, approached Mr. Gebhardt quite unsupported. It would not have occurred to him to speak of his family, even had he been aware that the banker knew them, or anything about them. And it was with measurable surprise that, upon giving his name, he observed Mr. Gebhardt to consider a moment and then heard him say, 'Van Cleve? There were some Van Cleves shareholders in the old Cincinnati, Paducah, and Wheeling Packet Company that failed here about ten or fifteen years ago. I remember meeting them at the time when we made an effort to get some of the heaviest owners together and see what could be done. Any relation?'

Van explained.

'Indeed, you don't say so? Yes, those were the people. I remember them all very well. Your grandmother was a very fine-looking woman at that time, Mr. Kendrick. Is she still living? Ah! Your uncle was a general in the Confederate Army, I think. No? Ah! You're all living here now, you say? Well, now — what has been your previous business experience, I should like to ask?' And a few days thereafter, Mr.

Gebhardt, happening to meet Major Van Cleve on the street, not only recognized him at once, but stopped and spoke very pleasantly, referring to the new recruit at the National Loan.

'Ah, yes, so I understood from Van,' said Major Stanton, affably, nodding at the other with a humorously wry smile. He spoke confidentially. 'The fact is, Mr. Gebhardt, Van Cleve does n't really *need* to work. We wanted him to go to college, but nothing would satisfy him but trying a business career first. It distresses the ladies, my mother and sister, a good deal. But I say to them, "Why, it's his whim — for the Lord's sake let the boy try it! Most people would be glad to see a young man's natural wildness take this turn. I tell you, it might be a damn sight worse!"'

Major Van Cleve had never uttered an oath in his mother's presence in his life, and it was now some years since the family resources had permitted his having more than a couple of dollars of spending-money in his pockets at one time — all of which did not prevent his making these statements with a perfectly clear conscience. He had a romantic imagination, and the priceless gift of believing the romances he imagined. Mr. Gebhardt, if he felt some doubts, was still, perhaps unconsciously, impressed by the fact that the military gentleman's appearance supported, gave a sort of color and atmosphere to, his large talk; he did not seem to be in the least poor or pinched. The Van Cleves had the secret of that; they contrived, on next to nothing, and almost without effort, to look fashionable, opulent, and leisurely, — all excepting Van Cleve himself.

'Your nephew seemed to me a bright, practical young fellow,' the banker remarked; 'he gave the impression of wanting money and being willing to work hard for it.'

'Oh, yes, yes, that's very characteristic,' said Major Van Cleve, indulgently. 'Van Cleve reminds me constantly of a story my father used to tell which he had heard from *his* father, who was a very successful attorney in New York City in the old days, seventy-five years ago, or thereabout, you know. He went out one morning to stick up a sign on his office door-post, "Boy Wanted." While he was doing it, he felt a tug at his coat-tails, and, turning round, there was a ragged, barefoot urchin of twelve or so. "Please, sir, you don't need that sign no more." "Don't I?" says my grandfather, astonished, "why, I want a boy!" "No, sir, you don't, not no more. I'm the boy!" Now that was exactly like Van Cleve. He'd have done that very thing. And that boy, Mr. Gebhardt,' the Major concluded with suitable weight and emphasis, 'that boy was John Jacob Astor!'

Mr. Gebhardt, after a barely perceptible pause, received the anecdote with such cordial appreciation that Stanton's opinion of his parts and personality rose several degrees.

The National Loan and Savings was not a large institution, though reputed very solid. It was housed in an old-fashioned brick building on one of the streets up toward the Canal, among similarly plain, work-a-day surroundings; and its depositors, as Van Cleve found out soon after his entrance, were mostly laboring folk. They came in there in streams the first of the month, and on Saturdays, when the bank was kept open till nine o'clock at night to accommodate them with their pay envelopes. Van, from behind the brass netting of the bookkeeper's cage in the rear, could see them filing up; and being an observant youth, before long could identify them all — young women stenographers; young men clerks like himself; market-gardeners;

master carpenters and bricklayers; thrifty servant-girls in feathers and cheap furs, but with always a fraction of the week's wages in their showy imitation-leather purses; nice old German women with black shawls, and mysterious little black-lidded baskets, and clean, brave old faces under their bonnets of black straw and bugles. The half-dozen directors themselves were drawn from these ranks — old Mr. Burgstaller, the retired toy merchant who looked like Santa Claus's twin brother himself; old Mr. O'Rourke, now also retired, but who had for years conducted the grain and feed store on Wayland Street opposite the market-house — these were of them. They all had such an air of age and experience that Van Cleve might have lost heart to observe from example how long was the way he had to travel; but the young man was not of that temperament. 'Lord, if I thought I'd have to wait till I was seventy to get to be a bank director, I'd quit right here!' he said to himself scornfully. And he noticed with approval that the president of the National Loan was much younger than any of his advisers; Mr. Gebhardt could not have been more than fifty.

He was a self-made man, and as such commanded Mr. Kendrick's highest respect; whether he altogether and always liked his employer, the young fellow was not quite certain; Van was slow to form a liking for anybody. 'Mr Gebhardt is all right — only I don't know that I much fancy all that glad-hand business,' he would reflect when, as sometimes happened, he saw the president come forth and circulate among his depositors, let us say, on one of those busy and crowded Saturdays, in a genial, informal way, conversing with many of them in the tongue of the Fatherland, and displaying a hearty personal interest, which Van Cleve, for

the soul of him, could not believe to be always very deep or very sincere. 'After all, he's got to stand in with these people. Their little dabs of money are what he's founded his bank on. He knows more about getting along with 'em than I do; and being a good mixer is a kind of an asset in this business,' he would argue to himself shrewdly. However, Van did not make the mistake, as might have been expected, of attempting to be a 'good mixer' himself; he knew that he had no talent that way.

Mr. Gebhardt, on his side, extended that paternal sympathy of his to Van Cleve the same as to the others, whether influenced or not by the fact that the young man undeniably did do the work assigned him remarkably well, and exhibited in all things an iron integrity. There were no sons in the Gebhardt household, only a tribe of pretty, fair-haired girls, with a pretty, fair-haired mother, looking like a sister to the rest, who used to come down to the bank in any one of several handsome family vehicles with their dashing team of bays, and carry the father off in a whirlwind of chattering and laughter and caresses. Van Cleve had met them — indeed, Mrs. Gebhardt and Natalie, who was the oldest, and the only one 'out,' had a calling acquaintance with the ladies of Van's family; but as Mr. Kendrick took not the slightest interest in young women and never put himself out for anything but the most perfunctory civilities, it is not surprising that they should reciprocate whole-heartedly. On the contrary, they were quite enthusiastic about Bob Gilbert. Robert and his friend met nowadays not infrequently in a business way; and Mr. Gebhardt, having come across the professor's son once or twice, had the curiosity to ask somebody what that young Gilbert was doing. The man he inquired of,

who happened to be Mr. Max Steinberger, laughed.

'Looks like I ought to know,' he said; 'why, he's with us. He's got the job young Van Cleve — no, that's not his name — I mean the young fellow you took on up at your over-the-Rhine dollar-shop — we've got Gilbert in his place.'

'Is he any good?'

'Good enough. How's yours?'

Gebhardt, who was never known to utter an unkind or uncharitable criticism of any one, commended Van Cleve warmly.

'You did a little better on the deal than Leo and myself, I guess,' said the other, hearing him; and they fell to talking about the proposed bond issue and promptly forgot both boys. But one day a while later, Mr. Gebhardt took occasion to ask his junior book-keeper what was the real reason he had wanted to leave the brokers.

'I somehow suspected at the time that you were n't dissatisfied wholly on account of the salary,' he said.

'Well, Mr. Gebhardt, I thought I was worth more,' said Van, obstinately reticent. Then he looked up and, meeting his employer's eye, thawed a little. 'No, I did n't like it,' he confessed. 'Too much spend and too much souse,' said he, succinctly.

'What, Steinberger and Leo Hirsch? Why, I'm surprised to hear you say that! I had no idea —'

'I mean the — the office force — the office in general,' Van Cleve explained hastily and not too clearly; 'I don't mean Mr. Steinberger or Mr. Hirsch themselves. They've got the money to play the races and all the rest of it, all they choose, as far as that goes. And, of course, they both take a drink now and then; but I was n't talking about *them*. They're Germans, anyhow, and could hold a barrel, either one of 'em, without its feazing them —'

And at this point Mr. Kendrick, abruptly remembering the nationality of the gentleman he was addressing, halted in a fine beet-red confusion. But Gebhardt only laughed; he liked — or seemed to like — the young man's bluntness.

All this while, how were his elders supporting Van's persistent 'whim' of making his own living and incidentally a not inconsiderable part of theirs, to which they had yielded so painfully in the first place? Why, they were supporting it with the most astonishing patience! Van sat at the end of the table and carved the meat nowadays; he read the paper over his coffee-cup of a morning while his uncle meekly got through breakfast without that literary entertainment; he took his hat and slammed the hall door behind him and went off down-town to the office with his peers; the family accounts were submitted to him; the women came to him for their money; the servants were trained to regard his tastes. 'Mrs. Van Cleef she say, "Marta, Mr. Kendrick, he don't like those biscuit,"' shust like she'd say, "Marta, *der Herr Gott*, He don't like those biscuit,'" their German maid remarked acutely. These were a few of the straws showing what way the wind blew.

The young fellow knew very well that he was the strongest member, in truth, the only strong member, of the family; he put it, privately, in his practical and literal way, that he was the only one who had ever earned a cent, or displayed a particle of common sense about either saving or spending it; yet he took no great credit to himself on that account. Van Cleve could not, for the life of him, have understood how any man in the same circumstances could have acted otherwise. He had to take care of them — Grandma and Uncle Stan and all of them, did n't he? By Jove, he — why, he *had* to,

you know! There was n't any getting round *that*. They could n't do anything for themselves; while, as to him, work did n't worry *him* any. He *had* to work, anyhow, did n't he? Do you suppose anybody was going to give him his living and a good time for nothing? Not much!

The family got used to his queer, youthful maturity; they got used to the idea of his being steady and successful as if it were the most everyday thing in the world for a young man to be steady and successful; they got used to being dependent on him, and Van Cleve, on his own side, got used to it, too. He directed the disposition of what little money they had left from the original inheritance, and added his own to it, and kept the old strong box, with 'J. VAN CLEVE' on the top of it, in his closet in his own room and carried the keys unquestioned.

Mrs. Van Cleve sometimes said with a sigh that he reminded her of his grandfather; but as the late Joshua had been a spry, dry little man with a hard jaw, and as bald as a turnip at less than twenty-five years of age, she could not have discerned much physical resemblance. By a coincidence the likeness most struck her about the first of the month when the bills came round: Van Cleve did not always see all of them, — does any lady ever show the man of the house *all* her bills? — and perhaps the grandmother recalled the days when she had quakingly presented the milliners' and dress-makers' statements to her Joshua (who, nevertheless, was reasonably liberal to his family), or, dreadful to relate, smuggled them out of his sight and knowledge. Times were altered, and she and Mrs. Lucas were both of them good, upright, self-denying women who passed by the most enticing shop-windows and bargain-counters resolutely, and turned and mended and cut

over their clothes and remodeled their old hats, and made hash for Monday dinner out of Sunday's joint with the utmost gallantry and cheerfulness. As has been hinted, they clashed seriously with Van Cleve only when the question arose of one of those indisputably wise, well-considered, and profitable changes which everybody in the house, except Van himself, was eternally planning.

'That Elmhurst Place house is only thirty-seven and a half a month — only two dollars and a half more than this — the rent's practically the same,' his aunt argued about six months after their enthusiastic installation at No. 8 Summit Avenue; 'and no comparison between the houses — *no comparison!* It's just exactly what we were hunting for last summer when we had to take this. Of course it was rented then, — Elmhurst Place is *so* desirable. And that's why I'm so anxious to speak for it at *once*, before anybody else snaps it up. I'd better see the agent to-day, had n't I, Van?' She looked at her nephew with an odd mingling of persuasion and command; Van Cleve, the women said to one another, was so hard to manage at times; it was *so* hard to make him understand. Now he swallowed the last of his coffee and folded up his napkin with a maddening deliberation before answering.

'No, I think not, Aunt Myra. I think we'd better not move. That two-dollars-and-a-half difference in the rent just about pays the water-rate. It's not quite the same thing, you see. Besides, it would cost a lot to move. What's the matter with this house, anyhow? You liked it well enough at first.'

All three ladies gave a gentle scream of consternation. 'Why, *Van!* *This house!* Why, you *know* we just took it because we had to go *somewhere* —!'

'And we did n't know what a state

it was in — that *awful* pink-and-green-and-blue wall-paper on the back bedroom —!’

‘I’m afraid the place will fall down over our heads before we can get out of it! Three of the door-knobs and I don’t know how many window-catches are all *loose and waggly* —!’ Everybody began to declaim vigorously, if without much sequence; it was really impossible to think immediately of all the reasons against living a minute longer in this unspeakable house.

‘Oh, I guess they’ll fix those things for us. It’s not going to fall down right off, anyhow; we’d better stay and give it another chance,’ said Van Cleve placidly, returning to his paper.

‘Well, but ever since those horrid people moved next door, the tone of this neighborhood has lowered so — that’s my main objection to staying here,’ Mrs. Van Cleve remonstrated; ‘the woman had a *shawl* airing out of one of the upstairs back windows yesterday morning. Think of it! A great, coarse, *red shawl* hanging right in the window! I’ve never lived next door to anything quite so *common* as *that* before!’

Van, behind the newspaper, studying the market reports, gave no sign of having heard her. ‘He’s Joshua *all over!*’ the grandmother said inwardly, divided between exasperation and a kind of pride; ‘he used to sit just that way and not answer me, time and again!’ She was silent a little, perhaps thinking of old days; but the others persevered with reproachful vehemence.

‘We could take that money, that sixty-five dollars we got from the old farm the other day, and use it for the moving, so it would n’t cost *you* anything, Van Cleve,’ said Evelyn, who had a talent for this style of argument. ‘I’m sure it is n’t healthy here. There’s a great big damp spot in one corner of the yard whenever it rains. I’m going to speak to the doctor about

it. Mother ought n’t to stay in a humid atmosphere; her nerves will give out. It takes ever so much nervous energy to stand the colds she has, and of course the low quality of the air here must bring them on.’

‘Never mind me, Evelyn; never mind me — I’ll soon be well — my cold is n’t anything,’ cried out Mrs. Lucas; though, indeed, a sudden wild terror started in her large, beautiful dark eyes; she was very easily frightened about herself and her state of health, and the merest suggestion of any need for doctors sent before her mind in dismally dramatic procession a dozen appalling pictures of suffering, decline, death-agonies, the hearse, the coffin, the ghastly open grave! She began with a note of almost frenzied appeal in her voice.

‘Van dear, *do* put down that paper and listen. I think it’s more important than you realize for us to get away from this house and neighborhood, and it will be money *well spent* to move. You’re just as fine and strong and splendid as you can be, Van, — you know we all *know* that, — you’re a dear, noble fellow,’ said Mrs. Lucas, stirred by a real and generous emotion, her sweet, hysterical voice breaking a little; she was sincerely fond of the young man; ‘but you don’t realize how young you are; you have n’t had the *experience* I’ve had. You’re not so well able to judge as I am. I think it’s our *duty* to move. We *all* think so, and two heads are better than one, you know, Van.’

‘Depends on the heads,’ said Van Cleve, flippantly, unmoved by these powerful representations which, as was provokingly apparent, he was not even going to answer. Instead, he got up, taking out his pipe, and went over to the mantel for a match.

‘I wish — I *wish* you would n’t do that, Van,’ said Mrs. Joshua, distress-

fully; 'I promised your dear mother for you that you would n't touch tobacco or liquor before you were twenty-five. It was a *sacred promise*, Van.'

Van Cleve looked down at her, humorous and forbearing; he stuffed the tobacco down into the bowl. 'Oh, bosh, Grandma!' he said with profane cheerfulness; and stooped and kissed the old lady's cheek, and walked off unimpressed. He was guiltless of diplomacy; but, strangely and illogically enough, at this speech and the rough, boyish caress, Mrs. Van Cleve surrendered without terms, struck her colors, and went over to his side incontinently.

'Well, I dare say Van's right about it, Myra,' she said as the door closed behind him. 'There's no real reason why we should move. And anyhow Van Cleve ought to have the say—he's taking care of us all—he's the best boy that ever lived!' Her old face trembled momentarily.

'Oh, of course! Van Cleve is always right!' Evelyn proclaimed satirically; she remained alone to fight the battle with the older lady, for Mrs. Lucas had already dashed into the hall after her nephew, who was in the act of putting on his overcoat.

'Van,' she said tensely, stopping him with one arm in the sleeve, 'I want you to let me telephone about that Elmhurst Place house and get the refusal of it for a day, anyhow—just for to-day, Van, so that you can see it.' Her voice rose: 'I *want* you to let me do that. You don't know anything about the house. If you could *see* it, I *know* you'd think differently. It's so much nearer the art school, for one thing. Evelyn wouldn't have near so far to walk. She's not strong, you know, Van Cleve; and I'm *afraid* of that long walk for her. I'm afraid it takes her strength so that she can't do her work properly. The other day when she came in her hands were perfectly *numb* with the

cold; you must have noticed it at dinner—!'

'Well, they were n't so numb but that she could work her knife and fork all right,' said Van, with a brutal grin; 'when they get too bad for that, I'll begin to worry!' And then, seeing the look of outrage on his aunt's face, he added hastily, and with earnest kindness, 'Now look here, Aunt Myra, you know you're just feeling a little restless, that's all that's the matter. You often feel that way, you know. This house is all right. Now don't let's talk any more about this, will you? You know we can't afford to move around. And if any extra money comes in, like that from the farm last week, we ought to save it. We can't go spending it on foolishness. Now let's try to be satisfied and stay here. I'll see if I can't get them to change that wall-paper you hate so,' added poor Van, unconsciously pathetic in his efforts to appease her.

'*Restless!*' ejaculated Mrs. Lucas, indignantly. 'Oh, well, I suppose it's useless for me to talk. I might die in this horrid damp hole and Evelyn be hopelessly crippled for life from that walk, and you would still insist that we were just *whimsical* and *restless*—!' But Van Cleve was gone.

Mrs. Lucas returned to her domestic rounds in abysmally low spirits. Her cold was getting steadily worse—she could feel it growing on her! The air of the house was positively *saturated* with moisture—particularly in the back bedroom with that pink-blue-green abomination on the walls. It would be her fate to die here; she knew it, she was convinced of it! And the Elmhurst Place house did have such a beautiful bay-window in the hall, and two hardwood floors downstairs! She was ill in bed when Van Cleve came home that evening. Evelyn rushed up and down from the sick-room with tragically repressed grief; Major Stanton sat

around in corners out of the way, looking more uncomfortable than alarmed; Mrs. Van Cleve poured the coffee in reproving silence. And when the doctor reported that it looked as if Mrs. Lucas might be going to have grippe, Van Cleve felt like an assassin. It was in vain the unlucky youth told himself that his aunt might have had grippe anywhere, in any house, and that even if he had consented to their moving to Elmhurst Place the very next day, it could hardly have spared her this attack. He felt wretchedly that her illness was all his fault — everything was all his fault — everybody was being made sick and uncomfortable and unhappy by Van Cleve Kendrick and his mean desire to save a little money!

The next time anybody went to call on the Van Cleves, they had moved. They had been over on Elmhurst Place for a month, and *just loved it*, they declared.

Evelyn said that her mother had been on the verge of a dreadful attack of influenza, but they got her away from that *polluted* air on Summit Avenue just in time, and she began to mend at once. To be sure this was only two squares off, but there was the most amazing difference in the atmosphere, — her mother's case proved it, — and really that other house had got to be *perfectly awful*, you know.

CHAPTER V

MOSTLY IDLE TALK

That there was really something a little unusual about the Van Cleves — always excepting young Kendrick, as I have repeatedly stated — is shown by the fact that, in two or three years, more or less, they had become as firmly established socially as if they had lived here all their lives, without anybody ever hinting that they were trying to

'get in,' or 'sniffing' derogatorily, as people did about that unfortunate Jameson girl. The Van Cleve women were of a very different stamp. The single thing in the way of their popularity was that it was not easy to tell of these ladies who their friends were, since they changed almost as often as they changed houses; one day they would be embracing people with a warm passage of Christian names and terms of endearment — and the next news you had, they had ceased to speak to So-and-So! Yet they were not without some sound and stable attachments, as for the Gilberts, for instance, with whom they never had any grave falling-out. This, however, may have been partly because of Van Cleve, who, besides being not nearly so quick to make new friends nor so violently enthusiastic about them, was very much more steadfast to the old ones. But at one time Miss Lucas was running over to the Warwick Lane house every day. She painted a portrait of Lorrie — an amazing water-color portrait wherein Lorrie appeared with a wide, fixed stare goggling at you out of a jungle of chocolate-tinted hair. Mrs. Lucas pronounced it marvelously accurate; Lorrie herself laughed and said she supposed you never really knew what you looked like to other people, and were always surprised and disappointed to find out. Bob remarked ruthlessly that those eyes reminded him of two buckeyes in a pan of milk. Van Cleve, upon the work of art being paraded before him, was silent — unwisely, as it turned out, for the severest criticism could not have roused Evelyn or her mother more.

'Well? *Well?* Are n't you going to say anything?' demanded the artist, tartly.

'Why, it — it looks something like her,' said Van, feebly.

In fact, the thing did have a sort of

ghostly resemblance to Lorrie. But what portrait-painter wants to be told that his creation 'looks like' the original?

'It was *intended* to look like her,' Evelyn said with fine scorn. 'But I did n't expect that *you'd* think it was good. No need to ask you!'

'That's so, Evie. If I don't say anything you get mad, and if I do you get mad, so there does n't seem to be much need of your asking me, sure enough,' said Van Cleve, with his unshakable good humor that the women found so hard to 'put up with,' as they themselves sometimes complained to one another.

'Of course, *you* don't think *any* picture of her could be good enough,' flashed out Evelyn, jerking the drawing-board back into its corner. 'We all know what you think about Lorrie Gilbert, Van.' She gave him a savagely significant glance.

'I know you get excited and say a lot of things you don't mean sometimes,' Van retorted, coloring, however, with temper, — or could it have been some other feeling?

'The *idea*! She's at least a year older than you are — at *least*! And she's engaged to that Mr. Cortwright, anyhow — or as good as engaged!' the young lady pursued, and had the satisfaction of seeing, or fancying she saw, her cousin wince. 'That's what everybody says.'

'I don't know what you're talking about — I don't know anything about Miss Gilbert's affairs,' Van Cleve stutted, turning redder than ever.

He was fairly routed, and got up and stalked out of the house, followed by her inquisitive mockery. Once outside, he said something much stronger — a distressingly strong word of one syllable did Mr. Kendrick utter; and he pulled his hat down over his brows with a morose gesture as he tramped

away, without his pleasant whistle for once.

It must have been after this that there occurred one of those intervals of coolness toward the other family on the part of the Van Cleve ladies which people were accustomed to witness. The Gilberts themselves were quite unconscious of it; they were not looking out for slights or indifference, and did not know how to quarrel with anybody. But Evelyn's visits ceased for a while, and perhaps Van Cleve himself did not go to the Professor's house in the evenings so often. Mrs. Lucas confided to those who were in high favor just then that she was rather glad of it; she did n't want to be uncharitable, but she could not honestly say that she thought Bob's a *good influence* for Van Cleve.

An old friend of mine, Mr. J. B. B. Taylor, happened to pass through the city at the time on his large orbit of travel and inspection, — he has something to do with civil engineering and a concrete construction company, — and I recall a little talk we had on this very subject. Mr. Taylor has met the Van Cleves; he has met everybody. He goes about the universe lunching with crowned heads and eke with dock-laborers; he builds bridges in Uganda and railroads to Muncie. J. B. knows the manners of so many men and their cities that it is, on the whole, not surprising that he should, at some time or other, have fallen in with the Van Cleve family, who themselves have always been active travelers. Once before when he was here, I introduced him to Robert Gilbert, and that friend of his, that young Cortwright who was at that date a recent addition to our society. Mr. Taylor did not seem to be particularly favorably impressed with either young gentleman, I regret to state. However, this time, as usual, he asked about everybody; and I report-

ed some observations regarding Van Cleve's people which caused J. B. alternately to smile broadly and wickedly, and anon to grunt, 'Humph!' in a profound manner.

When I had finished, — 'Well,' said he, 'that Kendrick boy is something of a boy, I judge — considerable of a boy. The fact is, Gebhardt spoke to me about him, just in the ordinary course of conversation, you know — but when he found I knew something of the young man, why, he warmed up and said some very nice things. It seems they gave Kendrick a raise at the National Loan the other day; they think a good deal of him. From what I hear he's the getting-ahead kind — one of these longheaded, hard-working fellows that knows he can't pick any money off of trees, and expects to buckle down and *make* it. That's a pretty good spirit for these days with all this get-rich-quick feeling in the air. And, speaking of that, I've got an impression that our friend Gebhardt himself is a little given that way — toward experimenting on the get-rich-quick lines, I mean. He's a visionary fellow; I would n't trust his judgment very far.' And here J. B., evidently feeling that he had allowed himself to run into some indiscretion, abruptly changed topics. 'What's become of those other young fellows? That pin-headed masher — *you* know — What was his name? And the other boy?'

I informed him that Mr. Cortwright was still here, in business; I was not certain how successful, but he seemed to have money enough; he was considered very handsome, and — er — well, a little inclined to be — er — sporty — you know; and he was still something of a 'masher,' to use Mr. Taylor's own elegant phrase. In fact, at one time or another, Mr. Cortwright had been sentimentally attentive to every girl in society, but here latterly he had settled

down on Miss Gilbert, and people in general thought this would be a *go*, at last.

'Well, I'm glad she is n't *my* daughter,' J. B. commented briefly. 'Gilbert, you say? That was that boy's name, I remember now. Is he round still?'

'Yes, it's the same family. Yes, he's here and working. He's been a little wild; they say now he's drinking. I don't know how true it is — may be nothing but gossip,' said I, not without reluctance. I liked Bob Gilbert. I never met anybody that did n't like him. But, with the most charitable disposition in the world, I still should have been obliged to acknowledge that one never heard anything creditable about Bob; whereas report concerning his friend, that young Mr. Kendrick (nobody thought of *him* as a boy any longer), justified all that J. B. had said.

How much truth was there in the rumors that had been circulating somewhat as above reported for the last year or so? To begin with, those sharp hints leveled by Miss Lucas at her cousin, — how near the mark did they come? Van Cleve had first met Lorrie Gilbert years before when he was nothing but a big, gangling boy chum of her brother's, and she, although so nearly his own age, already a grown-up young lady. In that far-off time Van looked upon her with both shyness and indifference. Asked if he thought her pretty or bright, he would have replied that he did n't know — he had n't thought about her at all — he did n't care for girls, and never stayed around where they were, if he could help it. As it happened — indeed, have we not seen it happen under our own eyes? — he did not have much chance to improve or outgrow his deplorable tastes, for that summer was the end of Van Cleve's play-time, and really the end of his boyhood.

As he grew older, it became his habit of mind to regard marriage, for a man in his position, as sheer insanity, and falling in love as only a milder form of the same affliction. Both must be postponed until he arrived at the locality which he called to himself Easy Street. In some vast, indefinite future, when he felt himself 'pretty well fixed,' and when he could get Grandma and the rest of them comfortably settled somewhere or somehow, so that they would not be quite so much on his mind — in the future when Van planned that all this should happen, he sometimes rather diffidently speculated about a home for himself and Somebody. His prospective wife was so far a delicious myth; notwithstanding the fact that she was to have brown hair with gold lights in it, hair that waved a little nicely, and big brown eyes, and a fair complexion with a good deal of color in it, and a short nose, straight, but set on so that you were not quite certain whether it did not tilt upward ever so slightly; and she would have a very pleasant laugh, and a pretty round waist, and — and, in short, anybody in whom Van Cleve had confided would have recognized, by the time he got through, a surprisingly good likeness of Miss Lorrie Gilbert.

The young man did not suspect it himself. When he went to the house, he thought in all honesty it was to see Bob. He took a meal there at least once in the week; Mrs. Gilbert was so used to him she sometimes called him 'son' forgetfully; Lorrie and he sat on the porch summer evenings, or by the sitting-room hearth in winter, so completely at home together that they could be silent when, and as long as, they chose, unembarrassed; it was 'Lorrie' and 'Van' as a matter of course, and the girl openly regarded him with almost the same feeling as

she did her brother, save that she listened and deferred to him far more. Only when Cortwright's name was brought up, or that debonair gentleman came to call, which he was beginning to do with ominous frequency, did the two other young people feel any constraint.

Lorrie, in her third or fourth season, had seen something of the world, and been not undesired by young men; her novitiate was over. Nevertheless, she had a way of blushing and brightening at Cortwright's appearance which to any experienced onlooker would have been full of meaning. Van Cleve, at least, saw it with a dull pain of resentment. He told himself that he never *had* liked Cortwright. 'I saw enough of *him* down at Steinberger's; you can't fool *me* about that sort of fellow! But, hang it, I believe girls *like* for a man to have the name of being fast,' Van used to think angrily; 'you see so many nice, good women married to 'em. It's not so smart to booze and bum, and chase around after women and horses — I can't see what any decent woman is thinking of. I suppose there is n't a man on earth but that's done some things he's ashamed of — but Cortwright! Why, he is n't fit to touch Lorrie's skirt!'

Of course there was nothing personal in this, Van Cleve was convinced; no, merely on principle, simply and solely in behalf of abstract morality, did Mr. Kendrick disapprove of Mr. Cortwright. To have told him he was jealous would have been to invite a righteous indignation. In the meanwhile, whenever Cortwright chanced to call at the same time, his arrival was the signal for a sudden fall in the social barometer. It was not Cortwright's fault; he was always gay, courteous, ready with a joke, a story, a turn at the piano, anything to make the evening go off well, inimitably good-looking

and at ease; in becoming contrast to Van Cleve, who would sit grumpily smoking or grumpily un-smoking, answering in curt and disagreeably plain words, and, after making a wet blanket of himself generally, would get up and go off in pointed hurry. I fear Mr. Kendrick was not poignantly regretted on these occasions.

'You seem to take life so seriously, Kendrick. Don't you believe in people having a good time as they go along?' Cortwright once asked him. Cortwright, on his side, met Van Cleve with unvarying good temper and civility — for which, you may believe me, poor Van liked him none the better.

'Nobody but a prig objects to people having fun,' he retorted, scowling; 'if I'm serious, it's because I'm built that way, I suppose. But I never thought it any of my business what other people do.' He looked hard at the other.

'That's lucky for the rest of us,' Cortwright said with his easy laugh; 'you've got such a severe eye. Has n't he got a severe eye, Miss Jameson?'

And upon this, while the young lady was still looking sideways at him under her lashes, and smiling just enough to show a charming dimple in the corner of her mouth, Van unceremoniously took himself off. He 'had n't much use' (to quote him again) for Miss Paula Jameson, either, and often wished impatiently that she would stop her everlasting running to the Gilberts'.

As for that derogatory tittle-tattle about Bob Gilbert, sad to admit, it was not without foundation. People were beginning to shake their heads over him, and to tell one another that it was too bad! They said that there was nothing really *wrong* with the young fellow, there was n't any real *harm* in him, only — it was probably not all his fault; the way boys are brought up has a good deal to do with

it; Professor Gilbert was a fine man, a splendid scholar, and all that, but he had no control whatever over his son, and never *had* had! Of course, Mrs. Gilbert and Lorrie could do nothing with Bob — two women, both of them too devoted to him to see where he was going. That his destination was the one popularly known as 'the dogs,' everybody was prophesying. Too bad!

Van Cleve, who knew all about Bob's failings, who had very likely known about them long before they became public talk, never had anything to say on the subject. He would not condemn his friend, but neither would he take the other's part. He would say nothing at all. There was a hard streak in the young man; he was genuinely fond of Bob, yet he avoided his company these days, took care never to be seen on the street with him, got out of his way, and kept out of his way, whenever it was possible. 'I can't have him coming round here smelling like a distillery and asking for me. It would queer me for good with some of these solid men,' Van thought; 'I can't risk it. And what good would it do him for me to hang on to Bob, anyhow? I can't tell him anything but what he knows already; he's got plenty of sense, if he'll only use it. But if a man's going to make a fool of himself, he's going to make a fool of himself, so what's the use?'

Perhaps he did not fully convince himself by these arguments; but in fact there was no longer much need for him to put his theories in practice. Robert was drifting naturally into his own class of idlers and ne'er-do-weels, and young Kendrick had less and less occasion to dodge his compromising company, they saw each other so seldom, except at the house. Sometimes, even when at home, Bob was not visible; he had had one of his wretched headaches all day, so that he was obliged to keep

his room, Mrs. Gilbert would report, so guilelessly that Van Cleve, in spite of his cultivated coldness, winced with pity and a vicarious shame. He noticed that she was looking a great deal older nowadays; there had been a time when you could scarcely tell her back from Lorrie's if you happened to be walking behind her on the street — it was different now. And when it came to Professor Gilbert, it sounded perfectly natural to call him an old gentleman, although he had not yet reached the sixties; he was thinner and bonier than ever, and wrinkled and bent like Father Time himself. *He*, at any rate, understood the headaches, Van Cleve would think, regretfully reading the older man's haggard and weary eyes; and Van wondered, with a recoil so strong that it surprised himself, if the poor father had ever had to go out at night and hunt for Bob — bring him home — get him to bed and sobered up — eh, you know? Good Lord, that was pretty bad — pretty bad!

These offices Van Cleve had performed himself once at least. He was much more irritated than scandalized — in the beginning of the adventure, that is — to find Bob drunk and clinging to the lamp-post, in the starry winter cold, on his own way home at two o'clock in the morning. What was the notably steady youth, Mr. Kendrick, doing out of his bed at that hour? Have no fear, ladies and gentlemen! In the pursuance of his career of industry and virtue, he had been to the weekly meeting of the Central Avenue Building and Loan Association, in which he held the position of secretary. The proceedings closing about eleven o'clock, Mr. Kendrick had allowed himself a single chaste mug of musty ale, and a game of pool (a quarter apiece, loser pays for the table), in the company of some of his fellow officials; and when he started home, an hour or so later,

there was a block on the Central-Avenue-and-John-Street line. Van Cleve waited for his Elmhill car within the triangular portico of a corner drug store, where stood another similarly belated gentleman; and they smoked in silence, shrugging and stamping to keep warm. Van remembered afterwards how a carriage had rolled by; how he glanced up mechanically as it passed into the contracted illumination of the arc-light, and saw the occupants. He stared; a monosyllabic exclamation was jerked out of him by stark surprise. 'Humph!' he ejaculated unconsciously. The wayfarer who shared the vestibule thought his own attention was being challenged, and obligingly responded. 'Peach girl, was n't she?' he said; and further volunteered, 'That hair was a ten-blow, though. Fellow likes it that way, I guess.' Van Cleve grunted non-committally, and they lapsed again into silence. Van could never forget this trivial bit of talk; he had a photographic impression of the whole incident.

The car came at last; and Kendrick got on and paid his fare and rode to his own corner, pondering, part of the time, with a sour smile. 'None of my affair, I suppose,' was the sum of his reflections. He swung himself off the rear step at Durham Street (they moved to Durham Street in the autumn of '96, I believe) and, turning toward home, on the next corner, casually observed a hatless individual sustaining himself with difficulty against the post across the way. 'There's a drunk,' Van thought; and then something about the figure drew him to look again with a foreboding interest. He stood still to watch it. There appeared a night-watchman from one of the neighboring apartment buildings and entered into altercation with it. Van crossed the street quickly and went up to them.

'G' wan now, I don't want to run yuh in,' the night-watchman was saying benevolently; 'yuh gotta git a move on, that's all. Yuh can't stay aroun' here, see? Don't yuh know where yuh b'long?'

'Hello, Bob!' said Van Cleve.

The other stared at him fishily. Bob reeked to heaven; his clothing exhibited signs of a recent acquaintance with that classic resort of the drunkard, the gutter; his hat had fallen off, and his face showed grimy and discolored in the lamplight. He smiled vacuously.

'Lo!' he said at last thickly; 's ol' Van Cleve! 'Lo, Van, ol' top, how 's shings?'

'Party a friend o' yourn?' inquired the night-watchman.

'Yes, I know him,' said the young man, surveying Robert disgustedly.

'Know where he lives?' the night-watchman suggested; 'I been tryin' to git it out o' him. I had n't otter leave m' job, or I'd took him to his home, 'f he's got any.'

'It's all right. I'll attend to him,' said Van Cleve, shortly. He got hold of Bob by the arm. 'Here, I'm going to take you home, Bob,' he said. 'Look out, you'll fall. That's not your hat. Here, don't you try to get it, I'll get it —'

The night-watchman, however, had already captured it out of a pool of half-frozen slush; he rammed out the dents in the crown with his fist, gave it a wipe with a bandanna, and put it back with some nicety on the head of its owner.

'All right now, sport!' said he, falling back a step; and then shook his head to observe Van Cleve's manner with the drunken man. 'Careful, mister! Yuh wanter handle 'em real easy,' he warned, as Van Cleve started to march the other away; 'they're kinder hard to manage, if they git soured at yuh, y' know!'

'I'm not drunk — s'pose you shink I'm drunk!' said Bob, indignantly. He held back. 'I do' wanna g' home *yet*, Van — not *yet*. Dammit, Van, can't y' unnerstan', ol' fellow? I do' *wanna* go home shee Lorrie —' All at once he began to blubber feebly. 'Lorrie's bes' girl ever was — bes' sister — *ain't* she bes' sister ever was, Van?'

'You've got to go home, you know, Bob,' said Van Cleve, urging him along; 'come on, now. It's all right; Lorrie won't know. We'll get in without her knowing — I hope to God!' he added to himself wretchedly. He had seen men drunk before; had laughed at them many times on the stage and elsewhere; had probably once in his life, himself, taken quite as much strong drink as was good for him, like more than one temperate and sensible young man. So now he was not shocked; Bob was Bob, and, whatever he did, immutably his friend; but an impatient anger and distress overwhelmed Van Cleve at the thought of Lorrie. He got Bob home somehow; it was a sorry but, after all, not so very difficult a task. The unlucky young fellow's natural gentleness and tractability survived even in this degrading defeat. Wine in, truth out; but that enemy could bring nothing brutal or obscene to the surface of Bob's mind; its shallow waters were at least clear. Van got him home somehow, protesting, plaintively apologetic, spasmodically gay, and got him up into the porch with as little scuffling and noise as was possible. The house was dark. 'They're all asleep!' Van thought in relief; and succeeded in keeping Bob quiet while he went through his pockets for his night-key. Before he could find it, however, a little light gleamed over the transom, the door opened almost soundlessly, and Lorrie stood there.

She had a glass hand-lamp and held it up, gazing around it into the dark;

she seemed unnaturally tall in a white wrapper that drew into folds about her feet; her long, dark hair divided in two wide braids lay smoothly on either side of her face and down over her breast. The young man was reminded startlingly of some painting or image of a madonna he had once seen, long ago.

'Is it you, Bob?' Lorrie said in a whisper; 'won't you try not to wake Mother — *Van Cleve!*' Even in her surprise, she governed her voice.

'I've brought him home, Lorrie — I — I found him on the street,' said Van, hanging his head. But after her first exclamation, the girl scarcely seemed to take account of him. Her eyes passed over Van Cleve and fell anxiously on her brother, huddled on the old, rickety porch-seat; she came a step out of the doorway, shivering as the cold struck her, and clutching together her light draperies.

'Thank you — I — I'm glad it was you, Van,' she said brokenly, yet with a self-control that astonished the young man; he looked at her, touched and reverent, as she went on with the same painful strength: 'I'm glad it was you — but won't you — won't you please go away now? I can take care of him now he's home. I can't go out and find him — I just have to wait — that's really the — the worst of it, you know. And I don't want Mother to know. If you'll just go away now, Van Cleve, I can manage him. I'm afraid you — you *might* make some noise, and wake them up — you're not used to it, you know,' said poor Lorrie, simply.

'I'm not going away, and you're not going to take care of him,' said Van Cleve in his harshest manner — though he, too, tried to speak under his breath. He put her aside, and took Bob by the shoulder. 'Stand up, Bob; you know you can stand up if you try,' he commanded savagely.

'Don't you tush my sister!' said Bob

in his thick accent. The fancied offense to Lorrie roused him in an extraordinary fashion; he shook off the other's grasp, and got upon his feet unaided. 'You shan't talk that way to Lorrie, I don't care if it is you, Van!' he said quite distinctly; and then equally unaccountably slipped back to his former state. 'Leggo me! Whash doin'? G' upstairs m'self,' he asserted, mumbling, hiccoughing, wavering. Van Cleve seized and steadied him; the lamp cast a shaking light over them, and over Lorrie's white face and cold, trembling hands; it was a piece of cheap and squalid tragedy.

'Please, Van Cleve, I can take care of him, truly —' she began again, imploringly.

'You shall not!' said Van roughly.

She obeyed him this time, meekly following with the light while Van Cleve propped, pushed, and dragged the other upstairs to his own room, got some of his clothes off, and deposited him in the bed, where he lay quite stupid now, and erelong sleeping noisily. His two guardians went cautiously down again. The Gilbert family dog had come to look on, head on one side, wrinkling its honest brow in uncomprehending doggish curiosity and anxiety; it sniffed at Van's hand inquiringly, recognized him, and retired satisfied to its nightly bivouac across the threshold of Mrs. Gilbert's bedroom. Lorrie stood with her lamp at the door to light the young man's way out.

'What is it? Is that you, Lorrie? Are you sick? What is the matter?' Mrs. Gilbert waked up suddenly and called. It was a miracle she had not waked sooner. Van Cleve looked at Lorrie, utterly disconcerted.

'Nothing at all, Mother; nothing's the matter,' she called back pleasantly and composedly. 'Dingo seemed to want to get out, and then when I let him out, he began to scratch and whine

and make such a fuss, I had to get up and let him in again.'

'Oh, I thought — that is —' Mrs. Gilbert paused; there was a moment of blank silence — it was singularly, curiously, blank and silent. 'I thought I heard somebody on the stairs — I must have been dreaming,' said Mrs. Gilbert with a kind of hurried distinctness and emphasis. 'Never mind me, dearie — I would have waked anyhow —' Her voice ceased suddenly.

'She does n't *know*, Van — you *see* she does n't know,' Lorrie whispered; it was an appeal.

Van Cleve heard the two women lying to each other with wonder and pity. As he looked at Lorrie, on a sudden, for the first time, he saw her face quiver. She put up her hands to hide it, and leaned against the wall, sobbing — but still noiselessly. Van Cleve felt desperately that he would give his right hand, he would give a year out of his life, to take her to him and comfort her — but what comfort would she get from *him*? To go away and leave her in peace was the greatest kindness he could do her! He lingered an instant, helplessly, dumb; even without the risk of detection, he would have been at a loss what to say; so they parted at last without a word.

CHAPTER VI

TREATS OF SUNDRY AFFAIRS OF THE HEART

Although the skeleton in the Gilbert family closet was by way of being uncloseted nowadays, was indeed rattling its joints and stalking abroad in the full glare of noonday to the horror of all temperate and well-behaved persons, there was at least one who remained unaffected by the spectacle. The young lady whom people generally referred to as 'that Jameson girl,' or

'that little Paula Jameson,' must have known as much about Bob's miserable failing as anybody; but, drunk or sober, good or bad, weak or strong, it was apparently all one to her. She continued to make what the other girls vowed was a 'dead set' at the young man. It was impossible to believe, according to them, that she haunted the house so persistently out of fondness for Lorrie. *Everybody* knew (they said) that she had begun her attentions to Bob's sister long ago in the hope of 'getting-in'; and Lorrie was so *dear* and *sweet* she never had the heart to get rid of her, to say nothing of the fact that that would have been a *job*, because Paula was too thick-skinned to take a hint or feel any ordinary rebuff. But *now*! — it was plain to be seen that she was after Bob. And she would probably get him, too, — he was a good deal taken with her. Mercy, nobody else wanted him; still, it was rather a pity, he was so nice when — when he was all right, you know. The family were all so nice, and Lorrie was *lovely*, and they would *hate* such a connection, though of course they would stand it on Bob's account.

What was it that was the matter with Miss Jameson, then? Merely her manners? Our society is not snobbish; doubtless there were people in it no brighter or better-bred than Paula Jameson, and certainly not nearly so pretty; but it would not swallow her; it would have none of her or her mother. Yet they were really inoffensive creatures.

Mrs. Jameson was a large, vivid, extraordinarily corseted and high-heeled lady, about forty-five years of age, with the same kind of auburn hair as her daughter's, invariably arranged in the latest fashion, or even a little in advance of the latest fashion; and with a fondness for perfumery and for entire toilets in shades of purple, — parasols, gloves, silk stockings, suede

shoes, all elaborately matched, where-with she might frequently be seen upon the streets, bearing herself with a kind of languid *chic* — the word she herself would have used. She was a widow; and the late Mr. Jameson — Levi B. Jameson, Plumbers' Supplies, Sewer-Pipe, Metal Roofing, etc. — having got together a reasonable fortune in his time, she and Paula were very comfortably off, or would have been, if the taste for purple costumes, and similar tastes in which Paula also had been trained, had not kept them in perpetual hot water, spending and retrenching with an equal thriftlessness. They lived at 'private' hotels or fashionable boarding-houses here and there, and went to the theatre a great deal; idling through the rest of their time in shopping, or having their hands manicured and hair dressed, or giving the French bulldog his bath, or yawning over the last lurid novel, with a box of chocolate-drops, in the rocking-chairs of the roof-garden or lounge.

Their circle of acquaintances was not large; Mrs. Jameson had no social traditions or aspirations, no hobbies, no recreations, no aim in life at all, except to be the best-dressed woman in any assembly, to keep her weight down to a hundred and thirty-five pounds, and never to miss her tri-weekly 'facial' at the beauty parlors she patronized. Paula had never seen her mother do anything, had never known her to be interested in anything, but the above subjects, although, to do her justice, Mrs. Jameson was fond of her daughter and gave almost as much attention to Paula's wardrobe and figure and complexion as to her own. It was not strange that the girl could conceive of no different or more elevated existence; that is a rare character, the sages tell us, that can be superior to environment, and Paula was not a rare character; she was not especially endowed in

any way, except physically. She had been curled, scented, arrayed in slippers too tight, and sashes too wide, and hats too big, like a little show-window puppet, ever since she could remember; had been kissed and petted and admired by other hotel-dwelling women, and noticed and flattered by men, until it was natural that the pretty red-gold head should be occupied with Paula's self, with her beauty and her 'style,' and, above all, her irresistible attraction for every trousered human being she saw, to the exclusion of all else. Why not? She *was* attractive. She had no talents or accomplishments; but she had been to two or three of the most select and fashionable schools; she spent infinite pains on her dress, with charming results; she could not talk at all, but she could always *look*, as Bob Gilbert himself had said; she was very pliable and good-tempered, ready to laugh at any joke she could understand, and to enter into any plan; what more could have been asked of her, or why should she not have been satisfied with herself?

Why little Miss Paula should have taken the fancy she apparently did to the Professor's daughter, it was for a long while impossible for the latter to guess. Lorrie was too humane to throw her off, which, besides, as the other girls hinted, was no easy matter; and Miss Gilbert grew finally to feel a sort of maternal fondness and a certain responsibility for the childish, pretty young creature, even after the other had ingenuously and quite unconsciously revealed the secret of her devotion. 'It's so nice for you having a brother — a grown-up one, I mean — like Bob, is n't it? There're always such a lot of men coming to the house all the time — so nice! You have ever so many more men than any of the other girls. It's just lovely here — there's always *somebody*!' she said one day, and won-

dered why Lorrie, after a moment's meditative pause, looking at her oddly the while, suddenly broke into a little laugh; all her face twinkled; she laughed and laughed.

'What's funny? What's the joke?' demanded Paula, lazily interested; she picked up a hand-glass, and moved closer to the window.

"The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light!" said Lorrie, profanely, reducing her expression to one of prodigious gravity on the instant; and Paula at the bureau, painstakingly examining a minute speck on the right side of her chin, which she dreaded might be the beginning of a pimple, did not attempt to follow her friend's abrupt changes of mood. Besides, Lorrie, like nearly everybody else, was forever making speeches which Paula found it too fatiguing even to pretend to understand.

'Of course *all* the men are n't nice; but it's nice to have them come to call on you, anyhow.' — Thus Miss Jameson. — 'I'd feel awfully if I never had a caller. There's a girl at the Alt.' (the young lady's abbreviation of the Altamont, that being the name of the caravanseraï which sheltered the Jamesons at the moment) 'that I don't believe has ever had a bit of attention in her life — not the least little tiny *scrap*! I'd feel awfully in her place, would n't you? Momma — I mean Mama — Mama says any girl that has n't had a proposal before she's twenty is a *freak*. I said to her, "Well, that lets *me* out! I'm safe, anyhow!" Momma — Mama — simply screamed; she's been telling everybody in the hotel. I don't care. It's true, you know. I'm going on twenty-three, and I've had four — I mean not counting college boys when you're away in the summer, and all that. I never count them, though lots of girls do. I don't care for boys — I'd rather have *men*. One of

mine has stacks of money; he's in the shoe business in Springfield, Massachusetts, and used to come around and stop at the Alt. regularly four times a year, getting up trade at the stores, you know. He don't come any more, though, since I turned him down. I don't think the shoe business would be very stylish, somehow, do you? It would n't be like saying your husband was president of a bank, or something. He did give me lovely things, though.' She sighed reminiscently. 'He gave me my silver toilet-set — all except those two big cologne bottles, with the silver deposit on cut glass. Another man gave me those. I priced them afterwards at Dormer's and they're fifteen dollars apiece. Is n't it funny how men just love to spend money on you? I had a fellow once that gave me the cutest little watch — one of the real little ones not any bigger than *that*, you know, dark blue enamel with pearls all over it, and a little flure-de-lee pin to match — too cute for anything. I'll show it to you some time when you're over. I wish you'd come over; you always say you will, and then you never do.'

'You don't mean to say you took those men's presents?' ejaculated Lorrie, ungrammatically.

'Why, yes. Why? Would n't you have? They're *lovely* things — they're all *real*, you know, the pearls on the watch and everything. I would n't have 'em a minute if they were n't. I hate anything *common*. But would n't you have taken them? The men were simply *gone* about me, you know, just *crazy*.'

'Mother would n't have let me,' Lorrie stammered, trying, in her quick humanity, to make some explanation that might not hurt the other's feelings. But Paula looked at her with no feeling more pronounced than surprise.

'I should think you'd take 'em, and

just not tell her,' she remarked; 'you can always say you saved up and bought 'em out of your own money, or some girl in Seattle or somewhere 'way off sent 'em to you. Momma don't know about *all* my things. I like to have presents from men. I can't see that there's any harm in it.' A curious hardness came into her face; she eyed the older girl with something like cunning, an expression as uncanny on Paula's soft, dimpled features as it would have been on a five-year-old baby's. 'Did n't anybody ever give you anything?'

'No,' said Lorrie, shortly, annoyed.

'Pooh, you just won't tell. I think you might *me*, though — I would n't give you away. You've had ever so many men awfully gone on you, everybody says. I love to hear them talk and go on that *soft* way, don't you? I think you might tell *me*. There's V. C. K. — you know who I mean — you needn't pretend you don't.'

'V. C. K.? *Oh!*' said Lorrie, cringing; 'please don't say things like that, Paula. He's just Bob's friend. It does n't seem fair to a man to — to talk like that. Even if it were true, it sounds — it sounds' — She stopped, hampered for words the other could understand without offense; she could not say to Paula that it sounded cheap and common. 'I would n't do it, if I were you,' Lorrie said finally.

'Seems to me there's a lot of things you won't do,' Paula said suspiciously. 'Everybody knows it — about Van Kendrick, I mean. He comes here to see *you*. He is n't such a tremendously good friend of Bob's; they don't go around together nearly as much as they used to.'

Lorrie did not answer; her face clouded unhappily.

'Well, if he has n't ever come right out and asked you, I suppose it's because of his family,' suggested Paula,

comfortingly, misreading the other's silence and look of trouble; 'I suppose he thinks he can't afford to get married. I don't like him much, anyhow. He's always so — so — well, so grumpy and grouchy, you know. He always shoots right by you on the street, and just grabs off his hat and jabs it on again as if he was afraid for his life to stop and speak for fear he'd have to ask you to go to lunch with him or pay your carfare or something. He never does offer to take a person anywhere, to the theatre or anything. He's awfully stingy. Oh, I don't suppose he's that way with *you*. But I just hope you won't take him, Lorrie.'

'I told you there was n't any question of that,' said Lorrie, not too amiably. She was tired of listening to all this dull, distasteful stuff. If she was not at all in love with Van Cleve Kendrick, she still thought him a deal above Miss Jameson's criticism.

Paula only shrugged, and turned her attention to her finger-nails. After a while she said, without raising her eyes, 'Mr. Cortwright's getting to come pretty often, too, is n't he?'

'Not any more than anybody else,' said Lorrie; and now she, too, kept her eyes down.

'I thought he seemed to be here every time I happen to come over — in the evenings, you know,' said Paula, who indeed 'happened' to come over in the evenings two or three times a week with striking regularity. There crept into her eyes that same look of babyish sharpness that had showed there a while before. 'I noticed it because two or three times he's taken me home,' she said explanatorily.

'Yes?' said Lorrie, engrossed in her embroidery.

'Why, yes, don't you remember? It was when Bob was out or sick, so *he* could n't,' said Paula, more explanatorily still. She went on quickly with a

good deal of emphasis, 'I just said to myself, "Well, if I'd known *you* were going to be here, I'd have stayed home!" You know I don't like Mr. Cortwright, either, Lorrie — I don't like him a *little* bit!' She paused, slightly out of breath, glancing narrowly into her companion's face; but Lorrie's eyes were still lowered, and at the moment she was matching two skeins of pink floss with elaborate care, so that if Paula had counted on these statements making some visible impression, she was disappointed. 'I just *hate* him!' she announced vigorously.

'Oh, poor Mr. Cortwright!' said Lorrie, with a kind of absent-minded laugh, deciding on the deeper shade at last.

The other girl scrutinized her silently. 'Do *you* like him?' she suddenly demanded.

'Oh, yes. He's always been very nice to Bob, you know,' said Lorrie, maintaining her light tone, but furious inwardly to feel the red coming into her cheeks. It was ridiculous to be dragging in Bob this way to account for every man that came to the house; she began to laugh, a little nervously.

Paula looked at her again uncertainly. 'Well, I *hate* him!' she repeated; 'I've never even asked him in when we got to the Alt., or asked him to call, or anything.' Again Paula considered, or, at least, had the appearance of considering, though it would have been hard to believe that any operation of so much consequence was going on behind that lovely, inanimate mask. 'He don't like me, either — Mr. Cortwright just hates me, I know it,' she said, eyeing Lorrie expectantly. 'He just took me home those times because he *had* to.'

Lorrie made an inarticulate sound of dissent, and went on with her fancy-work assiduously.

'Does he ever say anything to you about me?' asked Paula,

'Why, yes — no — I don't know — sometimes — I suppose we talk about everybody once in a while —' said Lorrie, rather confusedly. Mr. Cortwright had not been over complimentary in his references to Miss Jameson. But the latter, who candidly liked to stand in the limelight and the centre of the stage, and in general would rather have heard that she had been severely reviewed, even lacerated, by the gossips, than that they had passed her over with no notice at all, nevertheless looked not disturbed at the neglect Lorrie implied.

'Mr. Cortwright don't like me,' she insisted again.

According to legend, two pairs of ears should have been burning pretty smartly while the above conversation went on; we may imagine that the first gentleman under discussion, could he have overheard Miss Jameson, would have dismissed her estimate of his character easily enough. Van Cleve was not of a temper to be much ruffled by the accusation of stinginess and rudeness. Very likely it was near the truth; and he himself might have explained that he did n't have any time for attentions to girls, and his money came too hard to be spent plentifully. He had a use for every dollar; and, by Something-quite-strong, if that young lady had ever *made* a dollar, she'd think differently! Also he would have said — with a red face — that that was all rot about himself and Miss Gilbert.

As for Cortwright, the fact is, 'poor Paula' had hit upon the truth itself in those last remarks of hers, for he had confessed as much to Lorrie! The girl bored him to death, he had said with great plainness and energy. Pretty, of course, but there was absolutely nothing *to* her! He did wish she'd give up this running after Bob, and let the house alone. He, too, spoke of the

times he had been obliged to take her home — he could n't get out of it, you know — did n't want to be rude, but really —! He was lightly and humorously eloquent on the subject of Miss Jameson.

'I think you are a little hard on poor Paula,' Lorrie remonstrated, coming to the defense more out of sex-loyalty than from any feeling for the other girl. 'You ought to make allowances for the way she's been brought up. It's pathetic when you stop to think about it. No real *home*, and no real *mother* —'

'*What!* No mother? Oh, come now, Miss Gilbert, you surely know Mrs. Jameson, don't you? You've seen her, anyway? Ah, I see, that's it! You *do* know Mrs. Jameson!' said the gentleman, meaningly, with a lazy laugh.

'I did n't mean to say that — I did n't say that exactly. I meant her mother does n't — is n't — well, she's not like *some* mothers, you know,' said Lorrie, lamely, between her habitual desire to be charitable, and a strong disapproval of Mrs. Jameson.

Cortwright understood her and laughed again. 'Mrs. Jameson is n't much like *your* kind of mother,' he said; and added, 'there are n't many like you among the daughters, either, for that matter,' with the faintly caressing emphasis of which he had the secret.

It made Lorrie's face grow warm even in the dark, as they sat on the porch of a midsummer night. They were sitting in their customary positions: that is, Lorrie leaning back against the pillar, with her white skirts flowing down, and her small, capable hands for once idle in her lap; and Cortwright, on the step below, bending towards her in one of those cavalier attitudes into which he fell more or less unaffectedly; he was naturally graceful in his movements; and the sword and mantle of the Cavalier

day would have set upon him as suitably as its light and swaggering morals. Sometimes his hand or foot touched hers accidentally — or tentatively; but as to any of the sentimental advances which he was reported to practice, the young man seldom attempted them with Lorrie Gilbert. The fellow that tried to kiss her would *get his*, he sometimes thought, in his profanely modern speech; and was startled to feel a thrill of anger, resentment, jealous desire, dart through him at this purely speculative person's act. He was beginning to be much more in earnest than he had ever dreamed of being; certainly than he had ever been before with any of the women he had encountered throughout his easy, conquering, not too scrupulous, career. Also he was perfectly well aware that rumor bracketed their two names; and let it go undenied, keeping silence, but smiling in a style calculated to support the talk, if anything. In reality, it at once flattered and disconcerted him; he was not sure that he was so much in earnest as all that, he said to himself, half-complacent and half-alarmed. The very candor of Lorrie's liking at once defeated and spurred him on. And now, as he sat beside her, sensing, as often before, to his own wonder and enchantment, an ineffable comfort, restfulness, and content, physical, spiritual, he did not know which, in her presence and nearness, a sudden small anxiety overtook him.

'I imagine Miss Jameson tells you all about her love-affairs — what *he* said and what *she* said, and all the rest of it,' he said; 'she's had a good many, probably.'

'Oh, yes,' said Lorrie, indulgently; and she laughed.

Cortwright was relieved at her tone and laughter. 'After all, it would be a pretty good thing if Bob fell in love with her. It would do him good to get

his mind set on some girl, I believe,' he said, in a kind, elder-brother fashion that touched Lorrie deeply.

'That's what I've often thought,' she said impulsively; 'that's what I've often longed for. Mother and I — we can't do much — he's too used to us — a man does n't seem to care much what his mother and sisters think about him. He knows they're going to love him, anyhow. But if Bob would only get to caring for some girl — Paula or anybody — if he'd *only* — instead of —' Lorrie's voice failed; all the pain and worry of these past few months when things, already so bad, seemed to be getting so much worse, suddenly knotted together in her throat. She turned her face away, sternly resolved to control herself. 'I'm getting silly and hysterical, laughing one minute and wanting to cry the next!' she thought, impatiently. Indeed, she had been under a hard strain for some time now.

The man, who knew well enough what the trouble was, looked at her and then down, a little shamed, a little humbled. Bob's misbehavior surely could not be laid to his door; but a sharp regret stung him. 'Men don't deserve to have sisters and mothers and — and wives!' he declared huskily, not conscious of the irrelevance of the words until they were out; and both of them were awkwardly silent an instant. Cortwright looked into her face again, and saw that the brown eyes shone suspiciously in the moonlight, as with unshed tears. He gave an exclamation.

'Don't do that, Lorrie, don't! I — I mean, don't worry about Bob so!' he stammered, moved by a genuine, self-forgetful sympathy and pity. He took her hand; he kept on with reassuring and comforting words. 'Bob's all right — he's going to come out all right. He'll get over this running around, you know, and — er — and coming in

late at night, and — er — and all that. Why, there're lots of fellows worse than Bob —'

'I know that, Mr. Cortwright, but that does n't make it any easier,' said Lorrie, brokenly; she swallowed hard, and went on without looking at him, 'I'm sure Bob would n't — would n't do anything wrong, even when he's — when he's *that way*, you know. But it's been so long now it seems as if maybe he never would get over it. That's what frightens me. It began when he was only a little boy; he used to drink the peach-brandy. Sometimes he drank it all up. When I found out, I never told Mother, and I never said a word to him. I'd go and fill the jug up with syrup. I suppose it was wrong, but I — I did n't know any better. To this day, I don't know whether Mother knows or not. I would just as lief stick the carving-knife into her as ask — or tell her. She might think it was her fault because of having the peach-brandy around, you see —' She drew her hand away quickly; she was frightened at her own loss of self-control, frightened at her sudden longing to cry her troubles out on the young man's shoulder.

'Oh, don't get to thinking things like that. That's morbid, that's foolish!' Cortwright urged, honestly moved; and none the less because the peach-brandy episode seemed to him an ordinary boyish crime, fit only to be laughed at; its very littleness touched him. 'It is n't anybody's fault. Nearly all men have some kind of a time like this. Bob will come around all right. Why, he's a fine fellow, a splendid fellow — he's going to be all right —'

He felt with a strange tangle of emotions, — surprise, conceit, satisfaction, and something as near to real tenderness as he could entertain, — that this sad business about Bob brought Lorrie and himself closer together than a year

of visits and attentions and frank, pleasant intimacies had been able to do. And now, as always when he was with her, Lorrie unwittingly called out all that was best in him. He was very gentle, governing his impulses in honest respect, made a great many fine forcible promises to 'look after Bob,' to 'see if *he* could n't do something with Bob,' to 'get Bob to straighten up,' and so forth; and went away from her at last in a very noble, protecting, ardent, and exalted state of mind, highly unusual and agreeable. He was resolved to straighten up, not only Robert, but Philip Cortwright, too. For such a girl, a man ought to be willing to do anything! He would cut out that other affair altogether; it would begin to tire him pretty soon, anyhow; he would go on the water-wagon himself, drop the ponies, marry Lorrie, and settle down!

And doubtless Lorrie went upstairs to her room soothed and sustained and full of trust in him; doubtless, too, she blushed to face herself in the glass when she thought of certain passages, certain intonations of 'his' voice, certain expressions in 'his' eyes; and combed out and braided her long, thick, waving crop of brown hair in a pensive mood which had nothing to do with that unfortunate Robert; and maybe sat awhile by the window with her chin propped on her hands, staring and stargazing and dreaming, while the family snored unromantically all about her, before she slipped into her own little bed.

At the same time, not many squares away, another acquaintance of ours may have been indulging in a very similar style of meditation, and surveying what she could of the night and stars from the window of *her* bedroom — a stuffy hotel bedroom that commanded a much better view of the rear roofs and fire-escapes and the windows of other stuffy bedrooms than of anything celestial. The young lady, in a heavily embroidered lavender crape kimono somewhat too roomy for her, — it is part of her mother's wardrobe, in fact, — has been stealthily reading and re-reading a number of little notes received with sundry boxes of candy, or perhaps with those other more costly 'presents' for which she has a weakness; she has by heart every word of those notes. They are 'soft' and sugary enough even for her taste, and fascinatingly seasoned besides with hints of mystery, secrecy, and caution. This affair quite puts in the shade the honest gentleman of the shoe business and others who have been vulgarly plain and above-board about their admiration and their hopes! It has progressed from chance meetings at first to meetings that were not by any means chance, on her part at any rate, later; and now to risky little appointments, delightful stolen moments, subtly planned encounters — exactly like a play! Indeed, was there ever a finer figure for a *matinée* hero seen on any stage than the individual signing himself *hers*, Phil?

(To be continued.)

AN EVENING AT MADAME RACHEL'S

A NEWLY DISCOVERED LETTER OF ALFRED DE MUSSET

Although the letter bears no date and its envelope has been lost, it is still possible to fix the evening precisely; it was May 29, 1839. From this date the relations between the poet and the young tragedienne became most friendly. — THE EDITORS.

MY very best thanks, honored Madame and dear Godmother, for the letter of the amiable Paolita [Pauline Garcia] which you sent to me. This letter is both interesting and charming, but you, who never miss an opportunity to show those whom you love best some beautiful little attention, deserve the greatest praise. You are the only human being whom I have found to be so constituted.

A charitable act always finds its reward, and, thanks to your Desdemona letter, I shall now regale you with a supper at Madame Rachel's, which will amuse you, providing we are still of the same opinion, and still share the same admiration for the divine artist. My little adventure is solely intended for you, because 'the noble child' detests indiscretions, and then also because so much stupid talk and gossip circulate since I have been going to see her, that I have decided not even to mention it when I have been to see her at the Théâtre Français.

The evening here referred to she played *Tancrède*, and I went in the intermission to see her, to pay her a compliment about her charming costume. In the fifth act she read her letter with an expression which was especially sincere and touching. She told me herself that she had cried at this moment, and was so moved that she was afraid she might not be able

to continue to speak. At ten o'clock, after the close of the theatre, we met by accident in the Colonnades of the Palais Royal. She was walking arm-in-arm with Felix Bonnaire, attended by a crowd of young people, among whom were Mademoiselle Rebut, Mademoiselle Dubois, of the Conservatory, and a few others. I bow to her; she says to me, 'Come with us.'

Here we are at her house; Bonnaire excuses himself as best he can, annoyed and furious about the meeting. Rachel smiles at his deplorable departure. We enter, we sit down. Each of the young ladies beside her friend, and I next to the dear Fanfan. After some conversation Rachel notices that she has forgotten her rings and bracelets in the theatre. She sends her servant-girl to fetch them. There's no girl here now to prepare supper! But Rachel rises, changes her dress, and goes into the kitchen. After a quarter of an hour she reënters, in house-dress and cap, beautiful as an angel, and holds in her hand a plate with three beefsteaks which she has just fried. She puts the plate in the middle of the table and says, 'I hope it will taste good to you.' Then she goes into the kitchen again and returns with a soup-bowl of boiling bouillon in the one hand and in the other a dish of spinach. That is the supper! No plates, no spoons, because the serv-

ant girl has taken the keys with her. Rachel opens the sideboard, finds a bowl of salad, takes the wooden fork, eventually discovers a plate, and begins to eat alone.

'In the kitchen,' says Mamma, who is hungry, 'are the pewter knives and forks.'

Rachel rises, fetches them, and distributes them among those present. Now the following conversation takes place, in which you will notice that I have not changed anything.

The Mother: Dear Rachel, the beef-steaks are too well done.

Rachel: You are right; they are as hard as stone. Formerly, when I still did the housekeeping, I certainly cooked much better. I am poorer now for forgetting about it. There is nothing to be done about it, and for that matter I have learned something else instead. Don't you eat, Sarah? (To her sister).

Sarah: No; I do not eat with pewter knives and forks.

Rachel: Ah, just listen to that! Since I have bought from my savings a dozen silver knives and forks you cannot touch pewter any more. I suppose when I become richer you will have to have a liveried lackey behind your chair and one before. (Pointing to her fork.) I shall never part with these old knives and forks. They have done us service for too long. Is n't it so, Mamma?

The Mother (with her mouth full): She is a perfect child!

Rachel (turning to me): Think of it, when I was playing in the Théâtre Molière I had only two pairs of stockings, and every morning — (Here the sister Sarah begins to speak German in order to prevent her sister from saying any more).

Rachel (continuing): Stop talking your German. That is no shame at all. Yes, I only had two pairs of stockings, and in order to be able to appear at

night I had to wash one pair every morning. They hung in my room on a string while I wore the others.

I: And you did the housekeeping?

Rachel: I got up every morning at six o'clock, and at eight o'clock all the beds were made. Then I went to the Halles and bought the food.

I: And did n't you let a little profit go into your own pocket?

Rachel: No, I was a very honest cook, was n't I, Mamma?

The Mother (continuing to eat): Yes, that's true.

Rachel: Only once I was a thief for a whole month. If I bought anything for four sous I charged five, and if I paid ten I charged twelve. At the end of the month I found that I was in possession of three francs.

I (severely): And what did you do with those three francs, Mademoiselle?

The Mother (who sees that Rachel is silent): Monsieur de Musset, she bought the works of Molière for that money.

I: Really?

Rachel: Why, yes, certainly. I had Corneille and Racine, and so I had to have Molière, and I bought him for three francs; then I confessed all my sins. Why does Mademoiselle Rebut go? Good-night, Mademoiselle!

The largest part of the dull people follow the example of Mademoiselle Rebut. The servant-girl returns with the forgotten rings and bracelets. They are put on the table. The two bracelets are magnificent, worth at least four to five thousand francs. In addition to them there is a most costly golden tiara. All this is lying anywhere about the table, betwixt and between the salad, the pewter spoons, and the spinach.

The idea of keeping house, attending to the kitchen, making beds, and of all the cares of a poverty-stricken house-

hold, sets me thinking, and I look at Rachel's hands, secretly fearing that they are ugly or ruined. They are graceful, dainty, white, and full, the fingers tapering. In reality, hands of a princess.

Sarah, who is not eating, does not cease scolding in German. It must be remarked that, on this certain day, in the forenoon, she had been up to some pranks, which, according to her mother's opinion, had gone a bit too far, and it was only owing to the urgent interference of her sister that she had been forgiven and had been allowed to retain her place at the table.

Rachel (answering to her German scolding): Leave me in peace, I want to speak about my youth. I remember that one day I wanted to make punch in one of these pewter spoons. I held the spoon over the light, and it melted in my hand. By the way, Sophie, give me the *kirsch*; we will make some punch. Ouf . . . I have done; I have eaten enough. (The cook brings a bottle).

The Mother: Sophie is mistaken. That is a bottle of absinthe.

I: Give me a drop.

Rachel: Oh, how glad I would be if you would take something with us.

The Mother: Absinthe is supposed to be very healthy.

I: Not at all. It is unhealthy and detestable.

Sarah: Why do you want to drink some, then?

I: In order to be able to say that I have partaken of your hospitality.

Rachel: I want to drink also. (She pours out absinthe into a tumbler and drinks. A silver bowl is brought to her, in which she puts sugar and *kirsch*; then she lights her punch, and lets it flame up.) I love this blue flame.

I: It is much prettier if there is no candle burning.

Rachel: Sophie, take the candles away.

The Mother: What ideas you have! Nothing of the kind shall be done.

Rachel: It is unbearable . . . Pardon, me, Mamma, you dear good one . . . (She embraces her). But I would like to have Sophie take the candles away.

A gentleman takes both candles and puts them under the table — twilight effect. The mother, who in the light of the flames from the punch appears now green, now blue, fixes her eyes upon me, and watches every one of my movements. The candles are brought up again.

A Flatterer: Mademoiselle Rebut did not look well this evening.

I: You demand a great deal. I think she is very pretty.

A second Flatterer: She lacks *esprit*.

Rachel: Why do you talk like that? She is not stupid, like many others, and besides, she has a good heart. Leave her in peace. I do not want my colleagues to be talked about in this manner.

The punch is ready. Rachel fills the glasses, and distributes them. The remainder of the punch she pours into a soup plate and begins to eat it with a spoon. Then she takes my cane, pulls out the dagger which is in it, and commences to pick her teeth with the point of it.

Now there is an end to this gossip and this childish talk. A word is sufficient to change the whole atmosphere of the evening, and what follows is consecrated with the power of art.

I: When you read the letter this evening you were very much moved.

Rachel: Yes, I felt as if something were breaking within me, and in spite of all I do not like that play [*Tancrède*] very much. It is untrue.

I: You prefer the plays of Corneille and Racine?

Rachel: I like Corneille well enough, although he is flat occasionally, and sometimes too pompous. All that is not truth.

I: Eh, eh! Mademoiselle, slowly, slowly!

Rachel: For instance, see, when, in *Horace*, Sabine says, 'One can change the lover, not the husband'—Well, I don't like that; that is common.

I: At least you will admit that that is true.

Rachel: Yes, but is it worthy of Corneille? There I prefer Racine. I adore him. Everything that he says is so beautiful, so true, so noble!

I: As we are just speaking about Racine, do you remember that some time ago you received an anonymous letter in which some hints were given to you in reference to the last scene of *Mithridate*?

Rachel: Certainly. I followed the advice, and since then I have a tremendous amount of applause in this scene. Do you know the person who wrote me that?

I: Very well. It is a woman who is the happy possessor of the most brilliant mind and the smallest foot in Paris. Which rôle are you studying now?

Rachel: This summer we shall play *Maria Stuart*, and then *Polyeucte* and may be—

I: What?

Rachel (beating the table with her fist): Listen, I want to play Phèdre. It is said that I am too young, that I am too thin, and a hundred other stupidities of that kind. But I answer, it is the most beautiful part by Racine, and I shall play it.

Sarah: That would probably not be right, Rachel.

Rachel: Leave me in peace! They think I am too young, the part is not appropriate. By Heaven, when I was playing Roxane I said quite differ-

ent things, and what do I care about that? And if they say that I am too thin, then I consider that a stupidity. A woman who is filled with a criminal love, and who would rather die than submit to it, a woman who is consuming herself in the fire of her passion, of her tears, such a woman cannot have a bosom like the Paradol; that would be absurd. I have read the part ten times within the last eight days. I do not know how I am going to play it, but I can tell you this: I feel the part. The papers can write what they please. They will not spoil it for me. They do not know what to bring up against me, in order to harm me instead of helping and encouraging me; but if there is no other way out of it I shall play it to only four persons. (Turning to me.) Yes, I have read many candid and conscientious criticisms, and I know of nothing better, nothing more useful, but there are many people who are using their pen in order to lie, in order to destroy. They are worse than thieves and murderers. They kill the intellect with pin-pricks. Really, if I could I would poison them!

The Mother: Dear child, you never stop talking; you are making yourself tired. You were on your feet at six o'clock this morning; I don't know what was the matter with you. You've been gossiping all day. And then you played this evening. You will make yourself sick.

Rachel (full of liveliness): No, let me be. I tell you, no. I call this life. (Turning to me) Shall I fetch the book? We will read the play together.

I: There is no need of such a question. You cannot make me a pleasanter suggestion.

Sarah: But, dear Rachel, it is half past eleven.

Rachel: Who hinders you from going to sleep?

Sarah actually goes to bed; Rachel

rises and goes out, and on returning holds in her hand the volume of Racine. Her expression and her walk have something festive and sacred. She walks like a priestess who, carrying the holy vessels, approaches the altar. She sits down next to me, and snuffs the candle; the mother falls asleep smilingly.

Rachel (opens the book with special reverence and leans over it): How I love this man! When I put my nose into this book I could forget to eat and to drink for two days and two nights.

Rachel and I begin to read *Phèdre*. The book lies open between us on the table. All the others go away. Rachel bows to each one as they depart, with a slight nod of the head, and continues in her reading. At first she reads in a monotonous tone, as if it were a litany; by and by she becomes more animated; we exchange our ideas and our observations about each passage. Finally she arrives at the explanation. She stretches out her right arm on her table, resting it on her elbow, the forehead in her left hand. She lets herself be carried away by the contents of the passage; at the same time she speaks

in a half-lowered voice. Suddenly her eyes flash, the genius of Racine lights up her features, she pales, she blushes. Never have I seen anything more beautiful, anything more moving; nor did she ever make such a deep impression on me in the theatre.

So the time passes until half past twelve. The father returns from the opera, where he had seen La Nathan appear for the first time in *La Juive*. No sooner had he sat down than he ordered his daughter in brusque words to stop her declamation. Rachel closes the book and says, —

‘It is revolting. I am going to buy myself a light, and will read alone in bed.’

I looked at her; big tears filled her eyes.

It was really shocking to see such a creature treated in this way. I rose to go, filled with admiration, respect, and sympathy.

Having reached home, I hurry to put down the details of this memorable evening for you with the faithfulness of a stenographer, in the expectation that you will keep it, and that one day it will be found.

LESSONS OF THE WILDERNESS¹

BY JOHN MUIR

I

EXCEPTING Sundays we boys had only two days of the year to ourselves, the 4th of July and the 1st of January. Sundays were less than half our own, on account of Bible lessons, Sunday-school lessons, and church services; all the others were labor-days, rain or shine, cold or warm. No wonder then that our two holidays were precious, and that it was not easy to decide what to do with them. They were usually spent on the highest rocky hill in the neighborhood, called the Observatory; in visiting our boy friends on adjacent farms to hunt, fish, wrestle, and play games; in reading some new favorite book we had managed to borrow or buy; or in making models of machines I had invented.

One of our July days was spent with two Scotch boys of our own age, hunting redwing blackbirds then busy in the cornfields. Our party had only one single-barreled shot-gun, which, as the oldest, and perhaps because I was thought to be the best shot, I had the honor of carrying. We marched through the corn without getting sight of a single redwing, but just as we reached the far side of the field a red-headed woodpecker flew up and the Lawson boys cried, 'Shoot him! shoot him! he is just as bad as a blackbird. He eats corn!'

This memorable woodpecker alight-

¹ Earlier chapters of John Muir's autobiography have been published in the November and December issues of the *Atlantic*. — THE EDITORS.
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ed in the top of a white oak tree about fifty feet high. I fired from a position almost immediately beneath him and he fell straight down at my feet. When I picked him up and was admiring his plumage he moved his legs slightly and I said, 'Poor bird, he's no deed yet and we'll hae to kill him to put him oot o' pain,' — sincerely pitying him, after we had taken pleasure in shooting him. I had seen servant-girls wringing chickens' necks, so with desperate humanity I took the limp unfortunate by the head, swung him around three or four times, thinking I was wringing his neck, and then threw him hard on the ground to quench the last possible spark of life and make quick death doubly sure. But to our astonishment the moment he struck the ground he gave a cry of alarm and flew right straight up like a rejoicing lark into the top of the same tree, and perhaps to the same branch he had fallen from, and began to adjust his ruffled feathers, nodding and chirping and looking down at us as if wondering what in the bird world we had been doing to him. This, of course, banished all thought of killing, so far as that revived woodpecker was concerned, no matter how many ears of corn he might spoil, and we all heartily congratulated him on his wonderful, triumphant resurrection from three kinds of death, — shooting, neck-wringing, and destructive concussion. I suppose only one pellet had touched him, glancing on his head.

We saw very little of the owlsh, serious-looking coons, and no wonder,

since they lie hidden nearly all day in hollow trees, and we never had time to hunt them. We often heard their curious, quavering, whining cries on still evenings, but only once succeeded in tracing an unfortunate family through our cornfield to their den in a big oak and catching them all. One of our neighbors, Mr. McRath, a Highland Scotchman, caught one and made a pet of it.

So far as I know, all wild creatures keep themselves clean. Birds, it seems to me, take more pains to bathe and dress themselves than any other animals. Even ducks, though living so much in water, dip and scatter cleansing showers over their backs, and shake and preen their feathers as carefully as land birds. Watching small singers taking their morning baths is very interesting, particularly when the weather is cold. Alighting in a shallow pool, they oftentimes show a sort of dread of dipping into it, like children hesitating about taking a plunge, as if they were subject to the same kind of shock, and this makes it easy for us to sympathize with the little feathered people.

Occasionally I have seen from my study window red-headed linnets bathing in dew when water elsewhere was scarce. A large Monterey cypress with broad branches and innumerable leaves on which the dew lodges in still nights made a favorite bathing-place. Alighting gently, as if afraid to waste the dew, they would pause, and fidget as they do before beginning to plash in pools; then dip and scatter the drops in showers and get as thorough a bath as they would in a pool. I have also seen the same kind of baths taken by birds on the boughs of silver firs on the edge of a glacier meadow, but nowhere have I seen the dewdrops so abundant as on the Monterey cypress; and the picture made by the quivering

wings and irised dew was memorably beautiful. Children, too, make fine pictures plashing and crowing in their little tubs. How widely different from wallowing pigs, bathing with great show of comfort, and rubbing themselves dry against rough-barked trees!

Some of our own species seem fairly to dread the touch of water. When the necessity of absolute cleanliness by means of frequent baths was being preached by a friend who had been reading Comb's *Physiology*, in which he had learned something of the wonders of the skin, with its millions of pores that had to be kept open for health, one of our neighbors remarked, 'Oh! that's unnatural. It's well enough to wash in a tub maybe once or twice in a year, but not to be paddling in the water all the time like a frog in a spring-hole.' Another neighbor, who prided himself on his knowledge of big words, said, with great solemnity, 'I never can believe that man is amphibious!'

It seemed very wonderful to us that the wild animals could keep themselves warm and strong in winter when the temperature was far below zero. Feeble-looking rabbits scudded away over the snow, lithe and elastic, as if glorying in the frosty sparkling weather and sure of their dinners. I have seen gray squirrels dragging ears of corn, about as heavy as themselves, out of their field through loose snow and up a tree, balancing them on limbs and eating in comfort with their dry electric tails spread airily over their backs. Once I saw a fine hardy fellow go into a knot-hole. Thrusting in my hand, I caught him and dragged him out. As soon as he guessed what I was up to, he took the end of my thumb in his mouth and sunk his teeth right through it, but I gripped him hard by the neck, carried him home, and shut him up in a box that contained about half a bushel of

hazel and hickory nuts, hoping that he would not be too much frightened and discouraged to eat, while thus imprisoned, after the rough handling he had suffered.

I soon learned, however, that sympathy in this direction was wasted; for no sooner did I pop him in than he fell to with right hearty appetite, gnawing and munching the nuts as if he had gathered them himself and were very hungry that day. Therefore, after allowing time enough for a good square meal, I made haste to get him out of the nut-box and shut him up in a spare bedroom, in which father had hung a lot of selected ears of Indian corn for seed. They were hung up by the husks on cords stretched across from side to side of the room. The squirrel managed to jump from the top of one of the bed-posts to the cord, cut off an ear, and let it drop to the floor. He then jumped down, got a good grip of the heavy ear, carried it to the top of one of the slippery, polished bed-posts, seated himself comfortably, and, holding it balanced, deliberately pried out one kernel at a time with his long chisel teeth, ate the soft, sweet germ, and dropped the hard part of the kernel. In this masterly way, working at high speed, he demolished several ears a day, and with a good warm bed in a box made himself at home and grew fat. Then, naturally, I suppose, free romping in the snow and tree-tops with companions came to mind. Anyhow he began to look for a way of escape. Of course, he first tried the window, but found that his teeth made no impression on the glass. Next he tried the sash and gnawed the wood off level with the glass; then father happened to come upstairs and discovered the mischief that was being done to his seed-corn and window, and immediately ordered him out of the house.

Before the arrival of farmers in the Wisconsin woods the small ground squirrels, called 'gophers,' lived chiefly on the seeds of wild grasses and weeds; but after the country was cleared and ploughed, no feasting animal fell to more heartily on the farmer's wheat and corn. Increasing rapidly in numbers and knowledge, they became very destructive, particularly in the spring when the corn was planted, for they learned to trace the rows and dig up and eat the three or four seeds in each hill about as fast as the poor farmers could cover them. And, unless great pains were taken to diminish the numbers of the cunning little robbers, the fields had to be planted two or three times over, and even then large gaps in the rows would be found. The loss of the grain they consumed after it was ripe, together with the winter stores laid up in their burrows, amounted to little as compared with the loss of the seed on which the whole crop depended.

One evening about sundown, when my father sent me out with the shotgun to hunt them in a stubble field, I learned something curious and interesting in connection with these mischievous gophers, though just then they were doing no harm. As I strolled through the stubble, watching for a chance for a shot, a shrike flew past me, and alighted on an open spot at the mouth of a burrow about thirty yards ahead of me. Curious to see what he was up to, I stood still to watch him. He looked down the gopher-hole in a listening attitude, then looked back at me to see if I was coming, looked down again and listened, and looked back at me. I stood perfectly still, and he kept twitching his tail, seeming uneasy and doubtful about venturing to do the savage job that I soon learned he had in his mind. Finally, encouraged by my keeping so still, to my astonishment

he suddenly vanished in the gopher-hole.

A bird going down a deep narrow hole in the ground like a ferret or a weasel seemed very strange, and I thought it would be a fine thing to run forward, clap my hand over the hole, and have the fun of imprisoning him and seeing what he would do when he tried to get out. So I ran forward, but stopped when I got within a dozen or fifteen yards of the hole, thinking it might, perhaps, be more interesting, to wait and see what would naturally happen without my interference. While I stood there looking and listening, I heard a great disturbance going on in the burrow, a mixed lot of keen squeaking, shrieking, distressful cries, telling that down in the dark something terrible was being done.

Then suddenly out popped a half-grown gopher, four and a half or five inches long, and, without stopping a single moment to choose a way of escape, ran screaming through the stubble straight away from its home, quickly followed by another and another, until some half dozen were driven out, all of them crying and running in different directions, as if at this dreadful time 'home, sweet home' was the most dangerous and least desirable of all places in the wide world. Then out came the shrike, flew above the runaway gopher children, and, diving on them, killed them one after another with blows at the back of the skull. He then seized one of them, dragged it to the top of a small clod, so as to be able to get a start, and laboriously made out to fly with it about ten or fifteen yards, when he alighted to rest. Then he dragged it to the top of another clod and flew with it about the same distance, repeating this hard work over and over again, until he managed to get one of the gophers on to the top of a log fence. How much he ate of his hard-won prey,

or what he did with the others, I can't tell, for by this time the sun was down, and I had to hurry home to my chores.

II

At first, wheat, corn, and potatoes were the principal crops we raised; wheat especially. But in four or five years the soil was so exhausted that only five or six bushels an acre, even in the better fields, were obtained, although when first ploughed twenty and twenty-five bushels were about the ordinary yield. More attention was then paid to corn, but without fertilizers the corn crop also became very meagre. At last it was discovered that English clover would grow on even the exhausted fields, and that when ploughed under and planted with corn, or even wheat, wonderful crops were raised. This caused a complete change in farming methods: the farmers raised fertilizing clover, planted corn, and fed the crop to cattle and hogs.

In summer the chores were grinding scythes, feeding the animals, chopping stove-wood, and carrying water up the hill from the spring on the edge of the meadow, and so forth. Then breakfast, and to the harvest or hayfield. I was foolishly ambitious to be first in mowing and cradling, and, by the time I was sixteen, led all the hired men. An hour was allowed at noon, and then more chores. We stayed in the field until dark; then supper, and still more chores, family worship, and to bed; making altogether a hard, sweaty day of about sixteen or seventeen hours. Think of that, ye blessed eight-hour-day laborers!

In winter, father came to the foot of the stairs and called us at six o'clock to feed the horses and cattle, grind axes, bring in wood, and do any other chores required; then breakfast, and out to work in the mealy, frosty snow

by daybreak, chopping, fencing, and so forth. So in general our winter work was about as restless and trying as that of the long-day summer. No matter what the weather, there was always something to do. During heavy rain- or snow-storms we worked in the barn, shelling corn, fanning wheat, thrashing with the flail, making axe-handles, ox-yokes, mending things, or sorting sprouting potatoes in the cellar.

No pains were taken to diminish or in any way soften the natural hardships of this pioneer farm-life; nor did any of the Europeans seem to know how to find reasonable ease and comfort if they would. The very best oak and hickory fuel was embarrassingly abundant and cost nothing but cutting and common sense; but instead of hauling great heart-cheering loads of it for wide, open, all-welcoming, climate-changing, beauty-making, God-like ingle-fires, it was hauled with weary, heart-breaking industry into fences and waste places, to get it out of the way of the plough, and out of the way of doing good.

The only fire for the whole house was the kitchen stove, with a fire-box about eighteen inches long and eight inches wide and deep, — scant space for three or four small sticks, around which, in hard zero weather, all the family of ten persons shivered, and beneath which, in the morning, we found our socks and coarse soggy boots frozen solid. We were not allowed to start even this despicable little fire in its black box to thaw them. No, we had to squeeze our throbbing, aching, chilblained feet into them, causing greater pain than toothache, and hurry out to chores. Fortunately the miserable chilblain pain began to abate as soon as the temperature of our feet approached the freezing-point, enabling us, in spite of hard work and hard frost, to enjoy the winter beauty,

— the wonderful radiance of the snow when it was starry with crystals, and the dawns and the sunsets and white noons, and the cheery enlivening company of the brave chickadees and nut-hatches.

The winter stars far surpassed those of our stormy Scotland in brightness, and we gazed and gazed as though we had never seen stars before. Often-times the heavens were made still more glorious by auroras, the long lance rays, called 'Merry Dancers' in Scotland, streaming with startling tremulous motion to the zenith. Usually the electric auroral light is white or pale yellow, but in the third or fourth of our Wisconsin winters there was a magnificently colored aurora that was seen and admired over nearly all the continent. The whole sky was draped in graceful purple and crimson folds glorious beyond description. Father called us out into the yard in front of the house where we had a wide view, crying, 'Come! Come, mother! Come, bairns! and see the glory of God. All the sky is clad in a robe of red light. Look straight up to the crown where the folds are gathered. Hush and wonder and adore, for surely this is the clothing of the Lord Himself, and perhaps He will even now appear looking down from his high heaven.' This celestial show was far more glorious than anything we had ever yet beheld, and throughout that wonderful winter hardly anything else was spoken of.

We even enjoyed the snow-storms; the thronging crystals, like daisies, coming down separate and distinct, were very different from the tufted flakes we enjoyed so much in Scotland, when we ran into the midst of the slow-falling, feathery throng shouting with enthusiasm, 'Jennie's plucking her doos [doves]! Jennie's plucking her doos!'

Nature has many ways of thinning and pruning and trimming her forests

— lightning strokes, heavy snow, and storm-winds to shatter and blow down whole trees here and there, or break off branches as required. The results of these methods I have observed in different forests, but only once have I seen pruning by rain. The rain froze on the trees as it fell, and the ice grew so thick and heavy that many of them lost a third or more of their branches. The view of the woods when the storm had passed and the sun shone forth was something never to be forgotten. Every twig and branch and rugged trunk was encased in pure crystal ice, and each oak and hickory and willow became a fairy crystal palace. Such dazzling brilliance, such effects of white light and irised light, glowing and flashing, I had never seen, nor have I since. This sudden change of the leafless woods to glowing silver was, like the great aurora, spoken of for years, and is one of the most beautiful of the many pictures that enrich my life. And besides the great shows there were thousands of others, even in the coldest weather, manifesting the utmost fineness and tenderness of beauty, and affording noble compensation for hardship and pain.

III

Although in the spring of 1849 there was no other settler within a radius of four miles of our Fountain Lake farm, in three or four years almost every quarter-section of government land was taken up, mostly by enthusiastic home-seekers from Great Britain, with only here and there Yankee families from adjacent states, who had come drifting indefinitely westward in covered wagons, seeking their fortunes like winged seeds; all alike striking root and gripping the glacial drift-soil as naturally as oak and hickory trees; happy and hopeful, establishing homes,

and making wider and wider fields in the hospitable wilderness. The axe and plough were kept very busy; cattle, horses, sheep, and pigs multiplied; barns and corn-cribs were filled up, and man and beast were well fed; a school-house was built which was used also for a church, and in a very short time the new country began to look like an old one.

Comparatively few of the first settlers suffered from serious accidents. One of the neighbors had a finger shot off, and on a bitter, frosty night, had to be taken to a surgeon in Portage, in a sled drawn by slow, plodding oxen, to have the shattered stump dressed. Another fell from his wagon and was killed by the wheel passing over his body. An acre of ground was reserved and fenced for graves, and soon consumption came to fill it. One of the saddest instances was that of a Scotch family from Edinburgh, consisting of a father, son, and daughter, who settled on eighty acres of land within half a mile of our place. The daughter died of consumption the third year after their arrival, the son one or two years later, and at last the father followed his two children, completely wiping out the entire family. Thus sadly ended bright hopes and dreams of a happy home in rich and free America.

Another neighbor, I remember, after a lingering illness, died of the same disease in midwinter, and his funeral was attended by the neighbors, in sleighs, during a driving snow-storm when the thermometer was fifteen or twenty degrees below zero.

One of the saddest deaths from other causes than consumption was that of a poor feeble-minded man whose brother, a sturdy blacksmith and preacher, and so forth, was a very hard taskmaster. Poor half-witted Charlie was kept steadily at work — although he was not able to do much, for his body was about

as feeble as his mind. He never could be taught the right use of an axe, and when he was set to chopping down trees for fire-wood, he feebly hacked and chipped round and round them, sometimes spending several days in nibbling down a tree that a beaver might have gnawed down in half the time. Occasionally, when he had an extra large tree to chop, he would go home and report that the tree was too tough and strong for him, and that he could never make it fall. Then his brother, calling him a useless creature, would fell it with a few well-directed strokes, and leave Charlie to nibble away at it for weeks trying to make it into stove-wood.

The brawny blacksmith-minister punished his feeble brother without any show of mercy for every trivial offense or mistake or pathetic little shortcoming. All the neighbors pitied him — especially the women, who never missed an opportunity to give him kind words, cookies, and pie; above all they bestowed natural sympathy on the poor imbecile as if he were an unfortunate motherless child. In particular, his nearest neighbors, Scotch Highlanders, warmly welcomed him to their home and never wearied in doing everything that tender sympathy could suggest. To those friends he ran away at every opportunity. But, after years of suffering from overwork and punishment, his feeble health failed, and he told his Scotch friends one day that he was not able to work any more or do anything that his brother wanted him to do, that he was beaten every day, and that he had come to thank them for their kindness and bid them good-bye, for he was going to drown himself in Muir's lake.

'Oh, Charlie! Charlie!' they cried, 'you must n't talk that way. Cheer up! You will soon be stronger. We all love you. Cheer up! Cheer up!

And always come here whenever you need anything.'

'Oh, no! my friends,' he pathetically replied, 'I know you love me, but I can't cheer up any more. My heart's gone, and I want to die.'

Next day, when Mr. Anderson, a carpenter whose house was on the west shore of our lake, was going to a spring, he saw a man wade out through the rushes and lily-pads and throw himself forward into deep water. This was poor Charlie. Fortunately Mr. Anderson had a skiff close by and, as the distance was not great, he reached the broken-hearted imbecile in time to save his life, and after trying to cheer him took him home to his brother. But even this terrible proof of despair failed to soften the latter. He seemed to regard the attempt at suicide simply as a crime calculated to bring the reproach of the neighbors upon him. One morning, after receiving another beating, Charlie was set to work chopping fire-wood in front of the house, and after feebly swinging his axe a few times he pitched forward on his face and died on the wood-pile. The unnatural brother then walked over to the neighbor who had saved Charlie from drowning, and, after talking on ordinary affairs, crops, the weather, and so forth, said in a careless tone, 'I have a little job of carpenter work for you, Mr. Anderson.' 'What is it, Mr. —?' 'I want you to make a coffin.' 'A coffin!' said the startled carpenter. 'Who is dead?' 'Charlie,' he coolly replied.

All the neighbors were in tears over the poor child-man's fate. But, strange to say, in all that excessively law-abiding neighborhood, nobody was bold enough or kind enough to break the blacksmith's jaw.

The mixed lot of settlers around us offered a favorable field for observation of the different kinds of people of

our own race. We were swift to note the way they behaved, the differences in their religion and morals, and in their ways of drawing a living from the same kind of soil under the same general conditions; how they protected themselves from the weather; how they were influenced by new doctrines and old ones seen in new lights, in preaching, lecturing, debating, bringing up their children, and so forth, and how they regarded the Indians, those first settlers and owners of the ground that was being made into farms.

I well remember my father's discussing with a Scotch neighbor, a Mr. George Mair, the Indian question, as to the rightful ownership of the soil. Mr. Mair remarked one day that it was pitiful to see how the unfortunate Indians, children of Nature, living on the natural products of the soil, hunting, fishing, and even cultivating small cornfields on the most fertile spots, were now being robbed of their lands, and pushed ruthlessly back into narrower and narrower limits by alien races who were cutting off their means of livelihood. Father replied that surely it could never have been the intention of God to allow Indians to rove and hunt over so fertile a country, and hold it forever in unproductive wilderness, while Scotch and Irish and English farmers could put it to so much better use. Where an Indian required thousands of acres for his family, these acres, in the hands of industrious God-fearing farmers, would support ten or a hundred times more people in a far worthier manner, while at the same time helping to spread the gospel.

Mr. Mair urged that such farming as our first immigrants were practicing was in many ways rude and full of the mistakes of ignorance; yet rude as it was, and ill-tilled as were most of our Wisconsin farms by unskillful inexperienced settlers, who had been mer-

chants and mechanics and servants in the old countries, how would we like to have specially trained and educated farmers drive us out of our homes and farms, such as they were, making use of the same argument, that God could never have intended such ignorant, unprofitable, devastating farmers as we were to occupy land upon which scientific farmers could raise five or ten times as much per acre as we did? No, my father retorted, the Lord intended that we should be driven out by those who could make a right worthy use of the soil. And I well remember thinking that Mr. Mair had the better side of the argument.

IV

I was put to the plough at the age of twelve, when my head reached but little above the handles, and for many years I had to do the greater part of the ploughing. It was hard work for so small a boy: nevertheless, as good ploughing was exacted from me as if I were a man, and very soon I had become a good ploughman, or rather plough-boy; none could draw a straighter furrow. For the first few years the work was particularly hard on account of the tree-stumps that had to be dodged. Later the stumps were all dug and chopped out to make way for the McCormick reaper, and because I proved to be the best chopper and stump-digger, I had nearly all of it to myself. It was dull hard work in the dog-days after harvest, digging and leaning over on my knees all day, chopping out those tough oak and hickory stumps deep down below the crowns of the big roots. Some, though fortunately not many, were two feet or more in diameter.

And, being the eldest boy, the greater part of all the other hard work of the farm quite naturally fell on me. I had

to split rails for long lines of zigzag fences. The trees that were tall enough and straight enough to afford one or two logs ten feet long were used for rails, the others, too knotty or cross-grained, were disposed of in log and cord-wood fences. Making rails was hard work, and required no little skill. I used to cut and split a hundred a day from our short knotty oak timber, swinging the axe and heavy mallet, often with sore hands, from early morning to night. Father was not successful as a rail-splitter. After trying the work with me a day or two, he in despair left it all to me. I rather liked it, for I was proud of my skill, and tried to believe that I was as tough as the timber I mauled, though this and other heavy jobs stopped my growth and earned for me the title, 'Runt of the family.'

In those early days, before the great labor-saving machines came to our help, almost everything connected with wheat-raising abounded in trying work, — sowing, cradling in the long sweaty dog-days, raking and binding, stacking, thrashing, — and it often seemed to me that our fierce, over-industrious way of getting the grain from the ground was closely connected with grave-digging. The staff of life, naturally beautiful, oftentimes suggested the grave-digger's spade. Men and boys, and in those days even women and girls, were cut down while cutting the wheat. The fat folk grew lean and the lean leaner, while the rosy cheeks, brought from Scotland and other cool countries across the sea, soon faded to yellow, like the wheat. We were all made slaves through the vice of over-industry.

The same was in great part true in making hay to keep the cattle and horses through the long winters. We were called in the morning at four o'clock and seldom got to bed before

nine, making a broiling, seething day, seventeen hours long, loaded with heavy work, while I was only a small stunted boy; and a few years later my brothers David and Daniel, and my older sisters, had to endure about as much as I did. In the harvest dog-days and dog-nights and dog-mornings, when we arose from our clammy beds, our cotton shirts clung to our backs as wet with sweat as the bathing-suits of swimmers, and remained so all the long sweltering days. In mowing and cradling, the most exhausting of all the farm-work, I made matters worse by foolish ambition in keeping ahead of the hired men.

Never a warning word was spoken of the dangers of overwork. On the contrary, even when sick, we were held to our tasks as long as we could stand. Once in harvest-time I had the mumps and was unable to swallow any food except milk, but this was not allowed to make any difference, while I staggered with weakness, and sometimes fell headlong among the sheaves. Only once was I allowed to leave the harvest-field — when I was stricken down with pneumonia. I lay gasping for weeks, but the Scotch are hard to kill and I pulled through. No physician was called, for father was an enthusiast and always said and believed that God and hard work were by far the best doctors.

None of our neighbors were so excessively industrious as father; though nearly all of the Scotch, English, and Irish worked too hard, trying to make good homes and to lay up money enough for comfortable independence. Excepting small garden-patches, few of them had owned land in the old country. Here their craving land-hunger was satisfied, and they were naturally proud of their farms and tried to keep them as neat and clean and well-tilled as gardens. To accomplish this without the means for hiring help was im-

possible. Flowers were planted about the neatly-kept log or frame houses; barn-yards, granaries, and so forth, were kept in about as neat order as the homes, and the fences and corn-rows were rigidly straight. But every uncut weed distressed them; so also did every ungathered ear of grain, and all that was lost by birds and gophers; and this over-carefulness bred endless work and worry.

As for money, for many a year there was precious little of it in the country for anybody. Eggs sold at six cents a dozen in trade, and five-cent calico was exchanged at twenty-five cents a yard. Wheat brought fifty cents a bushel in trade. To get cash for it before the Portage Railway was built it had to be hauled to Milwaukee, a hundred miles away. On the other hand, food was abundant, — eggs, chickens, pigs, cattle, wheat, corn, potatoes, garden vegetables of the best, and wonderful melons, as luxuries. No other wild country I have ever known extended a kinder welcome to poor immigrants. Arriving in the spring, a log house could be built, a few acres ploughed, the virgin sod planted with corn, potatoes, and so forth, and enough raised to keep a family comfortably the very first year; and wild hay for cows and oxen grew in abundance on the numerous meadows. The American settlers were wisely content with smaller fields and less of everything, kept indoors during excessively hot or cold weather, rested when tired, went off fishing and hunting at the most favorable times and seasons of the day and year, gathered nuts and berries, and, in general, tranquilly accepted all the good things the fertile wilderness offered.

v

After eight years of this dreary work of clearing the Fountain Lake farm,

fencing it, and getting it in perfect order, a frame house built, and the necessary outbuildings for the cattle and horses, — after all this had been victoriously accomplished, and we had made out to escape with life, — father bought a half-section of wild land about four or five miles to the eastward and began all over again to clear and fence and break up other fields for a new farm, doubling all the stunting, heart-breaking chopping, grubbing, stump-digging, rail-splitting, fence-building, barn-building, house-building, and the rest.

By this time I had learned to run the breaking plough; most of them were very large, turning furrows from eighteen inches to two feet wide, and were drawn by four or five yoke of oxen. These big ploughs were used only for the first ploughing, in breaking up the wild sod woven into a tough mass chiefly by the cordlike roots of perennial grasses and reinforced by the tap-roots of oak and hickory bushes, called 'grubs,' some of which were more than a century old and four or five inches in diameter. In the hardest ploughing on the most difficult ground the grubs were said to be as thick as the hair on a dog's back. If in good trim, the plough cut through and turned over these grubs as if the century-old wood were soft like the flesh of carrots and turnips; but if not in good trim, the grubs promptly tossed the plough out of the ground. A stout Highland Scot, our neighbor, whose plough was in bad order and who did not know how to trim it, was vainly trying to keep it in the ground by main strength, and his son, who was driving and merrily whipping up the cattle, would cry encouragingly, 'Haud her in, fayther! Haud her in!' 'But hoo i' the deil can I haud her in when she'll no *stop* in?' his perspiring father would reply, gasping for breath after each word.

On the contrary, when in perfect trim, with the share and coulter sharp, the plough, instead of shying at every grub and jumping out, ran straight ahead, without need of steering or holding, and gripped the ground so firmly that it could hardly be thrown out at the end of the furrow.

Our breaker turned a furrow two feet wide, and on our best land held so firm a grip that, at the end of the field, my brother, who was driving the oxen, had to come to my assistance in throwing it over on its side to be drawn around the end of the landing; and it was all I could do to set it up again. But I learned to keep that plough in such trim that after I got started on a new furrow I used to ride on the cross-bar between the handles, with my feet resting comfortably on the beam, without having to steady or steer it in any way until it reached the other end, unless we had to go around a stump, for it sawed through the biggest grubs without flinching.

The growth of these grubs was interesting to me. When an acorn or hickory nut had sent up its first season's sprout, a few inches long, it was burned off in the autumn grass-fires; but the root continued to hold on to life, formed a callous over the wound, and sent up one or more shoots the next spring. Next autumn these new shoots were burned off, but the root and calloused head, about level with the surface of the ground, continued to grow and send up more new shoots; and so on, almost every year, until the trees were very old, probably far more than a century, while the tops, which would naturally have become tall, broad-headed trees, were only mere sprouts, seldom more than two years old. Thus the ground was kept open like a prairie, with only five or six trees to the acre, which had escaped the fire by having the good fortune to grow on a

bare spot at the door of a fox or badger den, or between straggling grass-tufts wide apart on the poorest sandy soil. The uniformly rich soil of the Illinois and Wisconsin prairies produced so close and tall a growth of grasses for fires that no tree could live on it. Had there been no fires, these fine prairie-spots, so marked a feature of the country, would have been covered by the heaviest forests. As soon as the oak openings in our neighborhood were settled, and the farmers prevented from running grass-fires, the grubs grew up into trees, and formed tall thickets so dense that it was difficult to walk through them, and every trace of the sunny 'openings' vanished.

We called our second farm Hickory Hill, from its many fine hickory trees, and the long gentle slope leading up to it. Compared with Fountain Lake farm it lay high and dry. The land was better, but it had no living water, no spring or stream or meadow or lake. A well ninety feet deep had to be dug, all except the first ten feet or so, in fine-grained sandstone. When the sandstone was struck, my father, on the advice of a man who had worked in mines, tried to blast the rock; but, from lack of skill, the blasting went on very slowly, and father decided to have me do all the work with mason's chisels, a long hard job with a good deal of danger in it. I had to sit cramped in a space about three feet in diameter, and wearily chip, chip, with heavy hammer and chisels, from early morning until dark, day after day, for weeks and months. In the morning, Father and David lowered me in a wooden bucket by a windlass, hauled up what chips were left from the night before, then went away to the farm-work and left me until noon, when they hoisted me out for dinner. After dinner I was promptly lowered again, the forenoon's accumulation of chips hoisted

out of the way, and I was left until night.

One morning, after the dreary bore was about eighty feet deep, my life was all but lost in deadly choke-damp, — carbonic acid gas that had settled at the bottom during the night. Instead of clearing away the chips as usual when I was lowered to the bottom, I swayed back and forth and began to sink under the poison. Father, alarmed that I did not make any noise, shouted, 'What's keeping you so still?' to which he got no reply. Just as I was settling down against the side of the wall I happened to catch a glimpse of a branch of a bur-oak tree which leaned out over the mouth of the shaft. This suddenly awakened me, and, to father's excited shouting, I feebly murmured, 'Take me out.' But when he began to hoist he found I was not in the bucket, and in wild alarm shouted, 'Get in! Get in the bucket and hold on! Hold on!' Somehow I managed to get into the bucket, and that is all I remembered until I was dragged out, violently gasping for breath.

One of our near neighbors, a stonemason and miner by the name of William Duncan, came to see me, and, after hearing the particulars of the accident, he solemnly said, 'Weel! John-

nie, it's God's mercy that you're alive. Many a companion of mine have I seen dead with choke-damp, but none that I ever saw or heard of was so near to death in it as you were and escaped without help.' Mr. Duncan taught father to throw water down the shaft to absorb the gas, and also to drop a bundle of brush or hay attached to a light rope, dropping it again and again to carry down pure air and stir up the poison. When, after a day or two, I had recovered from the shock, father lowered me again to my work, after taking the precaution to test the air with a candle and stir it up well with a brush and hay-bundle. The weary hammer and chisel-clipping went on as before, only more slowly, until ninety feet down, when at last I struck a fine hearty gush of water. Constant dropping wears away stone. So does the constant chipping, while at the same time wearing away the chipper. Father never spent an hour in that well. He trusted me to sink it straight and plumb, and I did, and built a fine covered top over it, and swung two iron-bound buckets in it from which we all drank for many a day.

[There will be a further installment of John Muir's autobiography in the February number.]

THE POETRY OF EMILY DICKINSON

BY MARTHA HALE SHACKFORD

Not long ago a distinguished critic, reviewing Father Tabb's poetry, remarked, 'At his most obvious affinity, Emily Dickinson, I can only glance. It seems to me that he contains in far finer form pretty much everything that is valuable in her thought.' Are we thus to lose the fine significance of poetic individuality? A poet is unique, incomparable, and to make these comparisons between poets is to ignore the primary laws of criticism, which seeks to discover the essential individuality of writers, not their chance resemblances. It is as futile as it is unjust to parallel Father Tabb's work with Emily Dickinson's: his is full of quiet reverie, hers has a sharp stabbing quality which disturbs and overthrows the spiritual ease of the reader. Emily Dickinson is one of our most original writers, a force destined to endure in American letters.

There is no doubt that critics are justified in complaining that her work is often cryptic in thought and unmelodious in expression. Almost all her poems are written in short measures, in which the effect of curt brevity is increased by her verbal penuriousness. Compression and epigrammatical ambush are her aids; she proceeds, without preparation or apology, by sudden, sharp zig-zags. What intelligence a reader has must be exercised in the poetic game of hare-and-hounds, where ellipses, inversions, and unexpected climaxes mislead those who pursue sweet reasonableness. Nothing, for instance, could seem less poetical than this masterpiece

of unspeakable sounds and chaotic rhymes:—

COCOON

Drab habitation of whom?
Tabernacle or tomb,
Or dome of worm,
Or porch of gnome,
Or some elf's catacomb.

If all her poems were of this sort there would be nothing more to say; but such poems are exceptions. Because we happen to possess full records of her varying poetic moods, published, not with the purpose of selecting her most artistic work, but with the intention of revealing very significant human documents, we are not justified in singling out a few bizarre poems and subjecting these to skeptical scrutiny. The poems taken in their entirety are a surprising and impressive revelation of poetic attitude and of poetic method in registering spiritual experiences. To the general reader many of the poems seem uninspired, imperfect, crude, while to the student of the psychology of literary art they offer most stimulating material for examination, because they enable one to penetrate into poetic origins, into radical, creative energy. However, it is not with the body of her collected poems but with the selected, representative work that the general reader is concerned. Assuredly we do not judge an artist by his worst, but by his best, productions; we endeavor to find the highest level of his power and thus to discover the typical significance of his work.

To gratify the æsthetic sense was

never Emily Dickinson's desire; she despised the poppy and mandragora of felicitous phrases which lull the spirit to apathy and emphasize art for art's sake. Poetry to her was the expression of vital meanings, the transfer of passionate feeling and of deep conviction. Her work is essentially lyric; it lacks the slow, retreating harmonies of epic measures, it does not seek to present leisurely details of any sort; its purpose is to objectify the swiftly-passing moments and to give them poignant expression.

Lyric melody finds many forms in her work. Her repressed and austere verses, inexpansive as they are, have persistent appeal. Slow, serene movement gives enduring beauty to these elegiac stanzas: —

Let down the bars, O Death!
The tired flocks come in
Whose bleating ceases to repeat,
Whose wandering is done.

Thine is the stillest night,
Thine the securest fold;
Too near thou art for seeking thee,
Too tender to be told.

The opposite trait of buoyant alertness is illustrated in the cadences of the often-quoted lines on the humming-bird: —

A route of evanescence
With a revolving wheel;
A resonance of emerald,
A rush of cochineal.

Between these two margins come many wistful, pleading, or triumphant notes. The essential qualities of her music are simplicity and quivering responsiveness to emotional moods. Idea and expression are so indissolubly fused in her work that no analysis of her style and manner can be attempted without realizing that every one of her phrases, her changing rhythms, is a direct reflection of her personality. The objective medium is entirely conformable to the inner

life, a life of peculiarly dynamic force which agitates, arouses, spurs the reader.

The secret of Emily Dickinson's wayward power seems to lie in three special characteristics, the first of which is her intensity of spiritual experience. Hers is the record of a soul endowed with unceasing activity in a world not material, but one where concrete facts are the cherished revelation of divine significances. Inquisitive always, alert to the inner truths of life, impatient of the brief destinies of convention, she isolated herself from the petty demands of social amenity. A sort of tireless, probing energy of mental action absorbed her, yet there is little speculation of a purely philosophical sort in her poetry. Her stubborn beliefs, learned in childhood, persisted to the end, — her conviction that life is beauty, that love explains grief, and that immortality endures. The quality of her writing is profoundly stirring, because it betrays, not the intellectual pioneer, but the acutely observant woman, whose capacity for feeling was profound. The still, small voice of tragic revelation one hears in these compressed lines: —

PARTING

My life closed twice before its close;
It yet remains to see
If Immortality unveil
A third event to me,

So huge, so hopeless to conceive,
As these that twice befell.
Parting is all we know of heaven,
And all we need of hell.

For sheer, grim, unrelieved expression of emotional truth there are few passages which can surpass the personal experience revealed in the following poem: —

Pain has an element of blank;
It cannot recollect
When it began, or if there were
A day when it was not.

It has no future but itself,
 Its infinite realms contain
 Its past, enlightened to perceive
 New periods of pain.

Her absorption in the world of feeling found some relief in associations with nature; yet although she loved nature and wrote many nature lyrics, her interpretations are always more or less swayed by her own state of being. The colors, the fragrances, the forms of the material world, meant to her a divine symbolism; but the spectacle of nature had in her eyes a more fugitive glory, a lesser consolation, than it had for Wordsworth and other true lovers of the earth.

Brilliant and beautiful transcripts of bird-life and of flower-life appear among her poems, although there is in some cases a childish fancifulness that disappoints the reader. Among the touches of unforgettable vividness there are:—

These are the days when skies put on
 The old, old sophistries of June, —
 A blue and gold mistake;

and

Nature rarer uses yellow
 Than another hue;
 Leaves she all of that for sunsets, —
 Prodigious of blue,

Spending scarlet like a woman,
 Yellow she affords
 Only scantily and selectly,
 Like a lover's words.

Never has any poet described the haunting magic of autumnal days with such fine perception of beauty as marks the opening stanzas of 'My Cricket':—

Farther in summer than the birds,
 Pathetic from the grass,
 A minor nation celebrates
 Its unobtrusive mass.

No ordinance is seen,
 So gradual the grace,
 A pensive custom it becomes,
 Enlarging loneliness.

Most effective, however, are those poems where she describes not mere external beauty, but, rather, the effect of nature upon a sensitive observer:—

There's a certain slant of light,
 On winter afternoons,
 That oppresses, like the weight
 Of cathedral tunes.

Heavenly hurt it gives us;
 We can find no scar,
 But internal difference
 Where the meanings are.

None may teach it anything,
 'T is the seal, despair, —
 An imperial affliction
 Sent us of the air.

When it comes, the landscape listens,
 Shadows hold their breath;
 When it goes, 't is like the distance
 On the look of death.

It is essentially in the world of spiritual forces that her depth of poetic originality is shown. Others may describe nature, but few can describe life as she does. Human nature, the experiences of the world of souls, was her special study, to which she brought, in addition to that quality of intensity, a second characteristic, — keen sensitiveness to irony and paradox. Nearly all her perceptions are tinged with penetrating sense of the contrasts in human vicissitude. Controlled, alert, expectant, aware of the perpetual compromise between clay and spirit, she accepted the inscrutable truths of life in a fashion which reveals how humor and pathos contend in her. It is this which gives her style those sudden turns and that startling imagery. Humor is not, perhaps, a characteristic associated with pure lyric poetry, and yet Emily Dickinson's transcendental humor is one of the deep sources of her supremacy. Both in thought and in expression she gains her piercing quality, her undeniable spiritual thrust, by this gift, stimulating, mystifying, but

forever inspiring her readers to a profound conception of high destinies.

The most apparent instances of this keen, shrewd delight in challenging convention, in the effort to establish, through contrast, reconciliation of the earthly and the eternal, are to be found in her imagery. Although her similes and metaphors may be devoid of languid æsthetic elegance, they are quivering to express living ideas, and so they come surprisingly close to what we are fond of calling the commonplace. She reverses the usual, she hitches her star to a wagon, transfixing homely daily phrases for poetic purposes. Such an audacity has seldom invaded poetry with a desire to tell immortal truths through the medium of a deep sentiment for old habitual things. It is true that we permit this liberty to the greatest poets, Shakespeare, Keats, Wordsworth, and some others; but in America our poets have been sharply charged not to offend in this respect. Here tradition still animates many critics in the belief that real poetry must have exalted phraseology.

The poem already quoted, 'Let down the bars, O Death!' has its own rustic vividness of association. Even more homely is the domestic suggestion wherewith the poet sets forth an eternally, profoundly significant fact:—

The trying on the utmost,
The morning it is new,
Is terribler than wearing it
A whole existence through.

Surely such a commonplace comparison gives startling vividness to the innate idea. Many are the poetic uses she makes of practical everyday life:—

The soul should always stand ajar;

and

The only secret people keep
Is Immortality;

and

Such dimity convictions,
A horror so refined,

Of freckled human nature,
Of Deity ashamed;

and

And kingdoms, like the orchard,
Flit russetly away;

and

If I could n't thank you,
Being just asleep,
You will know I'm trying
With my granite lip.

More significantly, however, than in these epithets and figures, irony and paradox appear in those analyses of truth where she reveals the deep note of tragic idealism:—

Not one of all the purple host
Who took the flag to-day
Can tell the definition,
So clear, of victory,

As he, defeated, dying,
On whose forbidden ear
The distant strains of triumph
Break, agonized and clear;

and

Essential oils are wrung;
The attar from the rose
Is not expressed by suns alone,
It is the gift of screws.

She took delight in piquing the curiosity, and often her love of mysterious challenging symbolism led her to the borderland of obscurity. No other of her poems has, perhaps, such a union of playfulness and of terrible comment upon the thwarted aspirations of a suffering soul as has this:—

I asked no other thing,
No other was denied.
I offered Being for it;
The mighty merchant smiled.

Brazil? He twirled a button,
Without a glance my way:
'But, madam, is there nothing else
That we can show to-day?'

Since life seemed, to her, seldom to move along wholly simple and direct ways, she delighted to accentuate the fact that out of apparent contradic-

tions and discords are wrought the
subtlest harmonies:—

To learn the transport by the pain,
As blind men learn the sun;

and

Sufficient troth that we shall rise —
Deposed, at length, the grave —
To that new marriage, justified
Through Calvaries of Love;

and

The lightning that preceded it
Struck no one but myself,
But I would not exchange the bolt
For all the rest of life.

The expectation of finding in her work some quick, perverse, illuminating comment upon eternal truths certainly keeps a reader's interest from flagging, but passionate intensity and fine irony do not fully explain Emily Dickinson's significance. There is a third characteristic trait, a dauntless courage in accepting life. Existence, to her, was a momentous experience, and she let no promises of a future life deter her from feeling the throbs of this one. No false comfort released her from dismay at present anguish. An energy of pain and joy swept her soul, but did not leave any residue of bitterness or of sharp innuendo against the ways of the Almighty. Grief was a faith, not a disaster. She made no effort to smother the recollections of old companionship by that species of spiritual death to which so many peo-

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ple consent. Her creed was expressed in these stanzas: —

They say that 'time assuages,' —
Time never did assuage;
An actual suffering strengthens,
As sinews do, with age.

Time is a test of trouble,
But not a remedy.
If such it prove, it proves too
There was no malady.

The willingness to look with clear directness at the spectacle of life is observable everywhere in her work. Passionate fortitude was hers, and this is the greatest contribution her poetry makes to the reading world. It is not expressed precisely in single poems, but rather is present in all, as key and interpretation of her meditative scrutiny. Without elaborate philosophy, yet with irresistible ways of expression, Emily Dickinson's poems have true lyric appeal, because they make abstractions, such as love, hope, loneliness, death, and immortality, seem near and intimate and faithful. She looked at existence with a vision so exalted and secure that the reader is long dominated by that very excess of spiritual conviction. A poet in the deeper mystic qualities of feeling rather than in the external merit of precise rhymes and flawless art, Emily Dickinson's place is among those whose gifts are

Too intrinsic for renown.

J. E. B. STUART

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

STUART was a fighter by nature. His distinguishing characteristics as a West Pointer in the early fifties were remembered by Fitzhugh Lee as 'a strict attendance to his military duties, an erect, soldierly bearing, an immediate and almost thankful acceptance of a challenge from any cadet to fight, who might in any way feel himself aggrieved.' The tendency, if not inherited, did not lack paternal encouragement; for the elder Stuart writes to his son, in regard to one of these combats: 'I did not consider you so much to blame. An insult should be resented under all circumstances.' The young cadet also showed himself to be a fearless and an exceptionally skillful horseman.

These qualities served him well in the Indian warfare to which he was immediately transferred from West Point. His recklessness in taking chances was only equaled by his ingenuity in pulling through. One of his superiors writes, 'Lieutenant Stuart was brave and gallant, always prompt in execution of orders and reckless of danger and exposure. I considered him at that time one of the most promising young officers in the United States Army.'

Later, Stuart took a prominent part in the capture of John Brown. He himself wrote an account of the matter at the time for the newspapers, simply to explain and justify Lee's conduct. He also wrote a letter to his mother, with a characteristic description of his own doings: 'I approached the door in the presence of perhaps two thousand spec-

tators, and told *Mr. Smith* that I had a communication for him from Colonel Lee. He opened the door about four inches, and placed his body against the crack, with a cocked carbine in his hand; hence his remark after his capture that he could have wiped me out like a mosquito When *Smith* first came to the door I recognized old Ossawatimie Brown, who had given us so much trouble in Kansas. No one present but myself could have performed that service. I got his bowie-knife from his person, and have it yet.'

From the very beginning of the war Stuart maintained this fighting reputation. He would attack anything, anywhere, and the men who served under him had to do the same; what is more, and marks the born leader, he made them wish to do the same. 'How can I eat, sleep, or rest in peace without you upon the outpost?' wrote Joseph Johnston; and a noble enemy, who had been a personal friend, Sedgwick, is reported to have said that Stuart was 'the greatest cavalry officer ever foaled in America.'

Danger he met with more than stolid indifference, a sort of furious bravado, thrusting himself into it with manifest pleasure, and holding back, when he did hold back, with a sigh. And some men's luck! Johnston was wounded a dozen times, was always getting wounded. Yet Stuart, probably far more exposed, was wounded only once, in earlier life, among the Indians; in the war not at all until the end. His clothes were pierced again and again.

According to that fable-mongering Prussian, Von Borcke, the general had half of his mustache cut off by a bullet 'as neatly as it could have been done by the hand of an experienced barber.' Yet nothing ever drew blood till the shot which was mortal. Such an immunity naturally encouraged the sort of fatalism not unusual with great soldiers, and Stuart once said of the proximity of his enemies: 'You might have shot a marble at them — but I am not afraid of any ball aimed at me.'

In this spirit he got into scores of difficult places — and got out again. Sometimes it was by quick action and a mad rush, as when he left his hat and a few officers behind him. Sometimes it was by stealth and secrecy, as when he hid his whole command all night within a few hundred yards of the marching enemy. 'And nothing now remained but to watch and wait and keep quiet. Quiet? Yes, the men kept very quiet, for they realized that even Stuart never before had them in so tight a place. But many times did we fear that we were betrayed by the weary, hungry, headstrong mules of the ordnance train. Men were stationed at the head of every team; but, in spite of all precautions, a discordant bray would every now and then fill the air. Never was the voice of a mule so harsh!'

The men who had watched and tried and tested him on such occasions as these knew what he was and gave him their trust. He asked nothing of them that he would not do himself. Therefore they did what he asked of them. Scheibert says that 'he won their confidence and inspired them by his whole bearing and personality, by his kindling speech, his flashing eye, and his cheerfulness, which no reverse could overcome.' Stuart himself describes his followers' enthusiastic loyalty with a naïveté as winning as it is

characteristic. 'There was something of the sublime in the implicit confidence and unquestioning trust of the rank and file in a leader guiding them straight, apparently, into the very jaws of the enemy, every step appearing to them to diminish the very faintest hope of extrication.' Yet he asked this trust, and they gave it simply on the strength of his word. 'You are about to engage in an enterprise which, to ensure success, imperatively demands at your hands coolness, decision, and bravery, implicit obedience to orders without question or cavil, and the strictest order and sobriety on the march and in the bivouac. The destination and extent of this expedition had better be kept to myself than known to you.'

The men loved him also because, when the strain was removed, he put on no airs, pretense, or remoteness of superiority, but treated them as man to man. 'He was the most approachable of major-generals, and jested with the private soldiers of his command as jovially as though he had been one of themselves. The men were perfectly unconstrained in his presence, and treated him more as if he were the chief huntsman of a hunting party than as a major-general.' His officers also loved him, and not only trusted him for war, but enjoyed his company in peace. He was constantly on the watch to do them kindnesses, and would frolic with them — marbles, snowballs, quoits, what-not? — like a boy with boys.

And Stuart loved his men as they loved him, did not regard them as mere food for cannon, to be used and abused and forgotten. There is something almost pathetic in his neglect of self in praising them. 'The horseman who, at his officer's bidding, without question, leaps into unexplored darkness, knowing nothing except that

there is danger ahead, possesses the highest attribute of the patriot soldier. It is a great source of pride to me to command a division of such men.' Careless of his own danger always, he was far more thoughtful of those about him. In the last battle he was peculiarly reckless, and Major McClellan noticed that the general kept sending him with messages to General Anderson. 'At last the thought occurred to me that he was endeavoring to shield me from danger. I said to him, "General, my horse is weary. You are exposing yourself, and you are alone. Please let me remain with you." He smiled at me kindly, but bade me go to General Anderson with another message.'

Any reflection on his command aroused him at once to its defense. 'There seems to be a growing tendency to abuse and underrate the services of that arm of the service [cavalry] by a few officers of infantry, among whom I regret to find General Trimble. Troops should be taught to take pride in other branches of the service than their own.'

It is very rare that Stuart has any occasion to address himself directly to the authorities at Richmond. Fighting, not writing, was his business. But when he feels that his men and horses are being starved unnecessarily, he bestirs himself, and sends Seddon a letter which is as interesting for nervous and vigorous expression as for the character of the writer. 'I beg to urge that in no case should persons not connected with the army, and who are amply compensated for all that is taken, be allowed more subsistence per day than the noble veterans who are periling their lives in the cause and, at every sacrifice, are enduring hardship and exposure in the ranks.'

And the general's care and enthusiasm for his officers was as great as for

the privates. It is charming to see how earnestly and how specifically he commends them in every report. Particularly, he is anxious to impress upon Lee that no family considerations should prevent the merited advancement of Lee's own son and nephew. Even on his death-bed one of his last wishes was that his faithful followers should have his horses, and he allotted them thoughtfully according to each officer's need.

The general did not allow his feelings to interfere with subordination, however. His discipline 'was as firm as could be with such men as composed the cavalry of General Lee's army,' writes Judge Garnett. 'He never tolerated nor overlooked disobedience of orders.' Even his favorites, Mosby and Fitz Lee, come in for reproof when needed. Of the latter's failure to arrive at Raccoon Ford when expected, he writes, 'By this failure to comply with instructions, not only the movement of the cavalry across the Rappahannock was postponed a day, but a fine opportunity was lost to overhaul a body of the enemy's cavalry on a predatory excursion far beyond their lines.' His tendency to severity in regard to a certain subordinate calls forth one of Lee's gently tactful cautions: 'I am perfectly willing to transfer him to Paxton's brigade, if he desires it; but if he does not, I know of no act of his to justify my doing so. Do not let your judgment be warped.' There were officers with whom Stuart could not get along, for instance, 'Grumble Jones,' who perhaps could get along with no one. Yet, after Stuart's death, Jones said of him, 'By G—, Martin! You know I had little love for Stuart, and he had just as little for me; but that is the greatest loss that army has ever sustained, except the death of Jackson.'

From these various considerations

it will be surmised that Stuart was no mere reckless swordsman, no Rupert, good with sabre, furious in onset, beyond that signifying nothing. He knew the spirit of the antique maxim, 'Be bold, and evermore be bold; be not too bold.' He had learned the hardest lesson and the essential corrective for such a temperament, self-control. To me there is an immense pathos in his quiet, almost plaintive, explanation to Lee on one occasion: 'The commanding general will, I am sure, appreciate how hard it was to desist from the undertaking, but to any one on the spot there could be but one opinion — its impossibility. I gave it up.' On the other hand, no one knew better that in some cases perfect prudence and splendid boldness are one and the same thing. To use again his own words: 'Although the expedition was prosecuted further than was contemplated in your instructions, I feel assured that the considerations which actuated me will convince you that I did not depart from their spirit, and that the bold development in the subsequent direction of the march was the quintessence of prudence.' Lee always used the right words. In one of his reports he says of Stuart, 'I take occasion to express to the Department my sense of the boldness, *judgment*, and *prudence* he displayed in its execution.' (The italics are mine.)

But one may have self-control without commanding intelligence. Fremantle's description of Stuart's movements does not suggest much of the latter quality. 'He seems to roam over the country at his own discretion, and always gives a good account of himself, turning up at the right moment; and hitherto he has not got himself into any serious trouble.' Later, more studious observers do not take quite the same view. One should read the whole of the Prussian colonel,

Scheibert's, account of Stuart's thorough planning, his careful calculation, his exact methods of procedure. 'Before Stuart undertook any movement, he spared nothing in the way of preparation which might make it succeed. He informed himself as exactly as possible by scouts and spies, himself reconnoitred with his staff, often far beyond the outposts, had his engineer officers constantly fill out and improve the rather inadequate maps and ascertain the practicability of roads, fords, etc. In short, he omitted no precaution and spared no pains or effort to secure the best possible results for such undertakings as he planned; therefore he was in the saddle almost as long again as his men.' Similar testimony can be gathered incidentally everywhere in Stuart's letters and reports, proving that he was no chance roamer, but went where he planned to go, and came back when he intended. For instance, he writes of the Peninsular operations, 'It is proper to remark here that the commanding general had, on the occasion of my late expedition to the Pamunkey, imparted to me his design of bringing Jackson down upon the enemy's right flank and rear, and directed that I should examine the country with reference to its practicability for such a movement. I therefore had studied the features of the country very thoroughly, and knew exactly how to conform my movements to Jackson's route.'

On the strength of these larger military qualities it has sometimes been contended that Stuart should have had an even more responsible command than fell to him, and that Lee should have retained him at the head of Jackson's corps after Jackson's death. Certainly Lee can have expressed no higher opinion of any one. 'A more zealous, ardent, brave, and devoted soldier than Stuart the Confederacy cannot have.'

Johnston called him 'calm, firm, acute, active, and enterprising; I know no one more competent than he to estimate occurrences at their true value.' Longstreet, hitting Jackson as well as praising Stuart, said, 'His death was possibly a greater loss to the Confederate army than that of the swift-moving Stonewall Jackson.' Among foreign authorities, Scheibert tells us that 'General von Schmidt, the regenerator of our [Prussian] cavalry tactics, has told me that Stuart was the model cavalry leader of this century, and has questioned me very often about his mode of fighting.' And Captain Battine thinks that he should have had Jackson's place. Finally, Alexander, sanest of Confederate writers, expresses the same view strongly and definitely: 'I always thought it an injustice to Stuart, and a loss to the army, that he was not from that moment *continued in command of Jackson's corps*. He had *won* the right to it. I believe he had all of Jackson's genius and dash and originality, without that eccentricity of character which sometimes led to disappointment. . . . Jackson's spirit and inspiration were uneven. Stuart, however, possessed the rare quality of being always *equal to himself at his very best*.'

This is magnificent praise, coming from such a source. Nevertheless, I find it hard to question Lee's judgment. There was nothing in the world to prevent his giving Stuart the position, if he thought him qualified. It is not absolutely certain how Stuart would have carried independent command. I can hardly imagine Davis writing of Jackson as he did of Stuart: 'The letter of General Hill painfully impresses me with that which has before been indicated — a want of vigilance and intelligent observation on the part of General Stuart.' Major Bigelow, who knows the battle of

Chancellorsville as well as any one living, does not judge Stuart's action so favorably as Alexander. And Cooke, who adored Stuart and served constantly under him, says, 'At Chancellorsville, when he succeeded Jackson, the troops, although quite enthusiastic about him, complained that he led them too recklessly against artillery; and it is hard for those who knew the man to believe that, as an army commander, he would have consented to a strictly defensive campaign. Fighting was a necessity of his blood, and the slow movements of infantry did not suit his genius.'

May it not be, also, that Lee thought Stuart indispensable where he was, and believed that it would be as difficult to replace him as Jackson? Most of Stuart's correspondence has perished and we are obliged to gather its tenor from letters written to him, which is much like listening to a one-sided conversation over the telephone. From one of Lee's letters, however, it is fairly evident that neither he nor Stuart himself had seriously considered the latter's taking Jackson's place. Lee writes, 'I am obliged to you for your views as to the successor of the great and good Jackson. Unless God in his mercy will raise us up one, I do not know what we shall do. I agree with you on the subject, and have so expressed myself.'

In any event, what his countrymen will always remember of Stuart is the fighting figure, the glory of battle, the sudden and tumultuous fury of charge and onset.

And what above all distinguishes him in this is his splendid joy in it. Others fought with clenched fist and set teeth, rejoicing perhaps, but with deadly determination of lip and brow. He laughed and sang. His blue eye sparkled and his white teeth gleamed. To others it was the valley of the

shadow of death. To him it was a picnic and a pleasure party.

He views everything on its picturesque side, catches the theatrical detail which turns terror and death into a scenic surprise. 'My arrival could not have been more fortunately timed, for, arriving after dark, the ponderous march, with the rolling artillery, must have impressed the enemy's cavalry, watching their rear, with the idea of an immense army about to cut off their retreat.' He rushes gayly into battle, singing, 'Old Joe Hooker, won't you come out of the Wilderness?' or his favorite of favorites, 'If you want to have a good time, jine the cavalry.' When he is riding off, as it were into the mouth of hell, his adjutant asks, how long, and he answers, as Touchstone might, with a bit of old ballad, 'It may be for years and it may be for ever.' His clear laughter, in the sternest crises, echoes through dusty war books like a silver bell. As he sped back from his raid, the Union troops were close upon him and the swollen Chickahominy in front, impassable, it seemed. Stuart thought a moment, pulling at his beard. Then he found the remains of an old bridge and set his men to rebuild it. 'While the men were at work upon it, Stuart was lying down on the bank of the stream, in the gayest humor I ever saw, laughing at the prank he had played on McClellan.'

It is needless to enlarge on the effect of such a temper, such exuberant confidence and cheerfulness in danger, on subordinates. It lightened labor, banished fatigue, warmed chill limbs and fainting courage. 'My men and horses are tired, hungry, jaded, but all right,' was the last dispatch he ever wrote. So long as he was with them they were all right. His very voice was like music, says Fitz Lee, 'like the silver trumpet of the Archangel.' It

sounded oblivion of everything but glory. His gayety, his laughter, were infectious, and turned a raid into a revel. 'That summer night,' writes Mosby of the McClellan expedition, 'was a carnival of fun I can never forget. Nobody thought of danger or sleep, when champagne bottles were bursting, and wine was flowing in copious streams. All had perfect confidence in their leader . . . The discipline of the soldiers for a while gave way to the wild revelry of Comus.'

And this spirit of adventure, of romance, of buoyant optimism and energy, was not reserved merely for occasions of excitement, was not the triumphant outcome of glory and success. It was constant and unailing. To begin with, Stuart had a magnificent physique. 'Nothing seemed strong enough to break down his powerful organization of mind and body,' says his biographer; and Mosby: 'Although he had been in the saddle two days and nights without sleep, he was as gay as a lark.' When exhaustion finally overcame him, he would drop off his horse by the roadside, anywhere, sleep for an hour, and arise as active as ever. Universal testimony proves that he was overcome and disheartened by no disaster. He would be thoughtful for a moment, pulling at his beard, then seize upon the best decision that presented itself and push on. Dreariness sometimes crushes those who can well resist actual misfortune. Not Stuart. 'In the midst of rainstorms, when everybody was riding along grum and cowering beneath the flood pouring down, he would trot on, head up, and singing gayly.'

The list of his personal adventures and achievements is endless. He braved capture and death with entire indifference, trusting in his admirable horsemanship, which often saved him, trusting in Providence, trusting in no-

thing at all but his quick wit and strong arm, curious mainly, perhaps, to see what would happen. On one occasion he is said to have captured forty-four Union soldiers. He was riding absolutely alone and ran into them taking their ease in a field. Instantly he chose his course. 'Throw down your arms or you are all dead men.' They were green troops and threw them down, and Stuart marched the whole squad into camp. When duty forbids a choice adventure, he sighs, as might Don Quixote. 'A scouting party of one hundred and fifty lancers had just passed toward Gettysburg. I regretted exceedingly that my march did not admit of the delay necessary to catch them.'

I have sometimes asked myself how much of this spirit of romantic adventure, of knight-errantry, as it were, in Stuart, was conscious. Did he, like Claverhouse, read Homer and Froissart, and try to realize in modern Virginia the heroic deeds, still more, the heroic spirit, of antique chivalry? In common with all Southerners, he probably knew the prose and poetry of Scott, and dreamed of the plume of Marmion and the lance of Ivanhoe. He must have felt the weight of his name also, and believed that James Stuart might be aptly fitted with valorous adventure and knightly deeds and sudden glory. It is extremely interesting to find him writing to Jackson, 'Did you receive the volume of Napoleon and his maxims I sent you?' I should like to own that volume. And in his newspaper account of Brown's raid he quotes Horace, horribly, but still Horace, '*Erant fortes ante Agamemnona.*'

Yet I do not gather that he was much of a student; he preferred to live poems rather than to read them. The spirit of romance, the instinct of the picturesque, was born in him, and

would out anywhere and everywhere. Life was a perpetual play, with ever-shifting scenes, and gay limelight, and hurrying incident, and passionate climax. Again and again he reminds me of a boy playing soldiers. His ambition, his love of glory, was of this order; not a bit the ardent, devouring, frowning, far-sighted passion of Jackson, but a jovial sense of pleasant things that can be touched and heard and tasted here, to-day.

He had a childlike, simple vanity which all his biographers smile at, liked parade, display, pomp, and gorgeousness, utterly differing in this from Jackson, who was too proud, or Lee, who was too lofty. Stuart rode fine horses, never was seen on an inferior animal. He wore fine clothes, — all that his position justified, perhaps a little more. Here is Fitz Lee's picture of him: 'His strong figure, his big brown beard, his piercing, laughing blue eye, the drooping hat and black feather, the "fighting jacket" as he termed it, the tall cavalry boots, forming one of the most jubilant and striking figures in the war.' And Cooke is even more particular: 'His fighting jacket shone with dazzling buttons and was covered with gold braid; his hat was looped up with a golden star, and decorated with a black ostrich plume; his fine buff gauntlets reached to the elbow; around his waist was tied a splendid yellow sash, and his spurs were of pure gold.'

After this, we appreciate the biographer's assertion that he was as fond of colors as a boy or girl; and elsewhere we read that he never moved without his gorgeous red battle-flag, which often drew the fire of the enemy.

As to the spurs, they were presented to the general by the ladies of Baltimore, and he took great pride in them, signing himself sometimes in private letters, K. G. S., Knight of the Golden Spurs.

This last touch is perfectly characteristic, and the Stuart of the pen is precisely the same as the Stuart of the sword. He could express himself as simply as Napoleon: 'Tell General Lee that all is right. Jackson has not advanced, but I have; and I am going to crowd them with artillery.' But usually he did not. Indeed, the severe taste of Lee recoiled from his subordinate's fashions of speech. 'The general deals in the flowery style, as you will perceive, if you ever see his reports in detail.' But I love them, they ring and resound so with the temper of the man; gorgeous scraps of tawdry rhetoric, made charming by their riotous sincerity, as with Scott and Dumas. His 'brave men behaved with coolness and intrepidity in danger, unswerving resolution before difficulties, and stood unappalled before the rushing torrent of the Chickahominy, with the probability of an enemy at their heels armed with the fury of a tigress robbed of her whelps.' Could anything be worse from Lee's point of view? But it does put some ginger into an official report. Or take this Homeric picture of a charge, which rushes like a half dozen stanzas of Chevy Chase: 'Lieutenant Robbins handling it in the most skillful manner, managed to clear the way for the march with little delay, and infused by a sudden dash at a picket such a wholesome terror that it never paused to take a second look. . . . On, on dashed Robbins, here skirting a field, there leaping a fence or ditch, and clearing the woods beyond.'

When I read these things I cannot but remember Madame de Sévigné's fascinating comment on the historical novels of her day. 'The style of La Calprenède is detestable in a thousand ways: long-winded, romantic phrases, ill-chosen words, I admit it all. I agree that it is detestable; yet it holds me like glue. The beauty of the senti-

ments, the violence of the passions, the grandeur of the events, and the miraculous success of the hero's redoubtable sword — it sweeps me away as if I were a child.'

And Stuart's was a real sword!

Then, too, — as in Shakespearean tragedy or modern melodrama, — the tension, in Stuart's case, is constantly relieved by hearty, wholesome laughter, which shook his broad shoulders and sparkled in his blue eyes. See what a strange comedy his report makes of this lurid night-scene, in which another might have found only shadow and death. 'It so far succeeded as to get possession of his [General Bartlett's] headquarters at one o'clock at night, the general having saved himself by precipitate flight in his nether garments. The headquarters flag was brought away. No prisoners were attempted to be taken, the party shooting down every one within reach. Some horses breaking loose near headquarters ran through an adjacent regimental camp, causing the greatest commotion, 'mid firing and yelling and cries of "Halt!" "Rally!" mingling in wild disorder, and ludicrous stampede which beggars description.' Can't you hear him laugh?

It must not be concluded from this that Stuart was cruel in his jesting. Where gentleness and sympathy were really called for, all the evidence shows that no man could give more. But he believed that the rough places are made smooth, and the hard places soft, and the barren places green and smiling, by genial laughter. Who shall say that he was wrong? Therefore he would have his jest, with inferior and superior, with friend and enemy. Even the sombre Jackson was not spared. When he had floundered into winter-quarters oddly decorated, Stuart suggested 'that a drawing of the apartment should be made, with the race-horses,

gamecocks, and terrier in bold relief, the picture to be labeled: "View of the winter-quarters of General Stonewall Jackson, affording an insight into the tastes and character of the individual." And Jackson enjoyed it.

When it came to his adversaries, Stuart's fun was unlimited. Everybody knows his telegraphed complaint to the United States Commissary Department that the mules he had been capturing lately were most unsatisfactory, and he wished they would provide a better quality. Even more amusing is the correspondence that occurred at Lewinsville. One of Stuart's old comrades wrote, addressing him by his West Point nickname, 'My dear Beauty, — I am sorry that circumstances are such that I can't have the pleasure of seeing you, although so near you. Griffin says he would like to have you dine with him at Willard's at five o'clock on Saturday next. Keep your Black Horse off me, if you please. Yours, etc., Orlando M. Poe.' On the back of this was penciled in Stuart's writing: 'I have the honor to report that "circumstances" were such that they could have seen me if they had stopped to look behind, and I answered both at the cannon's mouth. Judging from his speed, Griffin surely left for Washington to hurry up that dinner.'

I had an old friend who adored the most violent melodrama. When the curtain and his tears had fallen together, he would sigh and murmur, 'Now let's have a little of that snare-drum music.' Such was Stuart. 'It might almost be said that music was his passion,' writes Cooke. I doubt, however, whether he dealt largely in the fugues of Bach. His favorites, in the serious order, are said to have been, 'The dew is on the blossom,' and 'Sweet Evelina.' But his joy was the uproarious, 'If you get there before I do,' or his precious, 'If you want to

have a good time, jine the cavalry.' He liked to live in the blare of trumpets and the crash of cymbals, liked to have his nerves tingle and his blood leap to a merry 'hunt's-up' or a riotous chorus, liked to have the high strain of war's melodrama broken by the sudden crackle of the snare-drum. His banjo-player, Sweeney, was as near to him as an aide-de-camp, followed him everywhere. 'Stuart wrote his most important correspondence with the rattle of the gay instrument stunning everybody, and would turn round from his work, burst into a laugh, and join uproariously in Sweeney's chorus.'

And dance was as keen a spice to peril as song and laughter. To fight all day and dance all night was a good day's work to this creature of perfect physique and inexhaustible energy. If his staff-officers could not keep pace with him and preferred a little sleep, the general did not like it at all. What? Here is — or was — a gay town, and pretty girls. Just because we are here to-day, and gone to-morrow, shall we not fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world? And the girls are all got together, and a ball is organized, and the fun grows swifter and swifter. Perhaps a fortunate officer picks the prettiest and is about to stand up with her. Stuart whispers in his ear that a pressing message must be carried, laughs his gay laugh, and slips into the vacant place. Then an orderly hurries in, covered with dust. The enemy are upon us. 'The officers rushed to their weapons and called for their horses, panic-stricken fathers and mothers endeavored to collect around them their bewildered children, while the young ladies ran to and fro in most admired despair. General Stuart maintained his accustomed coolness and composure. Our horses were immediately saddled, and in less than five minutes

we were in rapid gallop to the front.' Oh, what a life!

You divine that with such a temperament Stuart would love women. So he did. Not that he let them interfere with duty. He would have heartily accepted the profound doctrine of Enobarbus in regard to the fair: 'It were pity to cast them away for nothing; yet between them and a great cause they should be esteemed as nothing.' Stuart arrested hundreds of ladies, says his biographer, and remained inexorable to their petitions. Cooke's charming account of one of these arrests should be read in full: how the fair captives first raved, and then listened, and then laughed, and then were charmed by the mellifluous Sweeney and the persuasive general, and at last departed with kissed hands and kindly hearts, leaving Stuart to explain to his puzzled aide, who inquired why he put himself out so much: 'Don't you understand? When those ladies arrived they were mad enough with me to bite my head off, and I determined to put them in good-humor before they left me.'

But Cooke dresses his viands. I prefer the following glimpse of Stuart and girls and duty, as it comes unspiced from the rough-spoken common soldier. 'General Lee would come up and spend hours studying the situation with his splendid glasses; and the glorious Stuart would dash up, always with a lady, and a pretty one, too. I wonder if the girl is yet alive who rode the General's fine horse and raced with him to charge our station. When they had reached the level platform, and Stuart had left her in care of one of us and took the other off to one side and questioned the very sweat out of him about the enemy's position, he was *General* Stuart then; but when he got back and lifted the beauty into the saddle and rode off humming

a breezy air . . . he was Stuart the beau.'

And the women liked Stuart. It was a grand thing to be the first officer in the Confederate cavalry, with a blue eye and a fair beard, and all gold, like Horace's Pyrrha, from hat to spurs. When he rode singing and laughing into a little town, by river or seashore, they flocked to meet him, young and old, and touched his garments, and begged his buttons, and kissed his gloved hands, until he suggested that his cheeks were available, and then they kissed those, young and old alike. They showered him with flowers also, buried him under nosegays and garlands, till he rode like old god Bacchus or the Queen of May. What an odd fashion of making war! And the best I have met with is, that one day Stuart described one of these occurrences to his great chieftain. 'I had to wear her garland, till I was out of sight,' apologized the young cavalier. 'Why are n't you wearing it now?' retorted Lee. Isn't that admirable? I verily believe that if any young woman had had the unimaginable audacity to throw a garland over Lee, he would have worn it through the streets of Richmond itself.

You say, then, this Stuart was dissipated, perhaps, a scapegrace, a rioter, imitating Rupert and Murat in other things than great cavalry charges. That is the curious point. The man was nothing of the sort. With all his instinct for revelry, he had no vices; a very Puritan of laughter. He liked pretty girls everywhere; but when he was charged with libertinism, he answered, in the boldness of innocence, 'That person does not live who can say that I ever did anything improper of that description'; and he liked his wife better than any other pretty girl. He married her when he was twenty-two years old, and his last wish was

that she might reach him before he died. His few letters to her that have been printed are charming in their playful affection. He adored his children also; in short, was a pattern of domesticity. He did, indeed, love his country more, and telegraphed to his wife, when she called him to his dying daughter's bedside, 'My duty to the country must be performed before I can give way to the feelings of a father'; but the child's death was a cruel blow to him. With his intimates he constantly referred to her, and when he himself was dying, he whispered, 'I shall soon be with my little Flora again.'

'I never saw him touch a card,' writes one who was very near him, 'and he never dreamed of uttering an oath under any provocation, nor would he permit it at his headquarters.' We are assured by many that he never drank, and an explicit statement of his own on the subject is reported: 'I promised my mother in my childhood never to touch ardent spirits, and a drop has never passed my lips, except the wine of the communion.'

As the last words show, he had religion as well as morals. He joined the Methodist Church when he was fifteen, later the Episcopal. When he was twenty-four he sent money home to his mother to aid in the building of a church. He carried her Bible with him always. In his reports religion is not obtrusive. When it does occur, it is evidently sincere. 'The Lord of Hosts was plainly fighting on our side, and the solid walls of Federal infantry melted away before the straggling, but nevertheless determined, onsets of our infantry columns.' 'Believing that the hand of God was clearly manifested in the signal deliverance of my command from danger, and the crowning success attending it, I ascribe to Him the praise, the honor, and the glory.' He inclined to strictness in

the observance of Sunday. Captain Colston writes me that when twelve struck of a Saturday night, Stuart held up his hand relentlessly and stopped song and dance in their full tide, though youth and beauty begged for just one more. He was equally scrupulous in the field, though, in his feeling of injury because the enemy were not so, I seem to detect his habitual touch of humor. 'The next morning being the Sabbath, I recognized my obligation to do no active duty other than what was absolutely necessary, and determined, so far as possible, to devote it to rest. Not so the enemy, whose guns about 8 A. M. showed that he would not observe it.'

I have no doubt that Stuart's religion was inward as well as outward, and remoulded his heart. But, after all, he was but little over thirty when he died, and I love to trace in him the occasional working of the old Adam which had such lively play in the bosom of many an officer who was unjustly blamed or missed some well-deserved promotion. Stuart's own letters are too few to afford much insight of this kind. But here again we get that one-sided correspondence with Lee which is so teasingly suggestive. On one occasion Lee writes, 'The expression, "appropriated by the Stuart Horse Artillery," was not taken from a report of Colonel Baldwin, nor intended in any objectionable sense, but used for want of a better phrase, without any intention on my part of wounding.' And again, after Chancellorsville: 'As regards the closing remarks of your note, I am at a loss to understand their reference or to know what has given rise to them. In the management of the difficult operations at Chancellorsville, which you so promptly undertook, and creditably performed, I saw no errors to correct, nor has there been a fit opportunity to

commend your conduct. I prefer your acts to speak for themselves, nor does your character or reputation require bolstering up by out-of-place expressions of my opinion.'

But by far the most interesting human revelation of this kind is one letter of Stuart's own, written to justify himself against some aspersions of General Trimble. With the right or wrong of the case we are not concerned. Simply with the fascinating study of Stuart's state of mind. He begins evidently with firm restraint and a Christian moderation, 'Human memory is frail, I know.' But the exposure of his wrongs heats his blood, as he goes on, and spurs him, though he still endeavors to check himself. 'It is true I am not in the habit of giving orders, particularly to my seniors in years, in a dictatorial and authoritative manner, and my manner very likely on this occasion was more suggestive than imperative; indeed, I may have been content to satisfy myself that the dispositions which he himself proposed accorded with my own ideas, without any blustering show of orders to do this or that . . . General Trimble says I did not reach the place until seven or eight o'clock. I was in plain view all the time, and rode through, around, and all about the place, soon after its capture. General Trimble is mistaken.' Nay, in his stammering eagerness to right himself, his phrases, usually so crisp and clear, stumble and fall over each other: 'In the face of General Trimble's positive denial of

sending such a message, "that he would prefer waiting until daylight," or anything like it, while my recollection is clear that I did receive such a message, and received it as coming from General Trimble, yet, as he is so positive to not having sent such a message, or anything like it, I feel bound to believe that either the message was misrepresented, or made up, by the messenger, or that it was a message received from General Robertson, whose sharpshooters had been previously deployed.'

A real man, you see, like the rest of us; but a noble one, and lovable. Fortunate also, in his death as in his life. For he was not shot down in the early days, like Jackson and Sidney Johnston, when it seemed as if his great aid might have changed destiny. He had done all a man in his position could do. When he went, all hope too was going. He was spared the long, weary days of Petersburg, spared the bitter cup of Appomattox, spared the domination of the conqueror, spared what was perhaps, worst of all, the harsh words and reproaches and recrimination, which flew too hotly where there should have been nothing but love and silence. He slept untroubled in his glory, while his countrymen mourned and Lee 'yearned for him.' His best epitaph has been written by a magnanimous opponent: 'Deep in the hearts of all true cavalymen, North and South, will ever burn a sentiment of admiration, mingled with regret, for this knightly soldier and generous man.'

THE WAY OF LIFE

BY LUCY HUFFAKER

THERE was a heavy odor in the little house which quite blighted the soft spring air as it blew in through the half-open window. For supper there had been onions and sausage, and the fried potatoes had burned. The smells which had arisen from the kitchen stove had mingled with the raw, soapy fumes which gave testimony that Monday was wash-day in the Black family. Now the smoking of the kerosene lamp on the centre-table seemed to seal in hermetical fashion the oppressive room against the gentle breeze of the May evening.

The woman, bending over a pair of trousers which she was patching, stuck the needle in the cloth, pulled the thimble from her fat, red finger, and rubbed her hands over her eyes.

'Bed-time, Billy,' she said to the nine-year-old boy who was playing with a picture-puzzle on the other side of the table.

'Aw, ma, let me stay up, till pa and the boys get home.'

The woman shook her head.

'I'll get up in plenty of time to feed the chickens, anyhow. Honest, I will.'

'You ought to be glad to go to bed,' the mother sighed in answer. 'I'd be. Seems to me I'd be tickled to death if I could drop into bed without my supper any night.'

'I'll go if you'll go, too. I just hate to go to bed knowing all the rest of you are up.'

'Me go to bed! Why these trousers of yours are n't finished yet and I've got to mend Tom's shirt and your fa-

ther's coat, and then there's the bread to set. Much chance I have to go to bed for a couple of hours, yet! Now you run along. If you go like a good boy, you can have a cooky.'

She put the thimble on her finger and bent over her mending again. She sewed steadily on until an hour later, when she heard the buggy drive into the yard and one of the boys came running in to ask her if she knew where the barn lantern was. It was in the cellar, and there was barely enough oil to make a dim light while the horse was being unharnessed. The boys were sent to bed immediately, with an injunction to be quiet so Billy would n't be awakened. She heard the heavy tread of her husband in the kitchen as he hunted for the dipper to get a drink of water. Then he came into the sitting-room, sat down in a chair, and began pulling off his shoes. He groaned as he did it.

'Say, Em,' he said, 'guess who I saw in town to-night?'

'Who?' was the unimaginative response.

'You'd never guess in a hundred years. You'd never guess what she did, either. She sent you these.' He drew from his pocket a package and a sheet of note-paper. The woman looked at them for a moment, but she did n't touch them.

'Hurry up, Em,' said the man. 'They won't bite you.'

'But what —?' she faltered.

'The best way to find out about 'em is to open 'em.'

She opened the package first. It was a cheap colored print of St. Cecilia at the Organ. It was in a bright gilt frame. Then she opened the note. She read it through once, with a little frown puckering her forehead. Then more slowly she read it the second time.

‘Minnie Jackson!’ she murmured. ‘I have n’t seen her for nearly ten years. I don’t know when I’ve thought about her, even. You read it, Jake?’

‘Yes. She did n’t seal it.’ He waited a minute, then said, ‘I could n’t just make out what it was all about. What day is this?’

‘It’s our birthday — Minnie’s and mine. We used to call ourselves twins, but she’s a year older than I am. I’ve been so busy all day I never thought about it. What does Minnie look like?’

‘Oh, she looks about the same, I guess, as the last time she was home. She’s getting fatter, though. Guess the climate out in California must agree with her.’

‘Is she as fat as I am?’

‘Just about, I guess.’

‘Did she look as if they were well off? What kind of a dress did she have on?’

‘I don’t know. Good enough, I guess. I did n’t see anything wrong with it. While she ran into the store to get this picture and write this note to you, old Jackson was bragging to me about how well Elmer had done. He said Min had married about as well as any girl round here.’

‘Did he say anything about whether she ever paints any?’

‘Paints? Whatever are you talking about, Em?’

She had bent over her sewing again, and he could not see her face as she answered, ‘When Minnie and I were little girls, I reckon we never had any secrets from each other, at all. I know I talked about things to her I never

could have told to anybody else. She was that way with me, too. Well, she always said she wanted to paint, and I wanted to play. She was always copying every picture she saw. I remember she did one picture called A Yard of Roses, from a calendar. It was so good you could n’t have told the difference. Don’t you remember the time she took the prize at the art exhibit at the country fair, with a picture she had copied, called The Storm? One of the judges said it just made him shiver to look at it, it was so real.’

‘Come to think of it, I believe I do recollect something about Min having queer notions. I know us boys used to think she was stuck-up. What did she mean about the vow and about this picture being of you, by her?’

For a moment there was only the little click of her thimble against the needle. Then she said, ‘I guess I can’t make it clear to you, Jake. Minnie always did have her own way of putting things. We had lots of fancies, as we used to call them. But I suppose she was thinking about our old dreams. If they’d come true, she might have painted me, sitting like that.’

‘It don’t look much like you; even when you was young,’ was the reply of the man, not given to ‘fancies’ — ‘but what is it about the vow?’

‘I don’t know,’ said his wife shortly. It was one of the few lies she had ever told her husband. Just why, having told him so much, she could n’t tell him that Minnie Jackson and she had promised each other that, no matter what happened, nothing should keep them from realizing their ambitions, and that each year they would give a report to each other on their birthday, she could not have said. But suddenly her throat contracted and she could not see the patch on the coat.

‘How this lamp does smoke,’ she

said, as she brushed her hand over her eyes.

'Well,' yawned her husband, 'I guess most folks, leastwise most girls, have silly notions when they're young. 'Who'd ever think to see you now, that you ever had any such ideas? Anyhow, they never hurt you any. You're a good wife for a farmer, Em. There ain't a better woman anywhere than you.'

It was one of the few times in all the years of their marriage that he had praised her. Jacob Black had never been one to question life or to marvel at its wonders. For him, it held no wonders. The spell of life had caught him when he was young. He had 'fallen in love' with Emmeline Mead and he had married her. She had borne him eight children. Five of them had lived. If Jacob Black had thought about it at all, which he did not, he would have said that was the way life went. One was young. Then one grew old. When one was young, one married and probably there were children. The wing of romance had brushed him so lightly in its passing, that at the time it had brought to him no yearning for an unknown rapture, no wonder at the mystery of life. After twenty-one years, if he had given it any thought whatsoever, he would have said that their marriage 'had turned out well.' Em had been a good wife; she had risen at daylight and worked until after dark. She was n't foolish about money. She never went to town unless there was something to take her there. She went to church, of course, and when it was 'her turn,' she entertained the Ladies' Aid. Such recreations were to be expected. Yes, Em had been a good wife. But then, he had been a good husband. He never drank. He was a church member. He always hired a woman to do the housework, for two weeks, when there was a new baby.

He let Em have the butter and chicken money.

The clock struck nine.

'I'm going to bed,' he said; 'there's lots to do to-morrow. Nearly through your mending?'

'No. Anyhow, I guess I'll wait up for John and Victoria to come home.'

'Better not, if you're tired. John may get in early, but probably Vic will be mooning along.'

'What?' she cried. 'What do you mean by that, Jake Black?'

'Say, Em, are you blind? Can't you see there's something between her and Jim? Have n't you noticed that it is n't John he comes to see now? Have n't you seen how Vic spruces up nights when he's coming over?'

The woman dropped her sewing in her lap. The needle ran into her thumb. Mechanically, she pulled it out. She was so intent, looking at him, trying to grasp his meaning, that she did not notice the drops of blood which fell on her mending. When she spoke, it was with difficulty.

'Oh, Jake, it can't be. It just can't be.'

'Why can't it?'

'Why, he's not good enough for Victoria.'

'Not good enough? Why, what's the matter with Jim? I never heard a word against him and I've known him ever since he was a little shaver. He's steady as can be, and a hard worker.'

'I know all that. I was n't thinking about such things. I was thinking about — oh, about — other things.'

'Other things? Well, what on earth is the matter with the other things? Forman's place is as good as any hereabouts, and it's clear, and only three children to be divided among. There's money in the bank, too, I'll bet.'

'But Victoria is so young, Jake. Why, she's just a girl!'

'She's old as you was, when we got married, Em.'

He went into the kitchen for another drink of water. When he came through the room, he bent over to pick up his shoes. 'Say, Em,' he said, 'you surely don't mean what you've been saying, do you, about Jim not being good enough for Vic? 'Cause it ain't likely that she'll ever get another chance as good.'

She did not answer. The man looking at her, the man who had lived with her for more than twenty years, did not know that a sudden rage against life was in her heart. He did not know that the lost dreams of her youth were crying out in her against the treachery of life. He did not know that the blindfold which the years had mercifully bound across her eyes had fallen away, and that she was seeing the everlasting tragedy of the conflict between dreams and life. He did not know that, in that moment, she was facing the supreme sorrow of motherhood in the knowledge that the beloved child cannot be spared the disillusion of the years. He only knew that she was worried.

'Don't you be giving Vic any of your queer notions,' he said in a voice which was almost harsh. Jacob Black was an easy-going man. But he had set his heart on seeing his daughter the wife of Jim Forman. Did not the Forman farm join his on the southeast?

Until she heard him walking around in their bedroom overhead, she sewed on. Then she laid down her work. She picked up the picture. It was small, but she held it clutched in both hands, as though it were heavy. It would not have mattered to her if she had known that critics of art scoffed at the picture. To her it was more than a masterpiece; it was a miracle. Had she not felt like the pictured saint, when she had sat at the organ, years ago?

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She, too, had raised her eyes in just that way, and if actual roses had not fallen on the keys, the mystical ones of hopes too fragile for words, and beauties only dreamed of, had fallen all about her. There was a time when she had played the little organ in church. How her soul had risen on the chords which she struck for the Doxology, which always came just before the benediction! Even after Victoria was born, she had played the organ for a time. Then the babies came very fast, and when one has milking to do and dishes to wash and one's fingers are needle-pricked, it is difficult to find the keys. Also when one works from daylight until dark, one wants nothing but rest. There is a sleep too deep for dreams.

It was years since Emmeline Black had dreamed except in the terms of her motherhood. For herself, the dream had gone. She did not rebel. She accepted. It was the way of life with women like her. She would not have said her life was hard. Jacob Black had been a good husband to her. Only a fool, having married a poor farmer, could expect that the dreams of a romantic girl would ever come true. Once she had expected it, of course. That was when Jacob Black had seemed as a prince to Emmeline Mead. She had felt the wing of romance as it brushed past her. But that was long ago. She did n't like the routine of her life. But neither did she hate it. For herself, it had come to seem the natural, the expected thing. But for Victoria —

Her dreams had not all gone when Victoria was born. That first year of her marriage, it had seemed like playing at being a housekeeper to do the work for Jacob and herself. She had loved her garden, and often, just because she had loved to be with him and because she loved the smell of the

earth and the growing things which came from it, she had gone into the fields with her husband. Then when the year was almost gone, her baby had been born. She had loved the other children as they came, and she had grieved for the girls and the boy who had died, but Victoria was the child of her dreams. The other children had been named for aunts and uncles and grandfathers, and so had satisfied family pride. But that first baby had been named for a queen.

None of the boys cared for music. They 'took after' the Black family. But Victoria, so Emmeline felt, belonged to her. She had always been able to 'play by ear,' and her voice was sweet and true. The butter-and-egg money for a long time had gone for music lessons for Victoria. When the girl was twelve, her mother had begun a secret fund. Every week she pilfered a few pennies from her own small income and put them away. Some time, Victoria was to go to the city and have lessons from the best teacher there. For five years she did not purchase a thing for herself to wear, except now and then a dress pattern of calico. That was no real sacrifice to her. The hard thing was to deny pretty clothes to Victoria. Then a year of sickness came. She tried to forget the little sum of money hidden away. Surely their father could pay the bills. If she had spent the butter-and-egg money, as he had thought she had done, he would have had to pay them alone. But when the doctor said that Henry must be taken to the county-seat for an operation, there was no thought of questioning her duty. Her husband had been surprised and relieved when she gave him her little hoard. It was another proof that he had a good wife, and one who was not foolish about money.

At last, her sewing was finished. She

went into the kitchen and began to set the bread. But her thoughts were not on it. She was thinking of Emmeline Mead and her dreams, and how they had failed her. She had expected Victoria Black to redeem those dreams. And now Victoria was to marry and go the same hard way toward drab middle-age. She heard some one step on the front porch. There was a low murmur of voices for a moment and a little half-stifled laugh. Then the door opened.

'Mother, is that you?' came something which sounded half-whisper, half-laugh from the door.

She raised her eyes from the bread-pan. She smiled. But she could not speak. It seemed as if the fingers of some world-large hand had fastened around her heart. To her Victoria had always been the most beautiful, the most wonderful being, on earth. But she had never seen this Victoria before. The girl was standing in the door; eyes shining, lips trembling, her slim young body swaying as if to some hidden harmony. Then she leaped across the kitchen, and threw her strong arms round her mother.

'I'm so glad you're up and alone! Oh, mother, I had to see you to-night. I could n't have gone to bed without talking to you. I was thinking it was a blessed thing father always sleeps so hard, for I could tip-toe in and get you and he'd never know the difference.' She stifled a little laugh and went on, 'Come on, outdoors. It is too lovely to stay inside.' She drew her mother, who had not yet spoken, through the door. 'I guess, mother,' she said, as if suddenly shy when the confines of the kitchen were left behind for the star-lighted night, 'that you know what it is, don't you?'

For answer, Emmeline Black sobbed.

'Don't, mother, don't. You must n't mind. Just think how near home I'll

be. Is n't that something to be glad about?'

Her mother nodded her head as she wiped her eyes on her gingham apron.

'I wondered if you saw it coming?' the girlish voice went on. 'You never let on, and the kids never teased me any. So I thought perhaps you told 'em not to. I have n't felt like being teased about Jim, someway. It's been too wonderful, you know.'

Not until that moment did Emmeline Black acknowledge the defeat of her dreams. Wonderful! To love and be loved by Jim Forman, of whom the most that could be said was that he was steady and a hard worker, and that there were only two other children to share his father's farm!

'Don't cry, mother,' implored Victoria, 'though I know why you're doing it. I feel like crying, too, only something won't let me cry to-night. I guess I'm just too happy ever to cry again.'

Still her mother had not spoken. She had stopped crying and stood twisting her apron with nervous fingers.

'Mother,' said Victoria, suddenly, 'you like Jim, don't you?' She said it as if the possibility of any one's not liking Jim was preposterous. But, nevertheless, there was anxiety in her voice.

Her mother nodded her head.

'Then why are n't you really glad? I thought you would be, mother.'

There was no resisting that appeal in Victoria's voice. Never in her life had she failed her daughter. Was she to fail her in this hour?

'You seem like a little girl to me, Victoria,' she found voice to say, at last. 'I guess all mothers feel like this when their daughters tell them they are going to leave them. I reckon I never understood until just now, why my mother acted just like she did when

I told her your father and I were going to be married.'

Victoria laughed joyously. 'I'm not a little girl. I'm a woman. And, mother, Jim is so good. He wants to be married right away. He says he can't bear to think of waiting. But he said I was to tell you that if you could n't spare me for a while, it would be all right.' There was pride in her lover's generosity. But deeper than that was the woman's pride in the knowledge that he could n't 'bear to think of waiting.'

'It is n't that I can't spare you, dear,' said her mother. 'But oh, Victoria, I'd wanted to have you go off and study to be a fine musician. I've dreamed of it ever since you were born.'

'But I could n't go even if it was n't for Jim. Where would we ever get the money? Anyway, mother, Jim is going to buy me a piano. What do you think of that?'

'A piano?'

'Yes. He has been saving money for it for years. He says I play too well for an old-fashioned organ. And on our wedding trip we're going to Chicago, and we're going to pick it out there, and we're going to a concert and to a theatre and to some show that has music in it.'

In spite of herself, Emmeline Black was dazzled. In all her life she never had gone to the city except in her dreams. Until that far-off day of magic when Victoria should be a 'fine musician' she had never hoped to replace the squeaky little organ with a piano.

'He says he has planned it ever since he loved me, and that has been nearly always. He says he can just see me sitting at the piano playing to him nights when he comes in from work. I guess, mother, we all have to have our dreams. And now Jim's and mine are coming true.'

'Have you always dreamed things, too?' asked her mother. It did not seem strange to her that she and this beloved child of hers had never talked about the things which were in their hearts until this night. Mothers and daughters were like that. But there was a secret jealousy in knowing that they would not have found the way to those hidden things if it had not been for Jim Forman. It was he, and not she, who had unlocked the secrets of Victoria's heart.

'Why, yes, of course, mother. Don't you remember how you used to ask me what was the matter when I was a little girl and would go off sometimes by myself and sit and look across the fields? I did n't know how to tell you. I did n't know just what it was. And don't you remember asking me sometimes if I was sick or if somebody had hurt my feelings, because you'd see tears in my eyes? I'd tell you no. But somehow I could n't tell you it was because the red of the sunset or the apple trees in blossom or the crescent moon, or whatever it happened to be, made me feel so queer inside.' She laughed, but there was a hint of a sob in her voice. 'Is n't it strange, mother, that we don't seem able to tell folks any of these things? I could n't tell you even now, except that I always had an idea you'd felt just the same way, yourself. I seemed to know I got the dreams from you.'

'Hush,' warned her mother. 'There's some one coming. Oh, John, is that you?'

'Yes. Why don't you two go to bed?' answered the boy. 'It's getting late, and there's a lot to do to-morrow.'

'It is bedtime, I guess,' said his mother. 'Run along, Victoria. And sweet dreams.'

She cautioned John and his sister not to waken the others, as they prepared for bed. She walked into the

house. She tried the clock. Yes, Jake had wound it. She locked the door. She folded her mending neatly and put it away. She placed Minnie Jackson's letter in the drawer of the table. She took the picture of St. Cecilia and balanced it on the little shelf above the organ, where had been a china vase with dried grasses in it. She stood off and looked at it critically. She decided that was the very place for the picture. She looked around the room for a place to put the vase, and made room for it on top of the little pine bookcase. She walked to the table and hunted in the drawer until she found pen and ink and a piece of ruled paper.

'Dear Minnie,' she wrote in her cramped, old-fashioned hand, 'I was so glad to get your note and the picture. I want to thank you for it. Can't you come out right away and spend the day with me? I have so much to tell you, and I want that you should tell me all about yourself, too. You see I'm keeping the vow, just as you did, although we had forgotten it for so long. Is n't it strange, Minnie, about things? Here I'd thought for years that my dreams were gone. And now it seems Victoria had them, all the time. It's a secret yet, but I want to tell you, and I know she won't mind, that Victoria is going to be married. You know Jim Forman, don't you? Anyway, you knew Cy Forman and Milly Davis, and he's their eldest child. I hope Victoria can keep the dreams for herself better than I did. Perhaps she can. She's going to have things easier than I have, I hope. But if she can't, surely she can keep them until she has a child to give them to, just as I gave mine to her. I never thought of it before, but it seems to me to-night that perhaps that is the surest way there is of having our dreams last. I don't see how I'm going to stand it to see my girl growing fat and tired and

old from hard work, like I've done. But there is another side to it. You're a mother, too, Minnie, so I guess I don't need to tell you that all the music and all the pictures in the world would n't make up to me, now, for my children. We did n't know that when we had our "fancies," did we? But we

know it now. Come out soon, Minnie. We'll have so much to talk about, and I want that you and Victoria should know each other.'

She folded the paper and slipped it into an envelope which she addressed and stamped. Then she blew out the light.

SOULS

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

My Soul goes clad in gorgeous things,
Scarlet and gold and blue;
And at her shoulders sudden wings
Like long flames flicker through.

And she is swallow-fleet, and free
From mortal bonds and bars:
She laughs, because Eternity
Blossoms for her with stars!

Oh, folk who scorn my stiff gray gown,
My dull and foolish face, —
Can ye not see my Soul flash down,
A singing flame in space?

And, folk whose earth-stained looks I hate,
Why may I not divine
Your Souls, that must be passionate,
Shining and swift, as mine? —

THE EPIC OF THE INDIAN

BY CHARLES M. HARVEY

I

'THE Census Office is of the opinion that the present enumeration will be the last one to be taken of the Indians in their present status. It is believed that before the time arrives for making the next count of the country's inhabitants a very large percentage of those now holding tribal relations will have become citizens, and will no longer be regarded as Indians, except in a racial or historical sense.'

These are the words of the Honorable E. Dana Durand, Director of the Census, in a note to the writer of this article. This means that before 1920 practically all of the tribal organizations will have dissolved, except in so far as some of them may be continued for social or historical purposes; communal holdings of property will have given way to individual ownership, and the red men will have merged themselves into the mass of the country's voting population. In the march from savagery to citizenship the Indian has traveled a long road, with many windings and turnings, and with many halts by the way; but at last the end seems to be in sight. Let us glance over the course, learn something of the men who traversed it, and get a glimpse of some of its principal landmarks.

'In order to win the friendship of that people . . . I presented some of them with red caps and some strings of glass beads, which they placed around their necks, and with other trifles of

insignificant worth which delighted them, and by which we got a wonderful hold on their affections. They afterward came to the boats of the vessels swimming, bringing us parrots, cotton thread in balls, and spears, and many other things, which they bartered for others we gave them, as glass beads and little bells. Finally they received everything and gave whatever they had with good-will.'

This is an entry in Columbus's journal describing the natives of that member of the Bahama group on which he made his first landing in the New World. We call it Watlings Island. As he was looking for Asia, and supposed the island to be an outpost of the East Indies, he called the natives Indians, a name which was afterward extended to all the original denizens of the Western Hemisphere.

But the aborigines who were met by the first white men to reach the mainland of the present United States — all of whom belonged to the country under whose flag Columbus sailed — were of a more robust breed, morally as well as physically, than were those who greeted the Great Admiral at the New World's gateway. Kind and generous at the outset, but ready to strike back when ill-treated, were the Indians who were encountered by Ponce de Leon, when he sailed northward from our present Porto Rico, in 1513, landed at a point near St. Augustine, and called the country Florida, on account of its abundant vegetation. He died a few years later from the effects of a wound

dealt by one of his red assailants. Like characteristics marked those met by Narvaez, who entered Florida in 1527 at the head of a large expedition, and was drowned near the mouth of the Mississippi; a few of his men, after wandering as captives throughout Louisiana and Texas, and braving many hardships and perils, reaching Culiacan, on the west coast of Mexico, in 1536.

De Soto, who began, in 1539, to traverse the country from Florida to Arkansas and Missouri, with a great army, witnesses to these same traits. He was buried at midnight in the Mississippi, so as to keep his body out of the hands of his red foes; and his followers, reduced to a mere remnant, fled down the Mississippi, pursued for many miles by his enemies in canoes and on land, reaching safety in Panuco, Mexico, in 1543. And Coronado and his soldiers, in their foray between 1540 and 1542, which carried them from the Gulf of California up to within sight of the Missouri River in Kansas, give us a similar picture of the red man. De Soto and Coronado were here two thirds of a century before the advent of the Jamestown colony, the first permanent settlement of English-speaking people on the American continent, and antedated by two years Champlain's arrival at Quebec with the earliest French colony on this side of the Atlantic, which persisted.

Why was it that the Spaniards were the first white men with whom the American aborigines on the Atlantic seaboard and the Pacific slope came in contact? Because in the sixteenth century Spain had a little of the pre-eminence among the nations of the world which belonged to Rome in the third and fourth. Those were the spacious times of Charles V. The Isthmus of Panama, across which the United States government is building its in-

ter-oceanic waterway, was discovered and penetrated in 1513 by

stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific — and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise —
Silent upon a peak in Darien.

But it was Balboa, another Spaniard, and not Cortez, who was there. Keats was writing poetry, not history. Under Magellan, in 1519, a Spanish fleet passed through the straits since called by his name at the lower end of South America, entered the Pacific, and touched at the Philippines, where Magellan was killed in a conflict with the natives. By way of the Indian Ocean and the Cape of Good Hope, a part of his followers reached their starting-point. They were the first to sail round the globe. Those were days when Spain blazed paths for the nations across the world's seas.

England and France attempted to plant colonies in North America in the sixteenth century: the English under Sir Humphrey Gilbert and Sir Walter Raleigh, and the French under Cartier and others; but all their projects failed. Spain had the continent to herself until England appeared at Jamestown in 1607, France at Quebec in 1608, Holland on Manhattan Island in 1613, and Sweden on the Delaware in 1638. The settlements of the Swedes were captured by the Dutch in 1655, and the Dutch colonies were absorbed by the English in 1664. Thus, early in the European occupation of spots on this continent, the Indians came in contact with five distinct families of the white race.

II

And what a diversity of names, and in some cases of traits and customs, was possessed by the tribes or clans whom the first whites encountered in the territory of the present United States! There were the Wampanoags,

Pequots, and Narragansetts in New England and the Middle States; the Powhatans in Virginia; the Creeks in Georgia; the Seminoles in Florida; the Chickasaws, Choctaws, and Natchez along the Gulf coast for a few hundred miles inland; the Apaches, Comanches, and Navajoes in Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona; with the Missouris, Pawnees, Osages, Sioux, Crows, Winnebagoes, Chippewas, and Blackfeet, farther to the north and northwest. And far more formidable, both as friends and as enemies, than any of those tribes, were the Iroquois, or Five Nations (the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas), who occupied the whole of northern New York, from Lake Champlain to Lake Erie. We need not wonder that the numbers of the aborigines were placed far too high by the earlier writers. Here are some of the reasons therefor:—

The first hunters, explorers, missionaries, and traders journeyed by way of the sea-coast, the rivers, and the lakes, along which the Indians were most numerous.

In their incursions into the interior of the country the whites attracted the Indians through curiosity, and thought they were equally numerous elsewhere; but vast stretches of forest and prairie were absolutely untenanted, except for short times each year when visited by hunting-parties.

During the year, war and the chase often took the same bands of Indians to several points far removed from each other. The whites thought these were different tribes.

Many tribes were called by different names by the Spaniards, the English, and the French, and among some tribes the names varied at different places and times.

The area needed to support a person by hunting, supplemented by the crude cultivation of the soil, was many

times as great as would be required under modern agricultural and industrial conditions.

Obviously the estimates of fifteen or twenty millions for the Indians living three or four centuries ago in the territory comprised in the present United States were far too large. While war, hunger, and the perils of the chase undoubtedly brought the mortality among the red men to a high figure, it seems safe to say that less than one million were here when Columbus landed in the Western Hemisphere. The present number is less than a third of that figure, and the absence of war and the advent of improved hygienic conditions are bringing a steady increase among them. Nevertheless, they were numerous and courageous enough to have made it exceedingly difficult, had they so desired, for the whites to obtain a foothold on this continent. In most cases, however, in the beginning, they lent the whites a helping hand.

With all their boasted superiority in civilization and adaptability to alien and changing conditions, how helpless the whites must have seemed to the aborigines! They were few in numbers and feeble in equipment and supplies. Especially to the Pilgrims at Plymouth, on their arrival at the beginning of a long and severe winter, the outlook was to the last degree hostile. Corn was native to America. Without it early settlers could hardly have maintained themselves. The Indians furnished Raleigh's colonists at Roanoke with corn, also with fish and fruits. Their short career would have been shorter had not the red men gone to their rescue and warded off starvation.

Not only did the Powhatans supply Captain John Smith and his Jamestown associates with corn, but they showed them how to cultivate it. Under the Indian supervision forty acres of it were planted, and famine was

averted. The Narragansetts rendered a like service to Bradford and his Plymouth brethren, and with rude nets caught alewives for them with which to fertilize the ground. In the densely wooded regions, where it was impossible to make clearings in time to raise a crop, the red men taught the whites how to girdle the trees with fire, thus killing the foliage and letting in the sunshine. They showed the settlers how to dry corn so as to utilize it on long journeys, thus removing a serious obstacle to travel in the wilderness.

The early English, Dutch, and French visitors to this continent marveled at the serviceableness of the canoes, some of which were large enough to hold a dozen men, and light enough to be carried on the shoulders of two or three at the portages between different water-courses, or in going around rapids. The Indians told the white men how to make them. The snow-shoes by which the Indians traversed great distances, and without which, for months at a time each year, hunting or travel would have been impossible, were a revelation to the whites, but they were taught how to make and use them. Years before the heliograph was invented white men saw the Indians of the plains, — Sioux, Pawnees, Apaches, and others, — first by some crude surface and afterward by pieces of looking-glass, send signal flashes many miles.

All these things the Indians did for the whites. They did more. By keeping their treaty promises they showed an example to their new neighbors which, unhappily, the latter often forgot. They were in the Stone Age of development when first met, but they adapted themselves to their new environment with much skill; indeed, the whites in their own Stone Age were not more adaptive than these red men.

Cupidity and a desire to enlist them as allies against other white or red men

induced Spaniards, English, Dutch, and French to sell firearms to the Indians, and in their use they soon became as proficient as the whites. The horses introduced by Cortez in Mexico, by Coronado in California and other parts of the Southwest, and by De Soto and others in the southern end of the Mississippi Valley, were the progenitors of the vast droves of mustangs which were seen by hunters, trappers, and explorers in the Far West a century ago and later, and from which many of the domestic animals descended. In utilizing them the Indians, especially the Comanches, Apaches, Pawnees, Sioux, and Blackfeet, quickly surpassed the Spaniards.

In the wars which reddened the annals of the frontier in our march from the Connecticut and the James to the Columbia and the Sacramento, the Indians proved themselves to be far more effective fighters than any other members of the 'inferior races' encountered by white men elsewhere in the world. By a significant circumstance, the red men of the territory comprised in the present United States were much more capable warriors than were those in Canada, Mexico, or South America. And by their wars the Indians rendered a better service to the whites than they intended, and than the whites dreamed. The British colonists were thereby prevented from scattering through the wilderness as the French had done in Canada and the Spaniards in Mexico; they were compelled to frame the machinery of self-government, they imbibed a military spirit which enabled them to aid in defeating the French in Canada when the struggle between the two countries came, and thus a desire for independence was aroused which asserted itself against England as soon as the French were driven out. Many of the followers of Putnam, Prescott, and Stark, who held Bunker Hill

against Gage's veterans, were the descendants of the men who fought Metacomet and Canonchet. Campbell, Shelby, Sevier, and the rest of the Carolinians, Georgians, Tennesseans, and Kentuckians, when at King's Mountain they were crushing Cornwallis's fierce fighters under Ferguson, were applying the lessons which they had learned in battling with Creeks, Cherokees, and Shawnees.

III

'The Empire State, as you love to call it,' said Peter Wilson, a Cayuga chief, at a meeting of the New York Historical Society in 1847, 'was once laced by our trails from Albany to Buffalo. Your roads still traverse the same lines of communication which bound one part of the Long House to the other. Have we, the first holders of this prosperous region, no longer a share in your history? Glad were your fathers to sit down upon the threshold of the Long House. Had our fathers spurned you from it when the French were thundering at the opposite gate to get a passage through and drive you into the sea, whatever has been the fate of other Indians, the Iroquois might still have been a nation, and I, instead of pleading here for the privilege of living within your borders — might still have a country.'

This was no vain boast. The confederation for which the Cayuga chief spoke had a vast influence in shaping the affairs of that part of the continent comprised in the present United States. The service of the Iroquois to the Anglo-Saxon race began when Champlain, the Governor of Canada, as an ally of the Hurons and Ottawas, defeated the Mohawks, in 1609, on the banks of the lake which has since then borne his name. This turned the confederation to the side of the Dutch and the Eng-

lish, the successive occupants of New York, and prevented the French from getting control of the valleys of the Mohawk and the Hudson, from cutting the then feeble English settlements in two, and from capturing each section, the New England and the Southern, in detail.

For generations the Iroquois held the upper waters of the Mohawk, Delaware, and Susquehanna. They shut the French out of the Ohio Valley for a century, giving the English on the Atlantic an opportunity to strengthen themselves there and build up settlements which contained several times as many inhabitants as the French colonies in Canada and on the lower Mississippi. And when, at last, they began to permit some of the French to enter the coveted region and make a fight for control of the Forks of the Ohio, the English had gained sufficient power to battle valiantly against them, and at last to drive them out.

With home rule for each tribe, and with a central council composed of delegates from all of them, the Five Nations had a federal scheme centuries before the Philadelphia Convention of 1787 framed one for the United States. Centuries before the formation of the triple alliance of Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Italy, the Iroquois had a quintuple alliance, which was made sextuple in 1715, when the Tuscaroras entered the league. Before Geneva conferences or Hague courts were ever dreamed of, these tribes settled disputes between themselves amicably. At the time of the advent of the whites on this continent the Iroquois, as overlords of the tribes extending from Lake Champlain to the Mississippi, and from the great lakes to the Savannah, ruled over a larger empire than Rome in the days of Trajan.

Through the whole wilderness of North America the Indians blazed

paths for the whites. They led Champlain and his associates through the Canadian forests and along its rivers and lakes; piloted Joliet and Marquette down the Wisconsin into the Mississippi, and along the latter to the mouth of the Arkansas; and guided La Salle by way of the Illinois and the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico, at which point that explorer 'took possession' of all the lands drained by that river and its tributaries for Louis XIV. Not only did the course of empire through New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio lie along the red men's trails, but Boone, Harrod, Sevier, Robertson, and the rest of the pioneers of Kentucky and Tennessee followed paths laid out by the aborigines. A Shoshone girl, Sacajawea, led Lewis and Clark over the Rocky Mountains and through the perils beyond, and saved their expedition from disaster, a service which was commemorated by a statue to her at the St. Louis World's Fair of 1904, and by memorials in Portland, Oregon, and other places in the Trans-Mississippi region.

Moreover, the Indian's social importance long ago projected itself into politics. At the bidding of the East, Monroe and every other President onward, to and including Tyler, had a hand in an endeavor to create a great preserve for the red men along the western border of Arkansas, Missouri, and Iowa, which would have closed the overland route to Oregon to settlers, and thus have given England a free hand in her effort to gain undisputed possession of all the region west of the Rocky Mountains and north of Mexico's territory of New Mexico and California. Thus the United States would have been shut out of the locality comprised in the present states of Oregon, Washington, and Idaho, and part of the western border of Montana and Wyoming.

Stephen A. Douglas told this to his Boswell, James Madison Cutts, in 1854. This, indeed, was a manifestation of the Eastern states' old jealousy of the growth of the West, which was first voiced in a conspicuous way by Josiah Quincy of Massachusetts in the House of Representatives in 1811, when he opposed the creation of the State of Louisiana, and when he said that he heard that six states would, at some time in the future, be established west of the Mississippi, and that the mouth of the Ohio would be east of the geographical centre of the contemplated empire. Douglas said that he halted this conspiracy by his bill for the organization of the territory of Nebraska, first introduced in Congress by him in 1844, in the latter part of Tyler's presidency, and kept by him constantly at the front until it passed ten years later. As enacted in 1854, however, it provided for two territories, Kansas and Nebraska, instead of one.

Thus the Indian innocently had a hand in inciting one of the most fateful measures ever passed by Congress. By repealing the Missouri Compromise of 1820, the Kansas-Nebraska Act of 1854 gave slavery an equal opportunity with freedom to gain possession of a region from which slavery had been excluded by the Missouri adjustment. At this breach of a compact which was intended by its framers to be permanent, a wave of indignation and alarm swept through the free states, which split the Whig party on Mason and Dixon's Line, and sent most of the friends of freedom — a majority of the Northern Whigs, many of the anti-slavery Democrats, nearly all the Northern Know-Nothings, and all the Abolitionists and Free-Soilers — into the coalition which became the Republican party. The triumph of that party in 1860 sent eleven Southern states into secession, and precipitated the Civil

War, which destroyed slavery and, incidentally, thrust upon the country race-issues which embarrass us to this day.

IV

Moreover, in the country's social and political life of to-day the red man is a factor of some importance. Exclusive of those in Alaska, there were 243,534 Indians in the United States in 1890, 270,544 in 1900, and 304,950 in

1910. These figures are furnished by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and, except for 1900, are larger than those given out by the Director of the Census. The figures given here are those of the Census Bureau, supplemented by enumerations made by representatives of the Indian Office. According to the count made by the Indian Office the number of Indians in the country at the end of 1911 was 323,783, distributed as follows:—

Alabama	909	Louisiana	780	North Dakota	8,253
Arizona	39,216	Maine	892	Ohio	127
Arkansas	460	Maryland	55	Oklahoma	117,247
California	16,371	Massachusetts	688	Oregon	6,403
Colorado	841	Michigan	7,519	Rhode Island	284
Connecticut	152	Minnesota	10,711	South Carolina	331
Delaware	5	Mississippi	1,253	South Dakota	20,352
District of Columbia	68	Missouri	313	Tennessee	216
Florida	446	Montana	10,814	Texas	702
Georgia	95	Nebraska	3,809	Utah	3,123
Idaho	3,791	Nevada	5,240	Vermont	26
Illinois	188	New Hampshire	34	Virginia	539
Indiana	279	New Jersey	168	Washington	10,997
Iowa	369	New Mexico	21,121	West Virginia	36
Kansas	1,309	New York	6,046	Wisconsin	11,428
Kentucky	234	North Carolina	7,851	Wyoming	1,692

Contrary to the popular notion, the Indian race is not dying out, though part of the gain shown here, especially that of 1911 over 1910, is probably due to the more complete and accurate enumeration made in recent years. The full-bloods are diminishing, but the mixed breeds are increasing rapidly. Nor have all the Indians abandoned the Atlantic seaboard. Maine and other states give a few hundred to New England; the 6,046 in New York, principally remnants of the Iroquois, represent the large number of these, and of the Algonquins, who once occupied the region covered by the old Middle States; while North Carolina has more than two thirds of those left in the South. Nine tenths of all the Indians are west of the Mississippi,

Oklahoma holding more of them than any other community. Of the 117,247 in that State, 101,287 belong to the Five Civilized Tribes. These include, however, 23,345 freedmen, the slaves of the era preceding the adoption of the Thirteenth Amendment, and their descendants, and 2,582 whites who have married into the tribes. These 101,287 distribute themselves as follows:—Cherokees, 41,701; Choctaws, 26,762; Creeks, 18,717; Chickasaws, 10,984; Seminoles, 3,123.

As used here, the term 'civilized' means precisely what it professes to mean. For two generations preceding 1907, when they became merged in the general mass of the country's citizenship, each of these tribes had its own legislature, executive and judiciary,

and governed itself with comparatively little interference from Washington. Its members had farms, mines, mills, mercantile houses, schools, churches, and banks, and engaged in most of the employments in vogue in the white communities of their region. These tribes occupied, and still occupy, that part of the present State of Oklahoma which was formerly called the Indian Territory.

Some advances in their social status have also been made by more than half of the remaining 203,000 Indians. Over 25,000 of their children attend the government, missionary, and contract schools. To its wards the government is a liberal and considerate guardian. In recent times its appropriations for Indian schools have averaged nearly \$4,000,000 annually. For various purposes Uncle Sam's expenditures on Indian account, from Washington's inauguration in 1789 to the middle of President Taft's term in 1911, aggregated \$520,000,000.

Much of the education which the Indian pupils receive in the government schools is practical, comprising farming, fruit- and stock-raising and the elemental trades for the boys, and cooking, sewing, nursing, and laundering for the girls. Especial attention is given to agriculture. Experts are employed on the reservations to teach the most approved methods of cultivation of the soil, and experiment farms have been established to discover the crops which can be raised most advantageously in the various localities. To stimulate the interest of the pupils, old and young, they are encouraged to hold agricultural fairs, where live stock and produce are exhibited.

Hundreds of Indians are working on the government's irrigation schemes. Railroads are offering employment to boys who are learning trades, or who show any inclination for mechanics.

Coöperation between the Bureau of Indian Affairs and private corporations is enabling our wards to improve their economic condition, and to meet the demands of civilization. In many directions, opportunity stretches out its hands to the red man and starts him on the road toward social independence.

The progress of the Indian in the past quarter-century, especially since the enactment of the Dawes Severalty Law in 1887, which gave individual ownership of lands to such of them as sought it, and were prepared for it, who thereby virtually became citizens, has been greater than any other people ever made in the same length of time in the world's history.

v

'My people want to live as in the days that are gone, before the pale-faces took from us the lands that were ours. We don't want schools or school-teachers. We want to be let alone to live as we wish, to roam free without the white man always being there to tell us what we must do and what we will not be allowed to do.'

It was the plaint of an aged Hopi chief from the reservation of his tribe in far-off Arizona, uttered in the White House, inveighing against the new order which the white man brought. It was a plea for the resurrection of the dead past — of a past which began to die before this old sachem had reached middle life, and which would be infinitely more difficult to revive than it would be to bring back the vast herds of buffalo which stretched across the landscape from the Missouri to the Sacramento and from the Red River of Arkansas to the Red River of the North, in the days when the old chief was young.

Except in a few spots, the blanket Indian has vanished. He is almost

as rare a sight to-day in Muskogee or Vinita as he would be in Albany or Hartford. In proportion to the number of inhabitants there are very nearly as many pianos and automobiles in the towns of the old Cherokee nation in the present State of Oklahoma as there are in those of Vermont or Delaware. The only Indians who are in the old, free, nomadic condition which the Hopi warrior would restore are about two hundred Seminoles in the Florida Everglades and the big cypress morass. These Indians are as independent of the white man, and almost as isolated from him, as were their forefathers when Ponce de Leon and De Soto landed in their neighborhood. They are neither citizens nor wards of the United States, nor do they hold any relation to their old associates who were transferred by the government to the west side of the Mississippi two thirds of a century ago, and who became one of the Five Civilized Tribes of the present State of Oklahoma.

A better representative of the red men of to-day than is the old Hopi chief is the grandson of Sitting Bull, — the Sitting Bull who assisted in the slaying of Custer and his three hundred, — who tells his brethren that their need is 'more religion and less fire-water.' He is a product of the government's schools, such as Carlisle and Haskell, which bring members of many tribes together, and place them in association with whites, compelling them to look beyond their reservations and their clans, and holding out to them the goal of citizenship.

For reasons which may be easily guessed, the Indian fits well into the new order. On the whole, reputable fiction and the drama have treated him with tolerable fairness. They have never made him an object of derision, as they have representatives of other ethnic types, including the Caucasian.

Always fearless, generally dignified, sometimes vindictive, as he is portrayed in books and on the stage, he is never made contemptible. Unlike the Negro, he is never subservient or obsequious. Assailed as he was until recent times by the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, he has always successfully resisted the thralldom which overwhelmed white men for many centuries in earlier ages and in other countries, and which held the blacks in servitude in our land within the recollection of millions of men still living. He has never been a slave. In his contact with the whites in our time he arouses no prejudice. The superior race which refuses to associate on terms of equality with men of black, brown, or yellow skins, raises no social barrier against the red man.

The average Indian is under no necessity of asking concessions from his Caucasian associates or rivals in the ordinary pursuits. 'Big Chief' Bender of the Philadelphia Athletics, wearers of the blue ribbon of the baseball arena; Meyer, the Seneca catcher of the New York 'Giants,' Thorpe, Burd, Arcase, and others of the Carlisle football team, are at the head of their respective professions. They have beaten hosts of whites at the white man's games. Harvard's football team, composed of a race which has millions to draw upon, was one of the great white schools which, in the season of 1911, went down before the Carlisle players, whose recruiting field is narrow in comparison. In the Olympic games at Stockholm, in July, 1912, Thorpe and Sockalexis carried off prizes in competition with the best men in their particular field whom Europe and America could muster. As the winner of the pentathlon and the decathlon, Thorpe was acclaimed the greatest of the world's all-round athletes.

Probably these triumphs would not

bring much pride to the Hopi chief just mentioned. Nor would he have been especially pleased at a recent scene at the Ohio state capital in which his race figured. There, on the anniversary of the discovery of America, October 12, 1911, in a city named for the discoverer, gathered representatives, women as well as men, of a hundred tribes of the people upon whom Columbus's geographical mistake fastened the designation of Indians. They met to form the American Indian Association. Appropriately, too, their meeting-place was the campus of the Ohio State University, for most of them, of both sexes, were graduates of government schools of the higher education or of white institutions of learning. Among them were lawyers, physicians, journalists, bankers, educators, merchants, clergymen, agriculturists, and participants in almost all the other important activities. They met to form the American Indian Association, the purpose of which is to advance the interests of the race and, while aiming to preserve its best distinctive traits, to bring it into harmony with its new environment, and fit it for the rôle it will have to play in American citizenship. Appropriately, too, the Governor of Ohio, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and other public officers, took part in the exercises.

Two months later, this time in Washington, D. C., there was a similar assemblage, for the same general objects, with the added purpose of bringing the red men into political association. Delegates of both sexes were there, representing thirty-four tribes, scattered through more than a dozen states, and they formed the Brotherhood of North American Indians. After a lapse of centuries, descendants of the race which established the Federation of the Iroquois, will participate as voters in another federal scheme.

This time they are to be partners of their former enemies, to be on terms of equality with them, and to work for similar objects. United, with their new weapon, the ballot, the Indians could hold the balance in elections in Oklahoma, Montana, the Dakotas, Idaho, New Mexico, Arizona, and Nevada. Probably fifty thousand Indian ballots were cast for president in 1912.

The Indian is entering politics. He has already entered. Since 1907 he has cast thousands of votes in every election in Oklahoma. Members of the race are in the legislature of that state, and also in Congress. The latter include Senator Robert L. Owen and Representative Charles D. Carter of Oklahoma, the former of Cherokee blood and the latter Chickasaw; and Senator Charles Curtis of Kansas, one of whose recent ancestors belonged to the Kaw tribe.

At the summit of an ancient burial-mound in the township of Otsego, New York, is a marble slab on which is written: —

White man, greetings. We near whose bones you stand were Iroquois.

The wide land which now is yours was ours.

Friendly hands have given back to us enough for a tomb.

But the red man is taking his revenge. At home and abroad, in romance and drama, he is held to be the distinctive American. He is the one man among us who is not called upon to place a hyphen in his title. To-day, as in the past, and in many tongues, *The Last of the Mohicans* and the rest of Cooper's forest tales are read. Puccini, DeMille, Hartley, Nevin, Mary Hunter Austin, and the rest of the writers of operas and plays who aim to extract the flavor of our soil, are compelled to call upon him. *The Girl of the Golden West*, *Poia*, *Strongheart*, *The Arrow-Maker*, and other productions which deal with him, are presented on the

stage of two continents. He is the asset which saves the country from the imputation of vulgar newness. Even if we attempted to, we could not rid ourselves of him. As the world appraises

us, the Indian is the dominant feature of American artistic life, an inseparable adjunct in its histrionic properties, the Niagara of America's æsthetic landscape.

THE BALKAN CRISIS

BY ROLAND G. USHER

THE great area of mountain, tableland, and river valley stretching from the Black and Ægean seas on the east, to the Adriatic on the west, and extending from the Mediterranean north to the crest of the Tyrolese and Transylvanian Alps, has long been loosely designated, from historical and political, rather than from geographical reasons, by the single name, the Balkans; literally, the mountain gaps. It includes the present independent states, Rumania, Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro, the Balkans *par excellence*, with which belong, geographically or racially, Greece, European Turkey, and the Austrian provinces of Dalmatia, Croatia, Bosnia, and Herzegovina.

A greater variety of people is scarcely to be found in Europe. The Slavs are racially in the majority; the orthodox Greek Christians outnumber the numerous other creeds; and the vast bulk of the superficial area is thinly sprinkled with mountaineers, superb in physique, dense in their ignorance of the rudiments of education, fierce in their opposition to the pressure of orderly, centralized administration. The heterogeneous population is descended from the remnants of the vast disorderly

hordes which poured into Europe from Asia Minor and the Steppes of Russia, between the third and the sixteenth centuries: fragments of the tribes conquered by the Huns and the Goths during their devastating passage; sections of the invaders too weak to keep up with the main body; people driven out of the Byzantine Empire by the Ottoman invasions; fragments of the advance-guard of various expeditions who outstripped the main body and then, upon its retreat, were left behind. In development and intelligence, the people include such extremes as the scarcely civilized hillmen of Montenegro; the stolid, inert Bulgarian peasantry; and the alert, capable, cultivated citizens of Sofia and Athens. An American correspondent tells of a bootblack who introduced him to his uncle, the Prime Minister of Bulgaria, and adds that neither uncle nor nephew seemed aware of any difference in social status. By grazing, and by a rude agriculture, these diverse peoples supported themselves for centuries and, in the main, still do so. Poverty-stricken (until lately), individually and collectively, isolated (until lately) from the world and from each other by the difficulties of communica-

tion, they became inevitably narrow, bigoted, fiercely partisan, unprogressive, certainly in no way fitted to influence the affairs of Europe.

Yet, as certainly, since the days of imperial Rome, no European state has been more often the subject of anxious inquiry; for those mountain valleys are the keys of Europe. Here where nature has built her fortresses, East has met West, the invaded has met the invader. In these great defiles are the natural roads between Asia and central and western Europe, long since trodden hard by Roman and Barbarian, Crusader and Infidel, Hapsburg and Ottoman. The Balkans control the whole lower half of the rich Danube Valley, whose economic value is as patent to-day as it was to the numerous invaders of Europe who recruited their strength in its fair fields. The Balkans also control the western coast of the Black Sea and some of its finest natural harbors. Along this coast runs the road from Russia to Constantinople; down through the Danube Valley, across the mountains, and through Adrianople, runs the great highway from the Rhine and Danube valleys to Constantinople and the East; around to the West, through Albania and Dalmatia, is the perfectly practical road, used long ago by the Visigoths, connecting Constantinople with Trieste, Venice, and the Valley of the Po. The Balkans, in fact, control Constantinople, the only gateway between Europe and Asia Minor, the junction of trade routes and military roads thousands of years old.

The Balkans have always been buffer states. Augustus there erected his barriers against the barbarian hordes; there Alaric and his horsemen broke the Roman legionaries at Adrianople, and from the mountain fastnesses assailed the Western Empire; there the Byzantine Empire made its last long

stand; and there, after the fall of Constantinople, Christian Europe held the advancing Turks at bay. With the decline of the Ottoman power and the strengthening of the Hapsburg power, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the danger of the Mohammedan conquest of Christendom passed, and the Balkans lost significance for a while in the eyes of Europe. But to the Balkans themselves, the continued pressure of the Turk was not merely a menace: it was a curse; their sufferings were rendered a thousandfold keener by the knowledge that their oppressor was an infidel. The racial antipathy of the Occidental for the Oriental, the fierce religious hatred of the Christian for the Mohammedan, are motives actuating the Balkan peoples to a degree inconceivable in America; and no less violently do they control the children of the men who battered the gates of Vienna and beached their galleys on the shores of Rhodes and Malta. This war is a gigantic blood feud, a racial struggle, a crusade. The skirmishes have been hand-to-hand fights, and, even in pitched battles, Bulgarian regiments have thrown away their guns and rushed upon the Turks, knife in hand, in a frenzied lust for blood. The outrages upon the Macedonian Christians, which were the ostensible cause of the war, only intensified this fanatical antipathy, handed down from father to son. There can be no doubt that to the soldiers themselves the fierce desire to flesh their steel in an enemy's body outweighs every other motive.

If the strategic position of the Balkans has been a curse, by involving them in the meshes of the struggle between Europe and Asia, it has also proved a blessing, for, undoubtedly, they owe to outside pressure such nominal political unity as they have individually possessed. In fact, the

existence of a common oppressor, the inevitability of military rule, and its equally inevitable abuses, have given these varied peoples, widely sundered by race and creed, the vigorous bond of a common hatred. The virulence of that hatred has rendered their mutual animosities and jealousies powerless to separate them.

Their strategic situation has also involved them deeply in the dynastic and international ambitions and rivalries of Europe. From the international point of view, the entire present war, from its causes and its battles to the treaty of peace, is but a single battle in the great war between rival coalitions for the domination of Europe and the control of the known world. 'The agony of European Turkey has begun,' said one of the keenest and best informed German editors in a recent interview, 'and the question whether the Balkans politically and economically shall belong to an alliance or confederation of states under Russian influence and dependency, or remain open to Germanic expansion, will be as a matter of life or death to Germanic growth, influence, and life, and be finally answered and decided by the sword.' That is the real meaning of the Balkan Crisis.

This phase of the Balkan question is the result of the internal development, and ambition for further expansion, of Russia, Austria, and Prussia. The objective of all three has long been a substantial share of the trade with the East which England has pretty thoroughly monopolized. In the supremacy of the English navy, and in the resulting control of the Atlantic and Mediterranean, they have seen the secret of her success and wealth. She grew rich, as Venice and Genoa had grown rich in the Middle Ages, carrying the eastern goods between the termini of the caravan routes and

northern Europe. She then dug, with French assistance, the Suez Canal, creating a new water-route to India; she fortified it by a great fleet, by the possession of Egypt and the strategic points of the Mediterranean, while the French settled in Morocco and Algiers. Obviously, a contest for the supremacy of the Mediterranean became an indispensable prerequisite to the control of this trade, and could not even be attempted by Austria or Russia without ports and battleships.

Access to the Mediterranean became, therefore, the cardinal feature of the policy of expansion, which both long since initiated, and neither could reach the sea save through the Balkans. Russia must possess at least the Black Sea, Constantinople, and the Straits; Austria needed at least the strip of land through which ran the road to Trieste and Venice, and, to protect that, must hold Serbia, Montenegro, and Albania. The interests of Russia and Austria were, however, highly antagonistic. Constantinople, Adrianople, and the Danube Valley made the gateway to Vienna through which the Turk had so often marched, and Austria could not permit it to fall into the hands of her eastern rival. On the other hand, Russia could not allow the western Balkans to fall into Austria's hands for fear that empire might secure the eastern Balkans as well, or, at least, attack Russia on the flank on her own march to Constantinople. Nor did either power wish to divide the eastern Mediterranean with the other. Under such circumstances it was more than natural that the Balkan States conceived a terror of both, and vastly preferred subjection to the Turk to 'freedom' at the hands of such friends.

England and France, who already controlled the Mediterranean, were anxious to thwart both these plans at all costs, and were therefore eager to

secure the Balkans and Constantinople themselves, a step to which Russia and Austria could not possibly consent. In fact, the Balkans and Turkey were such important districts that none of the great Powers could conceive of their possession by any one strong enough to use them for offense. They agreed, therefore, to keep the Turk alive so that he might hold what every one wanted, and what no one else could be allowed to have. Turkey's weakness was its only right to live. England and France, prevented by their distance from the scene of dispute from using the territory for their own aggrandizement, were allowed by the others to assume the direction of Turkey, and, in course of time, the present Balkan States were allowed to become independent of Turkey because their determination to govern themselves could not be longer repressed without the existence of an army at the very place in all Europe where every one least wished for one. Ever since the liberation of the states, the Slavs and Greeks left under Turkish rule, have, with the aid of their independent neighbors, actively agitated the question of their own independence of Turkey, but this the Powers have always refused to grant, for fear that their loss might weaken Turkey too much, or possibly add too substantially to the strength of one of the rival powers.

Then the whole situation was changed by the birth of the vast schemes dubbed, for want of a better name, Pan-Germanism. Bismarck had a vision of a Germano-Turkish state, extending from the North Sea to the Persian Gulf, and including in its federated bond Germany, Austria, Hungary, the Balkan States, and Turkey. Once this great alliance was perfected, what would not be possible? Persia, Egypt, Arabia were weak, and, once captured, the keys to the East would

be in Germany's hands: India would fall, the British Empire become a thing of the past, and Germany, once more as in the Middle Ages, would be empress of the world. With the control of the high road of commerce from Hamburg to Constantinople by rail, with the Baghdad Railroad to connect Constantinople with the Persian Gulf, the trade of the East could be brought to Europe by a more expeditious route than the sea route through Suez, and Germany and her allies would be able to break the English monopoly of Indian wares.

To Prussia and Austria, therefore, the Balkans are vital. To keep Russia out of Constantinople, to prevent her from securing a monopoly of the Black Sea, is absolutely essential to the execution of the Germanic plan, and cannot be insured without the firm control of both the Balkans and Constantinople. To contest England's naval supremacy in the Mediterranean, an Austrian naval base must be maintained in the Adriatic and, if possible, at Salonica in the Ægean; and in turn to defend such positions Austria must have control of the western Balkans, which flank not only the Adriatic, but her only road to both seas. To secure and protect a great trade route by rail from the Persian Gulf to Berlin and Hamburg, nearly one third of whose length lies in the defiles of the Balkans, effective possession of the eastern Balkans is indispensable. The success of Pan-Germanism depends entirely upon the feasibility of securing and *maintaining* complete control of the Balkans and of Turkey.

Conversely, the defense of Russia, England, and France depends upon the Balkans. Whoever else takes possession of them, the Triple Alliance must be kept out. There, too, is the best opportunity for placing a permanent obstacle in the way of the execution of

the German plans. Strangely enough, the Tripolitan War was begun by Italy as an ally of England and France: she was to receive Tripoli as the price of leaving the Triple Alliance, of joining her fleet to the French fleet, and of thus placing the naval forces of Austria hopelessly in the minority in the Mediterranean. The failure of England and France 'peacefully' to deliver Tripoli, the necessity of waging an expensive war to obtain it, caused her to return to her old allies *and to carry Tripoli with her*. England, counting on Italy's assistance, had removed most of her Mediterranean fleet to the North Sea; the French fleet had not yet concentrated at Toulon; the Italian and Austrian fleets combined were too nearly the equal of the available French and English fleets, and the situation was elsewhere too dangerous for the latter to risk actual interference. Without resistance, the Triple Alliance secured undisputed control of the Adriatic, a naval base in Africa from which to threaten the steamship lines to Suez, a military base from which to assail either Egypt or Tunis, and the temporary possession of nearly every strategic point in the eastern Mediterranean save the Straits and Constantinople. In addition, they actually landed in Tripoli a fully equipped army, and fortified the chief strategic points. The outbreak of the Balkan War then enabled them to extort from the unwilling Turks the peaceful cession of Tripoli, which Germany had pledged herself to obtain.

Needless to add, this result dealt England the heaviest blow she had received since 1798. It has been always said that Nelson's victory at Aboukir saved the English control of the Mediterranean. *Had he lost the battle, the result could scarcely have been so disastrous* as the passing of Tripoli into the undisputed control of the Triple

Alliance. For the first time since the loss of Minorca in 1756, England, with her undisputed predominance unquestionably gone, was really in danger of losing actual control of the Mediterranean. Should Austria now succeed in executing any one of her schemes for the reconstruction of the Balkans, Bismarck's great vision would be within measurable distance of completion, the condition of England and France would be indeed desperate, and Russia's chances of realizing her ambitions in the south would surely have to be postponed at least half a century. For Austria plans to secure complete control of the Adriatic either, as she would like best, by annexing Servia, Montenegro, and Albania to her own territory, or by the formation of a Slav Monarchy out of those three states, the Croatian provinces, Bosnia, and Herzegovina, which would assume to Austria proper the same relation as Hungary and make of the Dual a Triple Monarchy. Macedonia, taking that territory in the broadest sense, would then be easily obtained; and from the great port of Salonica, as a base, the Austrian fleet would control the Ægean, and render the possession of Constantinople and the Straits of little value to Russia, should she perform the highly improbable feat of taking them after Austria had been thus strengthened.

These schemes and the recent events¹ which seem to make their achievement possible have destroyed the conditions upon which the existence of Turkey depended; a power which even minor powers can defeat is no longer desired by England and France at Constantinople. The creation in its place of an independent confederation of Balkan states, hating Austria for racial and religious reasons, suspicious of Russia

¹ This paper was sent to press on November 18. — THE EDITORS.

for political reasons, naturally bound to England and France by strong financial ties, is, from the point of view of England and France, the most favorable solution, and even from the point of view of Russia such an outcome would be a vast improvement on the past situation.

These same events have also removed the chief objection that England and France had to the possession of the Balkans and of Constantinople by Russia herself. If they must have a rival in the Black Sea, better a thousand times a rival whose navy has yet to be built, and whose imminent peril in northern Europe makes their aid as vital to her in the Baltic as hers is to them in the Balkans. Indeed, the mere possession of the Balkans by Russia would be a permanent guarantee of the failure of Bismarck's scheme, and would do more than any other one thing to render Morocco, India, and even England itself, safe from aggression. With Russia in Poland, in Galicia, and in Servia, Berlin and Vienna would be in deadly peril in flank and rear, Trieste could be taken, the Adriatic conquered, Italy isolated, Tripoli annexed by England and France, and a stronger hold secured on the Mediterranean and Africa than ever before. The key which might open the door of the East might also effectively lock it.

The Powers, therefore, permitted the Balkan States to destroy Turkey because they all hoped to benefit indirectly by the partition of the Turkish Empire. It is highly probable that the Balkan States were secretly assured of support by both coalitions, and well knew, therefore, that success in the war was a foregone conclusion. The moment, too, was opportune in the opinion of both coalitions. The Triple Alliance saw in it the first steps toward the ultimate consummation of their control of the Balkans, the lever by

which Tripoli, Macedonia, and Albania could be pried from the clutches of the reluctant Turk, the surest method of obtaining more effective control of Asia Minor. Not only was there much to gain by action, but much might be lost by waiting till the English had altered their naval dispositions in the Mediterranean, till the Baghdad Railroad and the Persian Gulf had been outflanked by the Trans-Persian Railroad, till the opening of the Panama Canal had made the English possession of Suez relatively less essential, and, above all, till the death of Franz Joseph should produce such internal dissensions in Austria-Hungary as to render the Dual Monarchy helpless for a decade. The joy at the prospect of war was not less great in London, Paris, and St. Petersburg. The wished-for *coup d'état* which should destroy the German plans was actually in progress in the creation of a confederation of really independent Balkan states. Should the Sultan actually be expelled from Europe, England could then offer him a refuge in Egypt, or, if he preferred to remain in Asia Minor, she might secure the establishment in Egypt or Morocco of a new Khalifate to rule the Mohammedans in Africa and Asia, and thus end for good and all the dangers of a holy war in the English and French territories.

In the Balkans themselves, however, joy was literally unconfined. A glorious opportunity was theirs to strike off all the shackles binding them to all the Powers. Such an opportunity would certainly never return. They feared Austria most, Russia next, and England and France least. While the Turk was the Sick Man of Europe, maintained in desuetude, while the Powers were interested in the Balkan States merely to keep them out of one another's hands, Balkan independence was very real, and the rule of Turkey

over their brethren in the Turkish Empire was too inefficient to be burdensome. But the spectacle was terrifying in the extreme of the organization in Turkey by German hands of a strong centralized administration with a large and efficient army, trained, financed, and officered by Germany and Austria, and directed to the furtherance of the latter's interests. Such a Turkey would be a neighbor and ruler of a different stamp. The very excellence and justice of the administration which the new régime proposed to institute would remove the *casus belli*, the *gravamina* of Macedonia and Albania. Should many men of the stamp of Hussein Kiazim Bey be appointed, and should they use elsewhere the vigor he displayed as Vali of Salonica in punishing the Turkish *gendarmerie* for the commission of crimes and atrocities, the most apparent and telling evidences of Turkish misrule would disappear.

Moreover, an alliance with Austria and Germany, however favorable the constitutional or diplomatic relations might be, would mean to the Balkan States the surrender of their own independence and the acceptance of dictation from Berlin or Vienna of a policy made in the interests of the latter. The economic benefits looked distant and nebulous: the rich trade of the East would hardly stop at their doors to afford them profit. The positive disadvantages in time of peace were certain: the coalition would make them its fortress for defense and offense. In time of war the disadvantages would be even greater, for the battles would be fought within their borders. If they were ever to achieve liberty, they must strike before Turkey became more efficient, and before one or the other coalition took possession of them by main force.

So far as Turkey was concerned,

there was little effective resistance to be expected from a state torn by internal dissensions between the Old and the Young Turks. With the revolutionary Party of Union and Progress actively opposing the ministry, with a strong belief in foreign capitals and chancelleries that the new régime was no better than the old, with the new Turkish army effectively marooned in Tripoli, and the Italian fleet holding the Ægean, the chances of success for the Balkans were at the maximum. The probability of European interference with the beginning and prosecution of the war they knew to be slight, for they clearly saw what each side hoped to gain from their efforts. That each group of great powers depended upon their coöperation for the furtherance of its own interests, made it not unlikely that a really strong confederation of Balkan States, if not actually able to exact its own price from either side, would for some years at least be able to play off one party against the other, and so afford an opportunity for the consolidation of its own union, and the development of the immediate advantages of victory to such an extent that armed interference would become a serious matter for any coalition, however strong. They well know that the country itself is a natural fortress, already improved by all the devices of modern fortification; that their armies contain more than half a million men, natural soldiers, well equipped by their 'friends' money, and well instructed by their 'friends' officers in all the multifold strategical and tactical advantages of their country.

Such men, fighting for independence, ought to be able to hold such a country even against Austria or Russia. If they cannot win it, with Turkey weak and disorganized, with Austria and Russia determined to thwart each

other's ambitions, they never can maintain their independence. This is their greatest, and perhaps their only opportunity. While the Powers, therefore, complacently watched the struggle with Turkey, each confident that the Balkans were fighting in their interest, the Balkans were actually fighting for their own independence of the Powers themselves. Moreover, by beginning a campaign, which they knew would be short, in the late autumn, they practically insured themselves six months in which to take advantage of their victory; for the severe Balkan winter, already upon them, will make any effective armed interposition by either Austria or Russia exceedingly difficult, if not impossible.

The position of the confederates dictated the strategy of the war. The Servians and Montenegrins were to begin the war in the west, partly in hope of drawing the Turkish forces thither and so weakening the main army, partly because it was their duty to overrun Albania and be in position to attack Macedonia on the flank at the moment when the Greeks delivered an assault in force from the front. The two, thus victorious, would together overrun Thrace and fall upon the rear of the main Turkish army if the Bulgarian assault upon Adrianople had not yet succeeded, or on its flank in case the Turk had been driven back on Constantinople. Whichever won first would be immediately in a most advantageous position to assist her allies whether they were victorious or defeated. Rumania remained inactive, to be ready to defend the rear from possible attacks from Austria or Russia.

The rapidity with which these combined attacks were delivered prevented the concentration of the Turkish army at any point, and also made its provisioning and administration exceedingly difficult. The astounding vigor and

ability of the Bulgarians enabled them to drive the disorganized and hungry Turks into Constantinople before the western and southern movements were finished, and have rendered the complete overthrow of the Turkish power in Europe merely a question of time.

The confederates intend to treat only with Turkey; they deny the right of the powers to interfere; they are themselves agreed upon the settlement; and hold possession of everything the Powers want, with armies aggregating at least half a million men, flushed with victory, and entrenched in a natural fortress. If the plans of the allies succeed, the King of Greece is to be president of a federation composed of the independent states of Bulgaria, Rumania, Servia, Greece, and Montenegro. Crete, the Ægean Islands, and the greater part of Macedonia will be annexed to Greece; most of Thrace to Bulgaria; Albania to Servia. The rest of European Turkey, including Salonica, presents the most difficult problem.

Needless to say, these arrangements will be very disagreeable to Austria and Italy, who desire to erect Albania and probably Macedonia into kingdoms, with Austrian or Italian princes as kings. The Balkan States point out that these districts are merely geographical expressions, — the people possessing unity neither of race nor creed, and lacking even a common language, — and insist that nothing but trouble for themselves and their neighbors can result from granting them autonomy. This does not weigh heavily with the Triple Alliance, the members of which are anxious, if they cannot avert the settlement, to provide for its prompt failure. England and France, and probably Russia, seem to be in favor of strengthening the existing states, and decry the 'ungenerous' policy of snatching from them the fruits of victory.

The really vital difficulty lies in the existence of Constantinople. The Balkans will insist upon the removal of the seat of Turkish government across the Straits; the Powers will hardly consent to anything less than the neutralization of Constantinople and the Straits. In any case, armed interference is highly improbable. The strength of the confederation in men and resources, the approach of winter, the nature of the ground where the battles would be fought, the antagonistic interests of the coalitions, will in all probability prevent more than a show of force by either Austria or Russia. The lack of money might bring the Balkans to terms, were it not practically certain that England and France will finance them. Whether or not foreseen and inspired by those two nations, the war has resulted in giving back to them the strategic position in the Mediterranean, lost through the conquest of Tripoli by the Triple Alliance. Moreover, they have won it without vitally increasing their own dangers from Russia. The latter will be entirely satisfied with freedom of passage to and from the Black Sea, and will create there, with their entire approval, a strong fleet which will become a factor in future movements in the Mediterranean. At the moment of writing, the Balkan War is a victory for the Triple Entente over the Triple Alliance.

As an outcome of the struggle it is hard to foresee anything short of destruction for Turkey in Europe. With the loss of Albania and Macedonia, there will be little left except the district immediately around Constantinople, which, though containing the vast majority of the Turks on the northern side of the Bosphorus, has a numerous and hostile Greek element in the population. There is not, and never has been, any racial or religious basis for a Turkish state in Europe. The Turks belong in Asia Minor. The ability of the Turk to stand in either place without support is doubtful. Administrative decentralization has fostered dishonesty, disobedience, and corruption so long as to make them almost racial traits, which render the Turk poor material for the independent self-government so eagerly desired by the Young Turks. And this very attempt at administrative centralization and honest government rouses the subject peoples and offends the Powers. Only because the Turk was hopelessly inefficient and submissive was he allowed to exist at all. The work of the Committee of Union and Progress, whose ideal is the exclusion of foreigners from Turkey, settled its ultimate fate. Like Persia and Egypt, Turkey must be governed in the interests of Europe and not in its own. Whatever happens, the Turk will be again reduced to inefficiency and subserviency.

WHAT SHALL WE SAY?

BY DAVID STARR JORDAN

I

WHAT shall we say as to 'free ships' and the Panama Canal? If our nation has agreed to treat all ships alike, including our own, let us stand by that agreement. Of violation of treaties we have been more than once accused. If we know what we have promised, let us stand by it, even though it seems strange that we cannot 'throw our money to the birds' while every other nation is free to do it.

But why 'throw our money to the birds'? Do 'the birds' require it or appreciate it? What claim have coastwise steamships of the United States to use our canal at the expense of the American people? But these are 'our ships,' we say. Since when have they become 'our ships'? Have the New York and London capitalists who own them ever turned them over to us? Have they ever agreed to divide their profits with those who make great profits possible? The great enemy of democracy is privilege. To grant any sort of concession, having money value, without a corresponding return, is 'privilege.' The granting of privilege in the past has been the source of most of the great body of political evils from which the civilized world suffers to-day.

While declaiming against privilege, even while exalting its curtailment as the greatest of national issues to-day, we start new privileges without hesitation. We throw into the hands of an unknown group of men, to become sooner or later a shipping trust, a vast

unknown and increasing sum of money, extorted by indirect taxation from the people of this country. No accounting is asked from them; no returns for our generosity. We give them yearly, to begin with, as much as an American laborer can earn in twelve thousand years; in other words, we place at their service, and at our own expense, twelve thousand of our workingmen. From our tax-roll we pass over to them the payments each year of thirty thousand families. And all because these are 'our ships.' 'Our ships'; we have here the primal fallacy of privilege, a fallacy dominant the world over, the leading agent in the impending bankruptcy of this spendthrift world.

In Europe and America, taxes have doubled in the last fifteen years, and half of this extra tax has gone to build up 'our ships,' 'our bankers,' 'our commerce,' 'our manufactures,' 'our promoters,' 'our defense,' in nation after nation, while 'the man lowest down,' who bears the brunt of this taxation, is never called on to share its benefits. The ships that bear our flag in order to go through our canal at our expense are not 'our ships.' By the very fact of free tolls, we know them for the ships of our enemy; for the arch-enemy of democracy is privilege.

II

As teachers of private and to some extent of public morals, what shall we say to the gigantic parade on the Hudson of miles on miles of war vessels on

their way from the tax bureau to the junk-shop?

Let us look on this mighty array of ships, splendidly equipped and manned by able and worthy men, the whole never to be needed, and never under any conceivable circumstances to be other than a burden and a danger to the nation which displays it.

We are told that a purpose of this pageant of the ships is to 'popularize the navy.' This may mean to get us used to it, and to paying for it—which is the chief function of the people in these great affairs. Or it may mean to work upon the public imagination so that we may fill the vacancies in the corps of sailors and marines who 'glare at us through their absences.'

By all means let us popularize the navy. It is our navy; we have paid for it; and it is for the people to do what they please with it. 'For, after all, this is the people's country.' And perhaps we could bring it nearer to our hearts and thoughts if we should paint on the white side of each ship, its cost in taxes, in the blood and sweat of working-men, in the anguish of 'the man lowest down.'

There is the good ship North Dakota, for example. Her cost is almost exactly the year's earning of the prosperous state for which she is named. The fine dreadnoughts who fear nothing while the nation is in its senses, and in war nothing but a torpedo-boat or an aëro-bomb,—it would please the working-man to know that his wages for twenty thousand years would purchase a ship of this kind, and that the wages of sixteen hundred of his fellows each year would keep it trim and afloat. As the procession moves by, he will see ships that have cost as much as the universities of Cornell or Yale or Princeton or Wisconsin, and almost as much as Harvard or Columbia, and on the flag-ship at the last these figures might be sum-

med up, the whole costing as much as an American workman would earn, perhaps, in two million years, a European workman in four million, and an Asiatic in eight million; as much, let us say, as all the churches, ministers, and priests in the Christian world have cost in half a century. These figures may not be all correct. It would require an expert statistician to make them so. But it would be worth while.

If all this is needed to insure the peace it endangers, by all means let us have it. There is no cost which we cannot afford to pay, if honorable peace is at stake. But let us be convinced that peace is really at stake, and that this is the means to secure it. There are some who think that Christian fellowship, the demands of commerce, and a civil tongue in a foreign office, do more for a nation's peace than any show of force.

'Man,' observes Bernard Shaw, 'is the only animal that esteems itself rich in proportion to the number and voracity of its parasites.'

III

What shall we say, as lovers of peace, in face of the Balkan War? Is it true that while Serbs are Serbs, and Greeks are Greeks, and Turks are Turks, 'it must needs be that offenses come'? Is it not true that while Turks rule aliens for the money to be extorted, there can be no peace between them and their subjects or their neighbors?

It is not necessary for us to answer these questions. They belong to history rather than to morals. The progress of events will take our answer from our lips. The problem comes to us too late for any act of ours to be effective. The stage was set, the actors chosen long before our day and generation. Our part is to strive for peace: first, to do away with causes for war;

second, to lead people to look to war as *the last, and not the first*, remedy for national wrongs or national disagreements. Most wars have their origin in the evil passions of men, and no war could take place if both sides were sincerely desirous of honorable peace.

No doubt, the Balkan situation could have been controlled for peace by the 'concert of powers' in Europe, were it not that no such concert exists. The instruments are out of tune and time. So long as foreign offices are alike controlled by the interests of great exploiting and competing corporations, they can never stand for good morals and good order. If they could, the Turkish rule of violence would have ceased long ago.

Those who fight against war cannot expect to do away with it in a year or a century, especially when it is urged on by five hundred years of crime and discord. The roots of the Balkan struggle lie back in the Middle Ages, and along mediæval lines the fight is likely to be conducted. 'The right to rule without the duty to protect' is the bane of all Oriental imperialism. Meanwhile, our own task is to help to modernize the life of the world; to raise, through democracy, the estimate of the value of men's lives; to continue, through our day, the enduring revolt of civilization against 'obsolete forms of servitude, tyranny, and waste.'

The immediate purpose of the Peace Movement is, through public opinion and through international law, to exalt order above violence, and to take war out of the foreground of the 'international mind' in the event of disputes between races and nations. No movement forward can succeed all at once.

Evil habit and false education have left the idea of war and glory too deeply ingrained. Men, law-abiding and patient, willing to hear both sides, have never yet been in the majority. Yet their influence steadily grows in weight. The influence of science and arts, of international fellowship, of common business interests, small business as well as great, are leading the people of the world to better and better understanding. Left alone, civilized people would never make war. They have no outside grievances they wish to submit to the arbitrament of wholesale murder. To make them prepare for war they must be scared, not led. Were it not for the exaggeration, by interested parties, of trade jealousies and diplomatic intrigues, few people would ever think of going to war. The workingmen of Europe suffer from tax-exhaustion. The fear of war is kept before them to divert them from their own sad plight. This diversion leaves their plight still sadder.

The bread-riot in all its phases is the sign of over-taxation, of governmental disregard of the lives and earnings of the common man. Anarchism is the expression that the idle and reckless give to the feelings of those who are still law-abiding.

The Peace Movement must stand against oppression and waste. It must do its part in removing grievances, national and international. It must give its council in favor of peace and order, and it must help to educate men to believe that the nation which guarantees to its young men personal justice and personal opportunity, has a greater glory than that which sends forth its youth to slaughter.

THE SUNRISE PRAYER MEETING

BY REBECCA FRAZAR

IN —field we do not watch the Old Year out. We do not dance him out unless we are very young and foolish. For we know that promptly at 6.45 A.M., if not earlier, we shall be shaken and shouted out of warm dreams by our elders, to make ourselves ready in haste, and go and pray the New Year in.

The elders were shaken out of their young sleep so many bitter mornings, and their elders before them, that it is a wonder there is no hereditary aptitude among the dwellers in —field to waken at 6.45 A.M. on every New Year's Day. But the law of heredity passes on only a strict, and sometimes unreasoning, sense of obligation. We know that we must go to the Sunrise Prayer Meeting though a blizzard be whirling down from the hills, smothering the sidewalks, and tearing the trolley-wires. We must go to the Sunrise Prayer Meeting even if we be the poor, the sick, the afflicted, or all three at once, so long as it is physically possible; we must go certainly if we are only full of sleep and loath to tumble breathless out into the keen dusky cold before the sun rises, while the church-bell tolls and the streets begin to be filled with hurrying shapes. For young and old, rich and poor, glad and sorry, are all making what haste they may to the gray church on the Square, to pray the New Year in.

The church, still in its Christmas dress of laurel-wreaths and pine-boughs, seems very old and mellow, from shadowy rafter and good Gothic

arch to the last humble pew under the gallery. Lit as for a vesper service, warm, yet touched by the thin gray light and air of winter dawn, it receives, with a sort of special dignity and sober complacency, the silent people who overcrowd its pews. It does not ask them to-day whether they be Orthodox or Unitarian, Methodist or Baptist, black or white, alien or of the old proud stock of the city's and the church's elect. Every seat is taken long before the organ begins to grumble and whisper; and while the bell still tolls in the tower above, and the ushers go lightly up and down, hunting a place here and there for some unaccustomed or over-sleeping late arrival, it seems good to those who come here year after year to sit quietly for a little in the solemn, cheerful, crowded hush. Up in the high rafters, old memories glimmer out and fade. There are one's own Sunrise and New Year thoughts to think before the minister in charge gives out the first hymn, and the congregation stands to sing, —

'While with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,' —

or 'My faith looks up to Thee,' or 'God moves in a mysterious way.'

Then the minister, standing humbly at the foot of the high pulpit, reads somewhat from the Scriptures: the great Faith chapter from the Hebrews, it may be. And all the people repeat together, with the reverence of children, the Twenty-third Psalm. There is another old, well-beloved hymn; the

minister prays and speaks a moment, quietly, and the 'meeting is open.'

Who will first be moved by the Spirit? There is never long to wait. A voice is lifted: there is much decent craning of necks and straining of ears. — Is it old Deacon Robinson? — or Professor Downey? — or the new Baptist minister? — or some layman less seasoned in public speech and prayer? A little pleased and interested murmur stirs the congregation. It is Deacon Robinson: his silvery head gleams above the front pews, and his sweet, quavering voice gathers power and assurance as he tells how he has been mercifully permitted to attend the Sunrise Prayer Meeting every year but one since he was a boy, 'more 'n eighty-five year ago,' — and how he has always found help and grace there, and how the Lord has always showed him the way and has answered his prayers. For, as he says, 'When I was seventy year old, I asked the Lord to let me live to be eighty. And so He did. And when I got to be eighty, I asked Him to let me live to be ninety. And He did that, too. And now I'm asking Him to be a hundred. But, after all, I'm not very partik'ler about it.'

Then, perhaps, it is indeed the new Baptist minister; or the pastor of the little colored church, a man whose dark skin and humble place cannot keep him from often saying the keenest word and offering up the bravest petition. But they are not all clergymen and deacons whom the Spirit moves. Men prominent in the professions and industries of the city; young men, who have gritted their teeth and vowed, humorous above their earnestness, to make their maiden speech or die in the attempt, are on their feet. They are not glib with the well-rounded terms of conventional exhortation and prayer, but they speak quickly of

the needs of the churches and the city, as eager for the honor of the future as the old men for the past.

Sometimes two voices are upraised at once. One brother prays the other down, as it were, until the more timid or more magnanimous gives in and takes his seat. Favorite hymns and poems are quoted, quaint anecdotes are told; yet always there is an undercurrent deep and strong of reverence, of mystery; a recognition of the past and the present and the future, and of that which makes them one.

In a moment, it seems, the hour is passed, the last hymn is sung, the benediction is spoken. Another hush: and then all over the church there is a rising murmur, of 'Happy New Year!' 'Happy New Year!' as each one turns with a handshake to his nearest likely neighbor. And if there are many who find it hard to give and take the greeting lightly, they are too proud or too strong to let the shadow cross their faces, and the widow under her veil passes the wish with as true a grace as the woman whose stalwart husband, on his annual pilgrimage between church-walls, walks, half-sheepishly smiling, beside her and her flock of children.

Crowding a little, for the young ones must be off to school and the busy ones to the shops and offices, the congregation throngs out into the street. The 'Happy New Years' grow louder and more merry, as friends draw together, while sleighs and automobiles fill, and the frosty Square has suddenly become gay with chatter and jingling and light. For while — field prayed in the church, the sun has risen beyond the bare white and purple hills that shoulder up at the broad street-end, and the little city has awakened to another day and another year of unknown sorrow and joy, failure and attainment.

It is a curious old custom, handed down without a break from the days when the church was only a white meeting-house on the village green, and when most of the good people came jingling from far over the snow-bound hills to their Sunrise Meeting. Newcomers in ——field may not at first understand why it is like no other rite in the whole civic and religious calendar. Yet let them once bow in the quiet church, sing the old, marching, faithful hymns, hear the odd or noble words of reminiscence and hope and thanksgiving and intercession; let them exchange their 'Happy New Years' in the church porch and pass out into the gay shining street; and they will feel somehow that the hour has whispered of a thing seldom revealed, — the hidden, hoping, believing, and worshiping heart of a city. They will feel that, for once, an ideal faith has been frankly and simply recognized as the ancient and future glory of the community. However smug, however foolish and covetous and earthy the little city may often seem to be, the Sunrise Prayer Meeting still reassures those who know and love it that the old desire after heavenly things is not dead, though it must soon learn to speak a new and brisker tongue, and to wear a strangely modern garb.

For, indeed, some day there will be no more like Deacon Robinson, with

his child-like trust and quaint old-time petitions. Yet it seems that the dwellers in ——field will not easily forsake the assembling of themselves together on the first day of the year, to think long thoughts of such things as are true and comely and of good report, for themselves and for their city, and to sing with voices half-tremulous, yet proud and confident, —

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace:
Rise from transitory things
Toward Heav'n, thy native place.
Sun and moon and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove.
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source.
So my soul, derived from God,
Pants to view His glorious face;
Upward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

And it is worth waking early and shivering out in the dark to feel that the friends and neighbors with whom the year-long we traffic in stupid mortal cares and follies are singing such words with us, and thinking hard of them, and more than half-believing them, for even one hour: that the secret heart of the city, for once unashamed, is somehow praying the New Year in, as the sun comes up over the hills.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

SOCIAL SPOT CASH

SUPPOSE you bid me come to your house to dinner, and suppose I accept, and, feeling that I shall repay you by feeding you at some future time, I give myself no concern over my obligation to you on that occasion. Let us suppose that I count my duty done by being properly clothed and punctual. You have asked others to be present with whom you are on pleasant terms, and you are anxious that they think well of you. I have no tongue for small talk and can't bother about trifles; you are giving the dinner-party and are supposed to know what you want. If you want me, you must take me as I am; I'll come and behave properly — by which you are to understand that I shall not get drunk or mess my food; you must n't expect more. So I proceed to spoil your dinner-party by not doing anything. I'm tired, anyway, — or at least I think I am, — and by my dull and boorish bearing I make every one near me uncomfortable. Those new neighbors whom you have at your house for the first time are very interesting people; it is a good and illuminating thing to know them; but after that disagreeable evening with me they are calmly but firmly resolved that your house is a place to avoid. The professor whom you have always wanted to know better, now in town on consultation, was fortunately able to be present; he said he would be very glad to come; but he was not glad when he went away. You see, I was there, and I made talk impossible; my heavy, uninterested silence killed all joy. I satisfy my previous consciousness by

saying to myself that I was not interested in the subjects under discussion, and I give you credit for having fed me well. Then, having given you a social black-eye, I make things what I call even by inviting you to spoil a second and otherwise good evening by boring yourself with me.

It is clear that in behaving in the manner just described I have made an error; and the error is one frequently made. The purpose of this writing is to discover, if possible, what the nature of this error is, and to find an expression for it that we may all understand; not only you who have suffered by it, but I who, to keep myself in the character, must call myself the 'innocent' cause of it.

The answer is neither involved nor far to seek. Social intercourse is commerce, in a way. We must pay for what we get, but general welfare and comity require that we pay spot cash. We can't pay in money because that is not current social coin. If the conventions did not bar the way and make it an insult, it would be far better for you if, on the unhappy night when I spoiled your party, I had taken out my pocket-book and laid down upon the table the cost of the food and drink and service. You would have been rid of me so much sooner, and you would not have been called upon to endure the second evening with me. But if money — dollars and cents — is not current social coin, neither are food and drink; although in this respect convention lags far-and-away-behind. Convention does not forbid me to do the very thing that I have assumed to do: to eat your food to-day and take a

long credit, paying you back in kind, next week or next month. In point of fact, that is not paying you back at all, as we have seen.

The only way that I can possibly repay you is to make my presence worth while, and an advantage to you. The debt should be paid before I leave your threshold, and I must have intelligence enough to know how to pay it. By a miscalculation of the sort you made when you invited me in the first instance, you may have asked some one to come whom you thought to be a brilliant talker, and who turns out on this occasion to be one of those dreadful creatures who prove the wisdom of all misanthropy by combating everybody and everything, and grating upon the nerves of every mortal soul present. If I cannot quiet him or draw his breeziness upon me alone so that others have an opportunity to breathe and talk, it behooves me to sit still and be good. They also serve who only sit still and are good. But 'good' means, in the circle, a part of whatever good fellowship is available.

When you open your house to your friends you do a brave and a gracious thing. You show yourself, your training, the measure of your culture, and the things of which you are ashamed. Your intimate self is made visible. You may put on airs for your own satisfaction, but you know and I know that anybody can see through them. Your house is yourself, or your wife's self; and surely there is no cause for shame in admitting that hers is the master mind when the day's work is over and you are at home. This is true of so

many men of the very best sort that it will do you no harm to admit it. And it will do you no good to deny it.

Suppose a clumsy maid spills a plate of soup. If clothes are damaged it is mortifying, and it may mean that some work must be done to the floor to repair the injury; otherwise it is not a serious occurrence. But if I or any other of your guests offends any one, then harm is done, for which you are in a way responsible, and which rubbing and scrubbing will not repair. So the responsibility of every guest is a heavy one. You have bidden them come inside the line of your defenses, and your social reputation is in their hands. No matter how great your effort or expense, every one should then and there pay back in the coin of agreeable good fellowship, as nearly as he can, in full for all value received.

Social reciprocity, the idea that if you feed me I must feed you, or if you entertain me I must entertain you, is born of social inefficiency. Who the first lady of fashion or quality was who devised the present system of food exchanges as the fulfillment of social amenities, we shall never know; but it is a fair guess that her lord married her solely for her money. Or if the custom became current by common consent, then the custom itself is a severe indictment of dullness against that part of society which is known as fashionable because it furnishes the example which the rest of the world accepts and emulates.

There is no such thing as a deferred social credit; the only real payment is in spot cash.